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# A D D R E S S

IN COMMEMORATION OF

THE TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE INCORPORATION OF LANCASTER,

MASSACHUSETTS. /

By JOSEPH WILLARD.

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With an Appendix.

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RESOLUTIONS, ETC.

At a meeting of the Committee appointed to make arrangements for the Celebration of the Two-hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Lancaster, held Dec. 20, 1852, —

*Voted*, To invite JOSEPH WILLARD, Esq., to deliver the Address upon the occasion of the Celebration.

JOHN M. WASHBURN, *Secretary*.

LANCASTER, Dec. 21, 1852.

JOSEPH WILLARD, Esq.

DEAR SIR, — I have the honor to transmit to you the annexed Vote, passed last evening with perfect unanimity. Permit me to express the hope that it will suit your convenience to comply with the wishes of the Committee, and that you will authorize me so to state at their next meeting, which takes place on the 27th inst. The 15th day of June, 1853, is fixed upon for the Celebration.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN M. WASHBURN.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1852.

GENTLEMEN, — I have received your invitation "to deliver the Address upon the occasion of the Celebration of the Two-hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Lancaster." Accept my thanks for this unexpected honor.

I have delayed my answer, doubting whether I could adequately represent the occasion. From the interest, however, that I feel in the history

and prosperity of the old town of Lancaster, — sometime my residence, — I have been induced to put aside all question, and to accept your very kind invitation.

I am, Gentlemen,

Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH WILLARD.

To the COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS for the  
Celebration of the Two-hundredth Anni-  
versary of the Incorporation of the Town  
of Lancaster.

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LANCASTER, June 20, 1853.

At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration of the Two-hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Lancaster, —

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Committee be tendered to JOSEPH WILLARD, Esq., for his learned and eloquent Address, delivered on the 15th instant; and that a copy be requested for the press.

JOHN M. WASHBURN, *Secretary*.

WHILE remarking upon the early settlers in Lancaster, and those traits in their character from which the elements of success in the present prosperous condition of the town have been derived, it would have been very gratifying to the writer of the Address to give sketches, somewhat in detail, of a number of the inhabitants who have been particularly distinguished as citizens of wholesome influence in private and social life, and, in a wider sphere, in public office, both civil and military. The general train of reflection, in coming down to the settlement of the town, would have easily led to these delineations; thus carrying out the full plan. But the limits of an address, and the very considerable additional time and labor required to collect the materials for the proposed sketches, — which, it is believed, would form an interesting and instructive portion of a history of Lancaster, — rendered it necessary to relinquish the design.

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The precise day for this Celebration, after correcting the calendar from old to new style, would have been May 28, 1853. But as the true day fell upon Saturday, and also in "Anniversary week," it was thought best to postpone the Celebration; and Wednesday, June 15, was selected, for the reason stated on page 149.

The brief space of a day, or rather of that portion of a day intervening between the beginning of the services at the church, — which were unexpectedly delayed about an hour beyond the appointed time, — and the leaving of the different railroad trains several hours before sunset, rendered it neces-

sary to omit portions of the Address, and also some of the matters contained in the Appendix, which are now all printed in full.

The Publishing Committee may not have included in the Appendix all which properly belongs to it. They can only say, that they have used, in the exercise of their best judgment, the materials with which they have been furnished. On page 158, the meaning intended is, that the Rev. Dr. Hill is a native of Harvard; and, though it may not be mistaken, yet the statement, according to its present grammatical reading, is incorrect. A portion of what is referred to on page 197, as having been said by a previous speaker, will not be found in his remarks as they now stand, and was omitted in the copy which he prepared for the printers.

A D D R E S S .



## A D D R E S S.

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HAVING been called by your committee to take part in this celebration, it was not without some self-distrust, and until after some deliberation, that I accepted the invitation. There are times when an invitation from authority is of the nature of a command; and, having in time past taken some interest in the well-being of this town, and ever rejoicing in its prosperity, I venture to meet every hazard, and engage with you in this day's proceedings.

Citizens of Lancaster, — descendants of the early planters now dwelling in these pleasant places, — and you, who, your lot being cast elsewhere, are now present, coming from hill-side and valley, from city and field, from the pursuits of private life or the cares of public station, — in the name of the past I bid you welcome. The past welcomes you as you come hither with a reverential feeling for your own birth-place, or the burial-fields of your ancestors, — those humble, but honest and enterprising, pioneers of civilization in this then distant plantation.

And very fitting it is to turn aside from daily cares and daily labor, and devote one day in a century to reflections on the past, to the gladsome enjoyment of the present, and to the indulgence of hopeful anticipations for the future.

This is no idle, ceremonious observance. It is connected with a wide association of sentiment. It has regard to ancestral feeling. It is wholly conservative in its influence. The sentiment has its place in the bosom of every true-hearted man, however humble or however exalted,—in all untravelled hearts, many of which, I trust, are now throbbing in these seats.

We admit the power of this great law of association, and joyfully submit to its control as it kindly draws us to ancestral homes. It binds nations and people. The Jew could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land when he turned in thought to holy Jerusalem. The poor Indian longs again for his free, unhoused condition in the home of his fathers, rendered desolate in his eyes by the refinements of civilized life. The African sings his lament in the house of his dreary bondage. The native of refined Europe or America, separated by business or necessity from the haunts of his youth, looks back upon them with reverential regard, and approaches them again with trembling delight.

But this law, at certain periods of life, loses its hold. Youth, with an ambition of enlarged condition, and impatient of restraint, bursts away from the quiet of our peaceful villages to seek wealth or distinction in crowded walks, where conflict is the severest, and toil the most straining; and tugs and vies with others in the race, till he seems to have forgotten his

birthplace with its simple pleasures and enjoyments. But not so. As the deep seminal religious principle, early implanted, will burst forth in declining years, however overlaid in time of vigorous health and active powers, — seemingly for ever dead and buried, — so the right-minded man, when the battle of life is on the wane, revives again, and turns with tender affection to the recollection of early scenes. Scenes, that had faded and vanished, again prove real. The voices of the past lead him with their fond memories, as the little child leads the loving parent; and he comes, as you now come, with the tribute of his affection, to hang his votive offering in these temples of his early love.

Again I welcome you to this chosen spot, at this auspicious season, when all nature has clothed this beautiful valley in richest attire, with all the charms, of new life, amid genial scenes, and in a time of marvellous public and private prosperity.

The time for your commemoration is aptly chosen in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-three. For though somewhat more than two centuries have elapsed since the white man first traced the furrow and sowed the seed in these broad acres, and though less than two centuries have elapsed since the full privileges of a town were first bestowed upon the early planters by the colonial authorities, the anniversary of their actual organization as a municipal body, with the general functions of a body corporate, is in accordance with the usual practice in these celebrations, and is in fact the only definite point of time from which to take our departure.

Two hundred years ago ! when the veil had been partially lifted, and light was pouring in from every quarter ; when the thick darkness which had long brooded over the nations had not wholly disappeared, — nay, which still lingers in the high places of civilization ; when the eyes were turned to the brightness of morning out of their broken slumbers, but still so dazzled and confused that objects passed and repassed as in a clouded vision, with indistinctness of form and outline, — at this time, when intellectual nature was paying homage to its Maker, and fresh beauties were beginning to gladden the soul ; and, in sad contrast, the great principle of toleration, still so imperfectly comprehended in its entire meaning, was dreaded for its danger, or scouted for its folly, — at this time, the large narrative of your municipal history finds its beginning.

And what, at that time, was the history of Europe ? For Asia, in its stereotyped condition, and Africa, that great historical phenomenon, still remained in the dead past, involving Egypt in darkness for ages after it had performed its distinguished part in transmitting art and learning from the remote East, through Greece, to the shores of Western Europe. Russia, which now runs her parallels of latitude through the frozen regions of the North, touching upon our own continent on the West, and knocking at the gates of ancient Byzantium on her march towards the British empire of the East, was then all but unknown among the powers of Europe ; her hero unborn, and her subjects, wherever raised above serfdom, possessing only the half-civilization derived from her oriental sympathies. Spain, though already past

her zenith, still grasping two continents in her dominion; the Atlantic still vexed with her richly freighted galleons, but her decadency irrevocably assured by the eternal law of right; while France, on the other hand, just beginning to recover from the weak and divided reign of the son of Henry the Fourth, and the insane counsels of the queen mother, already gave intimations of that development of strength, which, at the close of the Thirty Years' War, by the peace of Westphalia, was exhibited in enlarged boundaries, and through a series of brilliant victories that made her the leading power in Europe. In England, not then a first-rate power in her external relations, the struggle had already commenced between prerogative and right; a fearful conflict that drenched the kingdom in blood, but out of which was to issue the final establishment of limited power; a new conception of the rights of the subject, — liberty, law, order.

Let me glance briefly at some of those circumstances in the ecclesiastical history of England which tended to the growth of civil and religious liberty among ourselves, with those other circumstances in the character, position, and policy of our ancestors, that led to the confirmation of this liberty; and then touch upon some few of the more prominent points in the history of the Nashaway plantation.

No event in the history of nations, any more than in individual life, is without its final consequences. No human foresight can discern the great results that may follow from circumstances apparently the most trivial. In the order of God's providence, significance is to be attributed to whatever

occurs; and empires have been shaken, dynasties overturned, and the destiny of mankind shaped out, by the whim or passion of individual men. Thus, in the sixteenth century, — a century important as any other in the history of Modern Europe, and having its influence upon the planting of these western shores, — the refusal of the Pope to sanction the marriage of Henry the Eighth to a lady of his court rendered that monarch defiant, and drove him at once and for all time to sunder the British empire from the spiritual despotism of the Holy See. Rejoicing in polemic theology, the very man who had entered the lists against Luther and his great doctrine of justification by faith, — the very man who had defended the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church, and gained the title of Defender of the Faith, — in a fit of transient passion wrenched the brightest jewel from the tiara of the Roman Pontiff. Thence followed, in regular sequence, various provisions tending to make permanent that separation, which was begun in a bad spirit and a distempered fancy. The Bible was enthroned in the place of the Supreme Pontiff, and all were allowed to read their duty and destiny in its holy pages in their own tongue.

These are the two great facts of Henry's reign; namely, the separation from Rome, with its subsidiary train of consequences, and the establishment of the supremacy of the Bible; steps that once taken could never be retraced; and though the king remained, in almost every respect, a stout adherent of the old faith in matters of doctrine, and feared the natural result of his own actions in this mighty change, and though the nation was halting betwixt two

opinions, the onward progress was at every moment manifest. The mighty deep was moved, and bore upon its bosom the goodly vessel, now dashed against by opposing waves, and staggering under their shock; now trembling in the wind, a seeming sport to contending elements; drifting at times from her course, exposed to shoals and rocks and quicksands, but still staunch and tight; righting herself after every onset, obedient to her helm, and, against every obstacle, gallantly speeding onward and onward towards her destined haven.

The persecutions in Mary's reign, which for a time seemed to be dealing deadly blows against the new opinions, in reality fixed them in the hearts of the people with concentrated though secret strength, and set the seal upon Protestantism, as is fully proved by the immense demonstrations on the accession of Elizabeth. If individuals quailed before the hand of power, masses still cherished the right, which gained in intenseness through successive reigns until the seventeenth century, and then became firmly established as the great religious power of the state. Meanwhile there were earnest men, reformers, scattered here and there, dissatisfied that no more had been done, and anxious for further progress within the very bosom of the church. They were men who, according to the old maxim, thought nothing accomplished while aught remained to be done; thoughtful men, fearful that the reformation was stopped midway, and that by some unexpected lurch the whole establishment might return to the arms of that spiritual power from which it had so abruptly broken away.

Many braved the terrors of persecution in the time of Mary, and remained in England. Others fled to the Continent, and formed congregations in Germany and Switzerland, and built up considerable churches, banded together by a common faith and a common sympathy. From their intercourse with the reformers at Frankfort and Geneva, they gradually imbibed principles and views touching matters of religious forms and discipline, that established many of them at once as the great party of progress within the bosom of the church. With united forces their power would have been great in accomplishing their work; but they became divided before they returned to England under the early auspices of Elizabeth. Each party followed its own idiosyncrasy,—the cautious and the bold. The one listened only to the echoes of the past, and sought no further change, nay, dreaded it: the other, giving God thanks for thus much, stoutly claimed further change, the evolution of higher truth. The former, with feeble progressive power, finally became encrusted all over with a hard conservatism, and, sliding gradually and easily into conformity, filled the various departments of the ecclesiastical administration: the latter, less submissive, with eyes undazzled by the rays of royalty, sought other and further light, and, embracing the genuine principle of dissent, held fast to the right of private judgment and interpretation. Their opposition, it is true, was for a time confined to forms and ceremonies, observances and dress. But opposition, once ventured, grew wider in its views, deeper in its designs, more searching in its operation, till form changed to substance; and the encounter, at first too

slight to excite aught but contempt, waxed stronger and stronger, till sceptre and mitre were prostrate in the dust.

The fiery contest raged through the chief part of Elizabeth's reign, both in England and Scotland; and all the powers of the crown, and all the sharpness of penal enactments, were called into exercise to crush the growing party. Papist and Puritan, the two extremes of submission and dissent, suffered almost equally from the biting statutes of the virgin queen.

Those were no cold, speculative men, who out of the bosom of the church wrought the great change. They were the sober, thinking men of the age, — England's thinkers; quiet, but determined, with an enthusiasm growing out of the very character of their souls. The religious element was awakened; and that no earthly power can subdue. It feeds upon persecution as a natural element; and flame and fagot but warm it into activity and intenseness. So widely had it spread, that, early in the reign of James the First, there were fifteen hundred nonconforming clergy in England alone; representing, on a moderate computation, a million of persons.

I would not derogate from the many excellences of the Established Church,—its solemn worship, its numerous martyrs, its host of learned, excellent, religious men, in all its ages; but, allied as it was to the state, identified with it, it was not to be expected—certainly, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it could not be expected—to do much for the liberty of the subject. To accomplish this required a different set of men, trained under other influences. And it

happened with these, as with others, that they knew not to what a great end they had been born ; and that matters, very slight in themselves, would lead by gradual steps to an enlarged discussion of the whole theory of church government, the authority of the state as connected with it, and the existence of an established order. They were working out a great problem, with all their blindness touching toleration, and with all their imperfections. Every sect conscientiously believed that uniformity of faith, that is, uniformity with their sect, should be established by severe enactments. With all their strict theology, their denial of innocent enjoyments, their sanctimonious appearance, and their harshness of judgment, they became, unconsciously perhaps, the leaders in the greatest enterprise of modern history. It was their controversy that saved England from the dead calm of a spiritual despotism ; preserved at the time whatever there was of liberal tendency in matters of state ; and finally achieved the great victory of establishing constitutional liberty on a firm basis.

All honor, then, be awarded to the Puritan party of the sixteenth century, whether in or out of the Church of England ; a blessed instrument, under Divine Providence, of so great salvation !

The events of the first quarter of the seventeenth century in our mother-country are too familiar, — the story has too often been told by many writers, and on divers public celebrations, to warrant any detail on this occasion.

The way that had been preparing for a whole century through much suffering, and with only occasional gleams of

light, was now opening wider and wider to a new generation disciplined by adversity; a generation, with some defects and some inconsistencies of character, exhibiting that tenacity of principle and purpose which ensured final success.

I have stated that the Puritans in the early part of the seventeenth century, while they went for reform, by no means extended their views so far as at a subsequent period, or foresaw the necessary development and result of their own measures. They had no original purpose of overthrowing the ecclesiastical polity, and introducing the present dissenting service; nor did they ask or urge any thing of the kind in their famous petition in the first year of James. They disclaimed what they styled "a popular parity in the church." They had in view the internal police, if I may so term it, rather than the reconstruction of the fabric. So large was the infusion of the element of this party in the national legislature, that the House of Commons is found publicly sympathizing with it; and a petition to the king to that general effect was sustained by a large number of the members, though by less than a majority. Well had it been, had success attended the effort; but the array of power was marshalled in another quarter, and of a reverse character. At the very time the Commons were in deliberation, the clergy had their Convocation, and adopted a new collection of canons, which still constitutes a principal part of the ecclesiastical law of England. In many particulars it treated about indifferent matters; that is, indifferent to all but formalists: but others were such as troubled the conscience of the honest-minded dissentient, forthwith driving away a large

number, and finally separating the great body of the Puritans from the Establishment. Out of this class grew the Independents, the standard-bearers in the great army of freedom.

The principal articles adopted by the Convocation, that touched the sincere convictions of the dissenting Puritans within the church, and to which all were obliged to subscribe before they could preach, were these, viz. That the King is the supreme head of the realm, as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical as in temporal causes; that the Book of Common Prayer contains nothing contrary to the word of God; that they will use it, and none other; that the Thirty-nine Articles are all and every of them agreeable to the word of God. All persons are declared to be excommunicated by the very fact of affirming, that the Church of England is not a true and apostolical church; or that the Book of Common Prayer contains any thing repugnant to Scripture; or that the Thirty-nine Articles are in any part superstitious or erroneous; or that the rites and ceremonies of the church are such as good men may not with a good conscience approve; or that the government by archbishops, bishops, &c., is opposed to the word of God; or that the form of consecrating bishops, &c., is, in any particular, unscriptural. So all were excommunicated who separated from the church, and joined in a new brotherhood, or asserted their right to do so, or affirmed that there were any other churches within the realm that were true and lawful churches, or that any had a right to make rules ecclesiastical without the authority of the king. And, finally, all were

visited with excommunication who denied the Convocation to be a representative of the true Church of England, or the validity of its decrees; or affirmed that the members were conspiring against godly and religious professors of the gospel.

It is a curious fact in the history of these canons, that they were never the law of the land. They were never confirmed by Parliament, and have no legal force as to the laity; and yet, filled as they are with the spirit of blight and mildew, they had a withering, deadly power. Under them a great company of the upright and virtuous, the health and strength of the realm, almost such as no man may number, were harassed and persecuted beyond measure, and without stint or intermission. Their religious rights were trodden down; the dictates of conscience were punished; social position was destroyed; and scorn and hate were visited upon them with unbounded severity.

Who, then, can wonder at the rapid growth of dissent, dating from this period, and its continued progress, gathering strength from every fresh indignity, until its final consummation in assured victory over its oppressors? Who can wonder that these men, thinking themselves not only "somehow straitened," as an American prelate has sneeringly said, but buffeted and trodden down as he should have said, should gather the energies belonging to the land of their birth, and rise in indignant opposition to their persecutors?

What was said of this indomitable class in Scotland at that period is equally true as of those of England. "With all their arrogance and intolerance, and the other offensive

features of their creed and character," says a writer, inclined, against the prejudices of education and association, to be somewhat impartial, "these men were far from being without their high qualities, besides their piety and religious fervor. The meekest of them, not less than he that was of hotter temper, cherished an honorable pride and spirit of independence even in worldly matters, which kept them erect to a remarkable degree in their general carriage, *amid all the servility and baseness of the time.*" Arrogance, intolerance, and the other offensive features of their creed! As to their creed, it was at this time the creed, in theory and profession at least, of the great Anglican Church; and though Arminianism had already crept in to some extent, and was largely spreading, it could then hardly be said to be the prevailing belief of the adherents of the church. A lurking tendency toward Rome already existed, and became quite apparent a few years afterwards. In the same proportion Calvinistic doctrines and practice were on the decline, and the believers were held up to ridicule and reproach; so that parish ministers, not long after, were forbidden to preach upon their peculiar doctrines.

As to arrogance and intolerance, although we may not boast for them an exemption, it ill becomes the Established Church to flout the Puritans. It gave more than measure for measure in return for what it received. It had not the nice Christian eye that would lead it to detect its own enormities, and amend them; but saw the mote in its Christian brother's eye, and commended itself, saying, "I am holier than thou."

Thus we have seen, in the time of Henry the Eighth, at first only a modified form of Romanism,—a change in the head of the church from the Eternal City to England; then halting steps and slow,—persecutions by one portion of the Protestant denominations, almost equally of Catholics on the one hand, and of Dissenters on the other; then the gradual growth of the principle of dissent permeating large masses of men, now no longer despised. The expression of contempt is no more heard, but fear and hate are in its stead.

The men who colonized Massachusetts had remained within the bosom of the church, protesting against what they deemed its unscriptural ordinances, sometimes in a deprecatory, and sometimes in a defiant tone, preparing themselves for whatever event in God's providence might await them. It was no longer a feeble aggregation of humble individuals that might be swept away, and no remembrance be had of them, but a recognized power in the church; no longer a party by sufferance, but aggressive, contending for place and position, for the enjoyment of religious rights without fear of external and usurped dominion.

And now first appears an instance of separation immediately connected with our own history. I leave out of view the instance of Robert Brown. His movement was individual and erratic. He contended mainly on his own account, fell back when his congregation was dispersed, became reconciled to Mother Church, and lived and died in her communion; a man who neither in life nor conversation was a true type of the self-sacrificing pietist. The men of whom I am to speak were of sterner stuff.

A few months before the death of Elizabeth, in the year 1602, William Brewster, a gentleman of education and of public service at court, having no taste for the heartless pursuits of a courtier,—a man with whom life was earnest and real,—retiring from the round of fashion and luxury, united with some other kindred spirits, and gathered a little church,—the first church of the Pilgrims, in the North of England. Of this church the worthy and revered Richard Clifton was the minister; to whom succeeded Robinson, so celebrated in our New England history, and ever so closely and honorably identified with it. I omit the church of the excellent and learned Smith, because he died early, and his congregation fell asunder in the Low Countries. This church under Clifton was the mother of our New England. Its story in the mother-country, its sufferings there, its dangers in reaching Holland, its various trials and triumphs in that country, and its final peaceful settlement on our own shores, are all familiar as household words from the interesting narrative left by Governor Bradford. But the place in England where this church was first gathered, and where it maintained a struggling existence for a few years, encompassed on every side, with all of authority, all of social position and refinement, against it, while James threatened, in brutal phrase, to harry all Nonconformists out of the land,—that place, so interesting historically as the first nestling spot of the Pilgrims, has for generations been wholly lost from memory. It has been reserved to the present time to discover, identify, and consecrate the spot. This has recently been accomplished through the pains-

taking diligence of a learned English antiquary;\* a gentleman who, while devoted at home to the engrossing labors of an important office, from his affectionate regard for our New England worthies, has redeemed time enough to contribute a very considerable amount of exact information illustrating our early annals.

In a little village in Nottinghamshire lies the cradle of Massachusetts. Casting our eyes upon the map, we find in the northerly part of that county, on a branch of the Trent, the humble parish of Scrooby, an obscure agricultural village, now containing but two hundred and ninety-seven inhabitants, and in territorial extent less than one-tenth part of our own reduced Lancaster. Of greater importance at an earlier day, though never of mark among the localities of England, it will in future be remembered by us only as connected with our own history. "In the mean townlet of Scrooby," saith an early writer, † "I marked two things: the parish church, not long, but very well builded; the second was a great manor-place standing within a moat, and longing to the Archbishop of York, builded in two courts, whereof the first is very ample."

This bishop's manor was the residence of the worthy Brewster. Here he gathered from the vicinity a congregation of believers, — Clifton, Robinson, the Bradfords, Jacksons, Rochesters, and others, who formed the first permanent Separatist Church of the seventeenth century, which, under the guidance of Heaven, became the first Church of Christ in

\* Rev. Joseph Hunter, of London, a member of the Record Commission.

† Quoted by Mr. Hunter: Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

New England. Thus was finished the training that had been in progress for two centuries from the primal type to the full representation of a peculiar people on these shores.

Chalmers calls them "a few fanatics, who, tired of the European world, because it denied to them that toleration which they showed little inclination to allow to others, sailed for Virginia, but were driven by a storm on the coast of New England." But Chalmers was a Scotchman and a most ardent loyalist. The sentiment is not strange from that quarter, while the charge of fanaticism is the easy calumny applied to reformers in every age, — Wickliffe, Luther, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others even down to the present day.

But, while we smile at this acrimonious spirit, it may well be admitted that these men were not in a position to establish a great state. It may be questioned whether they could have sustained a colony from natural increase of population, or from any emigrations, considerable either in numbers or resources. Probably they would have fallen before a hostile demonstration of either of the larger Indian tribes, — the Pequots or the Narragansets. There were among them many excellent men, whose names and worth every true son of New England cherishes in his very heart. Their principles and aspirations all tended directly to freedom: still they were not the men destined to build up a Commonwealth. Their assured protection came from the colony planted on their northern border, with Connecticut and New Haven in the opposite quarter.

The time arrives, and the men are now advancing, for whom under the good Providence of God, in the beautiful words of

the prophet, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And thus, while the little band of Pilgrims, first at Scrooby, then in Holland, and then on our southern border, were working out the destiny to which they were appointed, — feeble, because separated from the large class of Nonconformists, — this greater body of the Puritans, remaining in the Church of England, was gaining in strength, in intellectual accomplishments, and in unity of purpose. They became recipients of all the advantages arising from the increasing culture and civilization of the age. Herein they gained beyond measure. Their faculties were sharpened, their energies were increased, by the discussions and controversies they maintained, and by the persecution they endured, when required to conform, or be harried out of the land. God was now "sifting a whole nation, that he might send choice grain over into the wilderness." Ecclesiastical tyranny had become inveterate. The harrying was in full play. Then were gathered together men of education, wealth, and social distinction, — clergymen, lawyers, country gentlemen, men of deep religious sentiment, and yet wise in their generation, — who took deliberate and sober counsel. They found, that by a potent alchemy they could transmute a trading company within the realm into a great institution of civil government beyond the realm.

In this great measure, — this master-stroke, — first publicly suggested by Governor Craddock, we recognize far-sighted wisdom, such as no other colonists ever manifested; suggestive wisdom, comprehensive in all its parts. These men

were willing to leave, three thousand miles behind them, all that constitutes the idea of home, and plant themselves in a distant wilderness, provided they had the powers of government in their own hands; but not willing to become exiles from the place of their affections, if they were to be dependent upon a mere board of trade in London.

Can they be justly blamed? They have been blamed, as if they had done this great work in a corner, and had perpetrated a fraud upon the king. The vote to transfer the patent, so that it might be legally done, seems to have been unanimous. Whether legal advice was actually taken is uncertain. The fact does not appear of record. But it is certain that the king took no offence at the transfer; and, more than two years afterwards, he was at especial pains to assure the inhabitants that their privileges would be protected.

The reasonable explanation of the conduct of the king in permitting this transfer, which of course must have soon become publicly known, is given by a recent historian, namely, that "the king's policy, at the present time, was to persuade the leaders of the Puritans, that, if they would peaceably abandon the contest for their principles in England, they were at liberty to embody and enjoy them in whatever institutions they might think fit to establish in America."

Previous history may be searched in vain for an enterprise essayed with more vigor, prudence, and wisdom, by better men, or with more entire success; not with remote success, nor with intermediate faltering, but by one grand effort, at a single adventure, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, God bless her! was established on a firm basis. True there were

sufferings during the first winter; but they sink into insignificance in comparison with those at Jamestown and at Plymouth.

The Massachusetts men were of two classes. They were widely separated by the distinctions in society that existed at home; and for a time were separated here by the same considerations, besides those of education. The ministers, almost all of them, were men educated in the classical and scholastic learning of the times in the ancient halls of Oxford and Cambridge. Many of them, as well as the leading laymen, were persons of considerable estates, and brought over families of the faithful of the uneducated class, who had been but little remembered in the distribution of temporal goods. The former rejoiced in the title of Master; the wife was Madam: the latter were simply Goodman and Goodwife. These designations prevailed to a great extent until the abrogation of the first charter.

Many excellent men connected with the company never came over; but, while active and thoughtful for the benefit of the colony, were largely concerned in that series of measures which established the power of the Independents in England. Of these, among many others of the laity, may be mentioned that worthy merchant, Matthew Craddock, the Governor of the Company in England; Samuel Vassall, a member of the Long Parliament, and otherwise distinguished in public station, and one of the earliest on that honored roll, "who refused to submit to the payment of tonnage and poundage;" Thomas Adams, vigilant in the concerns of the company, one of the Court of Assistants, and a member of the House

of Commons; Sir William Brereton, of an ancient family in the county of Chester, a distinguished military officer, a member of the House of Commons, and one of the King's Judges; Thomas Andrews the merchant, Sheriff, Lord Mayor of London, and also one of the King's Judges; John White the counsellor, the leading professional adviser of the Company in England, an active member of Parliament, lay member of the celebrated Westminster Assembly, and withal a grave, honest, and learned man.

Of the clergy I will name only Nye and White. Philip Nye, a man of uncommon sagacity, an Oxford graduate, a member of the Westminster Assembly, one of those who negotiated the treaty with the Scots, which issued in the famous Solemn League and Covenant that united the two nations in one great religious compact,—that compact which resulted in overthrowing the monarchy. John White, of Dorchester, sometimes called "Father of the Massachusetts Colony," a man fervent in his religion, active in his zeal, enlightened in his works, contributing to the necessities of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, providing for the moral and spiritual instruction of the fishermen on our coast, especially at Cape Ann; for the plantation at Salem; and for the union of the men of Dorset and Devon, whence sprang the Company of the Massachusetts Bay. He may be named also as the author of a tract well known to antiquaries, entitled the "Planter's Plea," intended to justify and promote the undertaking of the colonists. He was also active in promoting the adoption of the Solemn League and Covenant. No one was held in deeper respect; no one was more deserving of it.

These men, with their associates, are more especially deserving of commemoration by us, because, as they belonged to the party at home that has been unpopular in all succeeding history, justice has never been rendered to their virtues.

The character of a new settlement, the aggregate of individuals, is equally important with that of the individual, as the great representation in the line of succession or descent. How many centuries, I would ask, elapsed ere the barbarism and piracy of the North of Europe gave way before the influences of Christianity and the refinements of civilization; and how many subsequent ages before that Christianity and that civilization resulted in the firm establishment of well-assured freedom even in the most favored lands! What intermediate struggles of right against might, and light against darkness; what dreary periods of doubt, almost ending in despair; what persecutions and tortures of the good and far-seeing,—of the men guilty of being wiser than their times, and in advance of their age,—branded as innovators on the venerable rescripts of the past, and the time-honored institutions of the land!—what condemnation because they represented no great majority of a popular party, but only the thoughtful speculations of a despised few! All this must be undergone, experience long and bitter, before a well-ordered state rises from the various elements that contribute to its formation. So in the individual: his barbarism and vice descend by easy and natural transmission to succeeding generations, infecting whole masses of men,—developed now in this, and now in that offensive trait; and finally and necessarily triumphant, unless controlled and sub-

duced by new elements of a reformatory character, gradually working their way to success.

When, therefore, we take into view the easy, downward tendency of the individual and of the many, and the slow, painful, hesitating process of recovery under the severity of self-discipline and experience, it is a subject of devout gratitude that our own colony was planted by God-fearing men, — men of whom we have no reason to be ashamed, — men who, with all their imperfections, have left their good impress sharply defined on all following generations; clearly discerned in one long track of light down to the present time.

Leaving, then, those of the Massachusetts Company who remained in England, proceed with me while I glance at some few of that large number who came over in the first great fleet in the spring of 1630; and of those who found their way hither at a later season of the same year, or subsequently within four years. All of that class may be embraced in the great army of founders. But first there is one entitled to notice, of whom history makes deserving mention. I mean Roger Conant, the connecting link between the settlement at Plymouth, the station at Cape Ann, the plantation at Salem, and the colony of Massachusetts. History describes him as “a religious, sober, and prudent gentleman.” He was a good man, filled with courage and resolution to abide fixed in his purpose, notwithstanding all opposition, and every attempt at persuasion he met with to the contrary. Among the laity he may well be classed in a like category with that of John White, of Dorchester, in a larger sphere

among the clergy, in earnest effort to promote emigration to the Bay. Almost solitary in his position, he stood, with a brave and cheerful spirit, when others quailed and fainted; and, stretching with the eye of faith across the bosom of the wide Atlantic, could discern, through the dimness of the future, the advance of that devoted company under Endecott that was to people the shores of Naunkeag. Two years did he, with his three associates, Woodbury, Balch, and Palfrey, in solitude and danger, await the advent of this band; and, upon its arrival, was the happy means of allaying the jealousies and settling the differences between the ancient planters and the new comers, in relation to the jurisdiction over the soil and the enjoyment of individual rights.

The great fleet of 1630 is now approaching these shores; not in ten or eleven days from the mother-country, according to our every-day experience, but after a wearisome and boisterous voyage of more than two months, baptized in storm and peril. Let us note a few of these men, with some of those that followed them, as they disembark in search of habitations in the wilderness of the Bay country that was all before them.

Thomas Dudley, who had already seen military service in France in his carnal days, and, returning to this country, became a part of the church militant, now descends from shipboard, and appears upon the scene. We behold a man of severe exterior, clothed in the Puritan garb of that period, discouraging all levity and every approach to mirthful relaxation, as inconsistent with self-denying ordinances; abrupt in his address; a terror to the worldling and the

unsanctified; believing all truth wrapt up in his own creed, with no toleration for a different faith, or want of faith, in others; exiling himself from all the tender and social delights of a pleasant home; sympathizing with those only of a spirit kindred to his own; careful in all money concerns, even to the charge of avarice; but, with all this, of an ardent temperament, with a heart devoted to religion, as he understood and embraced it; of integrity incorrupt, of large good sense, and of resolute, energetic will. A fit person to join in the great enterprise, we find him, while on board the *Arbella*, before leaving the shores of England, entrusted with the second office in the infant Commonwealth, and afterwards raised to the chief civil and military command. He left a son and grandson more distinguished than himself. Let him be taken as a representative of Northamptonshire.

Of a different bearing, of gentler temperament, and more gracious mien, approaches Isaac Johnson. He was of generous nurture; the friend of Winthrop, Hampden, Dudley; a gentleman of large landed estate; an affectionate friend to the colony, and its benefactor,—the husband of the lovely lady *Arbella*. They come in purity of spirit and with holy influences in the array of their kindred associates, but only as it should seem to seal their faith by their early death; — she, the virtuous, self-sacrificing, loving wife, renouncing all the distinguished privileges and the delicacies of a noble home; he, in the words of Winthrop, “a holy man and wise, and dying in sweet peace.” He was a worthy representative of Rutlandshire.

Yorkshire was amply represented by Sir Richard Salton-

stall, a gentleman of honorable descent, of kind and frank disposition, and justly entitled one of the fathers of the Massachusetts Colony. Not that he remained here long, for he returned to England in the following spring; but he left his sons behind, who were honored in their own lives, and honored in the character of their descendants. In an age when toleration was considered as an evidence of lax principle, if not of absolute heresy, he exhibited in his life a beautiful illustration of Christian charity; and, some twenty years after his return, sadly complained to Wilson and Cotton of the instances of a persecuting spirit that had reached his ears. Though distant from the colony and engaged in other scenes, he was ever mindful and helpful of the colonists, defending their good name and their charter, before the king in council, against the resentment of Gardiner, Morton, and Ratcliffe, — taking all opportunities of rendering them assistance, and still further deserving of gratitude for his thoughtful remembrance of the College.

William Vassall, of London, one of the Assistants, a man equally catholic in spirit with Saltonstall, but more given to argument and controversy, well-educated, intelligent, and busy, remained in the colony only for a short period, and then left it for England. On his return to Boston, so far from making that place his residence, he eschewed the Massachusetts, and sat down at Scituate. He is called by Winthrop “a busy and factious spirit, — a man never at rest but when he was in the fire of contention.” The title of Winslow’s pamphlet, “New England’s Salamander Discovered,” had reference to Vassall. While in Scituate, he had a long con-

troversy with President Chauncy in reference to the mode of baptism. It was conducted with mutual sharpness, but on Vassall's side with a good degree of coolness. He found more favor with Wilson, Cotton, and others, ministers in the Bay, than with those in Plymouth. A second church was the result of this dispute, and the measure of his success. Though strongly suspected of inclining to Episcopacy, he seems to have been a pretty fair Congregationalist, at least while he remained in this country. The principles for which he contended were not characteristic of that period, but now would be universally admitted as a constituent of the unquestioned liberty of the subject. The discussion was of immediate interest, and may have had some more permanent influence in the history of the colony.

A more humble spirit dwelt in the breast of Increase Nowell, the Secretary of the Colony for awhile; serving the planters with diligence as one of the Assistants for twenty-five years, and performing other public functions. Activity, energy, fidelity, were traits of his character. He left to his children the treasure of a good name; which, being better than riches, as we have it on authority, may be considered an ample inheritance. He died poor in other possessions.

William Pynchon, from Essex, another Assistant, possessed a determined nature, and a good share of learning. He founded Springfield a few years before Lancaster was first inhabited, and named it after his birthplace in Essex. For almost an entire generation, his was its leading and controlling mind. Like most laymen of that day, versed in scholastic theology, he rejoiced to see his name in print, no less than the

brethren who engrossed the greater part of letters. Living remote from the other plantations, in a place of great seclusion, he seems to have been inclined, very presumptuously, of course, independent of the authorities in the Bay, to do his own thinking, and to have worked out a theory of the atonement, viz. that the sufferings of the Saviour were merely "trials of his obedience," wholly adverse to the prevailing doctrine. This brought him under public cognizance. The Great and General Court interfered. The church was in peril. The court solemnly pronounced its dislike and detestation of his book as erroneous and dangerous, false and heretical; required him to appear and exculpate himself, or suffer the consequences; and directed that the obnoxious treatise be burnt by the executioner in Boston Market-place "after lecture." By the same power of eminent domain in matters of faith, ten years after, the apostle Eliot's tract upon the Christian Commonwealth, which passed current during the Protectorate, was supposed to reflect upon kingly government, and orders were issued for its suppression. Pyncheon, in his case, appeared, and made explanations and retractions; but, before final judgment, taking counsel of discretion, and probably foreseeing that he would be visited with sharp condemnation, he wisely took advantage of the interval, and returned to England.

Before his theological fall, he was held in high esteem for his virtues and services, as a main pillar in the Springfield Plantation; vigilant and helpful in church and state; but he had committed what was then the unpardonable sin,—and what even in our own day renders a man obnoxious to

censure, and disturbs his social position, — by the maintenance and expression of opinions, which, however honest, were adverse to the prevailing sentiment of the community.

Roger Ludlow, the Assistant and Deputy-Governor, who came over with the west-country people, was a more ambitious man than Pynchon, of warmer temperament, and somewhat of the Miles Standish school. Though, it would seem, not bred to the law, he possessed a reputation for professional knowledge; — precisely the kind of man, and precisely the knowledge needed in the infant colony, where so soon and for so long a time the science and skill of legal fence were to be called into exercise. He was evidently high-spirited, and would easily kindle into a passion. He threatened to leave the colony and return to England, should the people insist upon choosing the Assistants every year, and upon choosing the Governor by the whole Court, that is, by the whole body of freemen, instead of by the Assistants. History records other instances characteristic of the man. But he was honest-minded and useful while he remained here, though somewhat suspicious that he had not his full share of popular honors. When the sovereigns find that a man comes to this complexion, they have a very summary way with him: he must submit to the bowstring. And so it was with Ludlow. He was left out of the government, and, in consequence, departed from this jurisdiction for Connecticut. There, in a narrower field and with fewer rivals, he became a prominent man for a number of years, — active in the Pequot war, — active as one of the Commissioners of the United Colonies, and so active in stirring up his neighbors on his own account

to commence hostilities against the Dutch, as to disturb his influence, and occasion him so much trouble that he left Connecticut, as nineteen years before he had left Massachusetts, and sailed for Virginia.

William Coddington, a native of Boston in Lincolnshire, worthily embalmed in Rhode Island history, Assistant and Treasurer of the Massachusetts Colony, was a man less fiery in his constitution than Ludlow, but still of a very determined spirit. Winthrop calls him "a godly man, and of good estate." From his great excellence of character, and ample means, he was enabled to exert a large and healthful influence in Boston, where he was a principal merchant; and his talents and integrity insured the continuance of that influence until the time of the Antinomian war; when, happening to be of the losing party,—the covenant-of-grace party,—his situation became unpleasant in the extreme. He removed to Rhode Island, where all theological covenants were equal,—equally indifferent,—and was there distinguished for his good service. For a long time he held the office of Governor.

Simon Bradstreet, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, the son of a clergyman, a Lincolnshire man, "the Nestor of New England," was more fortunate in his convictions than Coddington, in that he joined the covenant-of-works party, which, after a short but severe controversy, triumphantly carried the day.

Coming to the colony a young man, he successively passed through the offices of Assistant, Secretary, Deputy-Governor, Governor, Commissioner of the United Colonies, and

Agent to England. His colonial life embraced a period of sixty-seven years; witnessing the first planting of Massachusetts under the first charter, the government during its entire continuance, its abrogation, the usurpation of Andros, the incoming of the second charter, and five years of its vigorous operation. Surviving all his original associates and a host in the next generation, he lived to see the healthy growth and the consolidated strength of the Province, and was at a sufficient elevation, — like Lord Bathurst in the beautiful apostrophe of Burke, — casting his eye back in contemplation of the past, and looking into the future to discern the possibility of a rising empire in the West, freed from provincial transatlantic bondage.

Few men in the colony were more serviceable than Bradstreet. He possessed a phlegmatic temperament, tending to long life, with great moderation of character, accompanied by undoubted firmness. Though perhaps not bred to the Bar, like Winthrop, Bellingham, and Humphrey, he had respectable legal attainments, which were frequently called into exercise. A distinguished tribute was paid to his wisdom and sagacity, in his being selected as one of the Agents of Massachusetts in England after the Restoration. He was generally, if not always, of the moderate party, and was at its head in 1680, when the charter was in danger, and the country was hotly divided as to the best course to be pursued, — whether to submit implicitly to the king, or to die by the hands of others, rather than by their own. From this moderation it has sometimes been inferred that he was an ordinary man. The important offices he held show the contrary. No

ordinary man would have been sent to the court of Charles at that most critical period in our colonial affairs, or would have been replaced in the executive chair when Andros was deposed. But the authority of Winthrop, who calls him "a very able man," is conclusive.

Of less public distinction and of less learning than Bradstreet and the others I have named, was William Colburn. He was a gentleman of unquestioned worth, and great local influence in town and church for more than thirty years. We find him in that company of twelve, including Johnson, Winthrop, Saltonstall, Dudley, and others, who met at Cambridge in August, 1629, and covenanted to embark for the Massachusetts Plantation, provided the whole government, together with the patent, be transferred, and be established there. We know the man by his associates, and by the resolute performance of a brave, self-denying determination.

The excellent Edward Rossiter, a gentleman of good estate from the West of England, and one of the Assistants, should not be passed over in this brief notice. He was held in great esteem among his associates, and possessed actual good influence, with the prospect of extended usefulness. But he was not permitted to help on the work. He was arrested by death within a little more than two months after his arrival; being one of those who, according to Cotton Mather, took New England on their way to Heaven.

This slight enumeration of distinguished laymen who came over in 1630, imperfect as it is, would be sadly deficient, without naming him who was the leading spirit, the good genius of the colony. Born to a competent estate, having his

residence amidst the wholesome influences of the country; bred to the Bar, as were his father and grandfather; nursed in the bosom of the church; not forced to labor by the impulse of necessity, the predicament of the generality of mankind; but having nobler impulses coming right out from his generous nature, urging him to labor for the good he might accomplish,—we find him in mature life attending the meeting at Cambridge, and subscribing his name to the Solemn Covenant there concluded. Next we find him, though but recently become a member of the Company, preferred before all others for Governor of the incipient Commonwealth, when it was determined to remove the charter and the government to New England.

And here his history is the history of the colony until his death in 1649. He was in office for the greater part of the time; but, whether in office or a private citizen, was of potent influence, of unceasing energy, and ready at all times to spend and toil as he might best promote the public good. Of strong good sense, he was the wise man; of clear discernment, he was the sagacious man; of singular moderation and self-control, he was the careful man; full of integrity and purity, he was the conscientious, religious man;—like the best men at all periods, occasionally falling into unpopularity, but waiting with patience till time should prove him to be right, and his adversaries wrong; and then, without compromise or sacrifice, regaining his ascendancy, and becoming more trusted, honored, and revered, than before;—if ever erring, erring in the sincerity of his heart; and, like all noble natures, prompt and ingenuous to acknowledge the error when con-

vinced of it. With a nice sense of the liberty of the subject, and still at times apprehensive lest the encroachment of the popular sentiment of the less educated portion of the community should weaken the strength and consistency of good government, he held on his way, through good report and evil report, according to his own views of truth and duty. Deferred to by all classes, both clerical and lay, amid the constant difficulties that surrounded him, and sometimes embarrassed his position, he pursued a steadfast course, sustained by his own conscience, and looking to God and to posterity to do justice to his character.

He has left us a History of New England that is truly invaluable. Without it we should know comparatively little of the first nineteen years of the colony, — the period of its weaknesses and trials, — of the motives of its leading men, or of the principles of its policy. With it we have our earliest landmarks well defined, and a record of events on which all subsequent historians have safely built. Upon those nineteen years he left an impress such as no other man has left, and which has survived through all succeeding generations.

We revere him as the great founder and wise conservator of the Commonwealth; as the skilful pilot who guided the frail bark through the tempestuous waters of religious and political strife; as the choicest of that chosen seed in the great sifting of the nation.

God, in his providence, might have raised up some one equally competent to fill his great measure; but I know no one among all the wise and learned men, his associates, who could have acquired for himself such an ascendancy as he

possessed ; no one before whom all others would have bowed with the same reverential regard, yielding their entire confidence. In the singular purity, the unbending integrity and independence, and other noble traits of his private and public life, we recognize in type the great qualities of John Jay, that patriot and Christian of our Revolution. All reverence, then, to the name and virtues of John Winthrop, an instrument fitly shaped for a great work well wrought out ! All reverence to John Winthrop, the civil father of our infant State, and the ancestor of successive generations held in honor and esteem to the present day ! We go back to no robber demigods for our corner-stone, but to a well-assured name in the culture and Christianity of Modern Europe.

Of Aspinwall, Edward Johnson, of " Wonder-working Providence " memory, and others of the year 1630 ;—of those who came over a few years after, as Dennison the worthy Major-General ;—Deputy-Governor Humphrey, entitled " a gentleman of special parts, of learning and activity, and a godly man ; "—Governor Richard Bellingham, the lawyer, quaintly called " a great justiciary, a notable hater of bribes, firm and fixed in any resolution he entertained, of larger comprehension than expression, like a vessel whose vent holdeth no good proportion with its capacity to contain,—a disadvantage to a public person ; "—Sir Henry Vane, well known in the wider sphere of English history ;—Governor John Haynes, a " gentleman of great estate," with something of Roger Ludlow's ambition, and more than Winthrop's severity in discipline, but doing good service to the public ;—Roger Harlakenden, termed " a very godly man, and of

good use both in the Commonwealth and in the church," who "died in great peace, and left a sweet memorial behind him of his piety and virtue;"—of these and others the principal laymen, I would only say that they were good representatives of their class in England, and were men of whom any community might justly boast.

It would carry me far beyond my purpose and your patience to enlarge upon the members of the clerical profession, who came over in 1630 and a few following years. Their name is legion. They were educated men, trained at Oxford and Cambridge, with all the lights of the age; fitted, by crosses and a perplexed condition in their own land, to adventure upon an experiment of life in another climate, and exerting here, during the existence of the old charter, an influence, political as well as religious, such as has never been exercised by any other body of Protestants in any quarter of the globe since the Reformation. They were stern, Old Testament men, tracing a resemblance in their condition to that of the Jews; believing it ordained that the heathen should be driven out before them; brave men, contending for their own views of the right through all obloquy, the sneers of the profligate, and the persecutions of ecclesiastics; self-denying men, denouncing amusements, and the lax principles of the times; rather rejoicing in being called upon to endure hardship; very humble before God, but still loving power, not perhaps for its own sake, but for the good they might accomplish; unbending to those who thrust at them, and loved them not; austere in life and conversation, partly from their theology, and in part from their

position as a sect everywhere spoken against; with many failings, — failings in the gentle virtues and in the spirit of toleration, — but with more virtues of the sturdy and uncompromising kind, such as the infant condition of the colony required, when an influx of any opposite religionists, or of the cast-off adventurers from the Old World, might have reduced it to a perfect Alsatia.

The time of our great exodus from the mother-country was opportune. Had it been earlier, when kingly prerogative was scarcely questioned, and priestly power rejoiced in its wide-spread domain, the ancestors of New England might have settled down into unquestioning, passive non-resistants, with as little of will as of ability to stay encroachments. The time was well chosen, when the nascent principle of liberty was permeating the whole kingdom; when arbitrary measures in church and state were stoutly questioned; when the vigorous, hardy elements of the English character, our inheritance, were mustering and concentrating for the final struggle. Hampden had already resisted unjust taxation; and, in the bosom of the church, the sacred right of dissent was taking definite shape. On the eve of great events the plantation was projected. In leaving their country, the colonists escaped the intermediate stage of polity in the Presbyterian Church, and came at one bound upon the Independent or Congregational Platform. Meanwhile, the troubles that were casting their broad shadows over the future of England gave the planters an opportunity of forming their theory of religious and civil polity, and of consolidating their institutions to a considerable extent.

Coming from a country whose institutions of government had remained for ages, they had a framework for their model that required only modification in its details to adjust it to their new condition. Thus saved from all fanciful notions, from all transcendental policy, from all idea of a social compact of optimists, like sensible, every-day men they proceeded to build for themselves on old foundations with sound views, issuing from long-established principles, sloughing off all feudal incumbrances, and all combined spiritual domination.

What was the future that, in visions by day, or dreams by night, was dimly discerned by the more ardent and enthusiastic? Did a great destiny spring up to their view, as they stood gazing upon the shifting lights passing rapidly before them, and then settling down in dreary night, — like the prospect beheld from our mountain-tops, when the storm subsides, and the breeze sweeps along the dense clouds, which, now in broken masses, in ever-varying forms of beauty, with edges of light, reveal the sunshine and the blue sky, and, while the eye is beholding other mountain-tops beyond, with pleasant valley, hill-side, and plain, infold themselves in one grand volume, and close the scene to human view? No such picture presented itself to their earnest gaze, — no brilliant vision in the distance; but, still with conscious faith that the invisible is real, and with doubts and fears as to their future in this world, they longed only for a spot to which they could flee and be at rest. They looked back upon their own native land — the homes and graves of their fathers, — with yearning and affection; but they sighed not to return.

Girt up in the power that God had given them, they were ready to dare, to endure, and, if need be, to die. They had the courage of men, and wore it as a familiar garment. The stern duties they had assumed left them no choice, even had they had the purpose to retrace their steps. Their manhood and faith would at once have taken the alarm, and prevented the design.

And did it demand stout hearts? It may be said that others have made equal sacrifices. Others have made sacrifices; have gone to distant, barbarous shores, and ventured through seas of danger to conquer a name, to gain celebrity by military exploit; and every day the most imminent hazards are run in the greedy quest of gold.

Adventurers had already coursed along our shores, establishing stations for the convenience of fisheries and trade. But "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind" was not the object with the men of 1630, and their successors. They consecrated their energies to no such purpose. Turning aside from the great and engrossing object of mankind, the pursuit of wealth, they embarked with all the materials required to build up a state, — with their beloved charter, better than all the household gods of old, and attended by a superintending Providence, ever shaping out their destinies. The elements they possessed for a social and political organization at once took form and order, as it were, by a self-adjusting power; and when, soon after, a representative body was constituted out of and instead of the whole body of freemen, and at the next step this again was separated from the Board of Magistrates or Assistants, each possessing a negative upon the other, the system of

republican government was fully secured. So wisely were their measures taken, that we have only to record constant progress; and, even when danger was threatening from within or from without, and there was apparent halting, their course was still onward. The condition of their social and political state, gradually gaining in strength and consistence, and developing in symmetrical proportions, led, by natural and easy stages, to success in their various encounters, whether in diplomacy or in war, until the final establishment of an independent government. The great result was not accomplished under a century and a half; nor was it either foreseen or predicted: but the curious student in their history can now trace the causal relation with perfect distinctness. The character of the people, and the quality of their institutions, were touched to one great issue.

A representative government was fairly derived from the government to which they had been accustomed at home; so also the division of their Commonwealth into counties: but the division into towns had nothing like it in their own previous experience, or in any example in the Old World, where cities, boroughs, and towns were of somewhat diverse signification. Towns existed here, of course, from the outset, as a necessary organization; but we may search in vain for any authoritative establishment in the first years of the colony. They were not made: they grew out of the political circumstances that demanded them. Like towns in England, they had the right of a church, with the sacraments; but far greater and very different privileges were soon accorded to them. They became corporations as soon as they were

competent to manage their municipal affairs. They had townsmen, afterwards called Selectmen, to order "the planting and the prudential affairs;" a Clerk of the Writs, nominated by the town, and confirmed by the County Court, and so called because he had power to issue "summons" and other process in legal proceedings, and afterwards called Town Clerk, with additional duties; also Constables, a Treasurer, Assessors, and the whole array of town functionaries. In civil matters, they made provision for schools, for the support of their poor, the establishment of highways, the disposition of lands, the support of a military force; and enjoyed the power of taxing themselves, and raising money to any extent they pleased, for the purposes of the town. Their importance was further secured by their corporate right of representation in the General Court, which brought them into close contact with legislative proceedings; each man, as it were, esteeming himself almost a legislator, — a part of the governing power, as well as a subject; and looking forward to the time when he should be called by the suffrages of his brethren to be one of the deputies. A larger liberty was allowed than now exists. Residence was not required for representation; so that if a freeman were ambitious of legislative life, and his own town were blind to his merits, he might seek his constituents elsewhere. Thus, Thomas Brattle, of Boston, father of the Rev. William Brattle, of Cambridge, represented Lancaster in 1671 and 1672, and Concord from 1677 to 1681. This privilege continued during the old charter, and for one or two years under the Province charter. But sundry members of the House, chiefly inhabitants of Boston.

representing towns in the country, being opposed to the Governor, Sir William Phips, voted against the address of the majority of the representatives, who desired that he might not be removed from office. To get rid of these factious gentlemen, a law was passed, requiring residence as a qualification for election. And thus a change, first instigated by private motives, has in the end become a part of our organic law.

The liberty of discourse at town-meetings was very large. Listen to the record : "Every man, whether inhabitant or floreiner, free or not free, shall have libertie to come to any publique court, council, or towne meeting, and either by speech or writeing to move any lawfull, seasonable, and materiall question, or to present any necessary motion, complaint, petition, bill, or information, whereof that meeting hath proper cognizance, so it be done in convenient time, due order, and respective manner."

Thus much for the power of the towns in civil matters. Their power in parochial concerns was equally broad. No churches being recognized but those of the Congregational order, and parishes being originally co-extensive with towns, the towns were vested with entire authority to contract with their religious teachers, and raise money for their support. The practice of voluntary contribution, however, prevailed for some years.

It is hardly possible to speak too highly of the importance of towns in the history of Massachusetts, or to magnify the results derived from their institution. They were indeed miniature republics, possessed of every element of order and

freedom. Besides their powers, which I have succinctly mentioned, the meetings themselves are not to be passed over without note of their influence. "Town-meeting day" is a phrase of great significance; representing, in an humble degree, that which is true of the Commonwealth in the meetings of its General Court. From all quarters,—from the farm and the workshop, from hill and valley, the people gather together to choose their officers, vote moneys, and discuss grave questions affecting their social and political well-being. There all meet on common ground,—the man of wealth and education side by side with the humblest, whose hands are hardened by honest toil. Each stands up in his own manhood, and has an equal claim to be heard; and the vote of each is no blind exercise of power, but the deliberate expression of one free to choose. Listen to the discussions; the homely statement, the sagacious remark, and it may be the exhibition of an untaught native eloquence; the outpourings of a generous nature on the one side, and the contracted spirit on the other,—all the proceedings conducted with the propriety and order of larger deliberative assemblies. All bow to the forms as well as the substance of law; all develope their several capacities, marked by the same characteristics, and swayed by the same motives, as great parliamentary bodies.

Here we see, month after month, year after year, generation after generation, that constant training of the individual which gives him a sense of personal consequence, instructs him in his rights, and renders him entirely apt in all matters pertaining to the general government of the State. As town-

officers, as representatives in the Legislature, as jurors, and in other ways, large masses are thus brought into immediate contact with the practical working of the laws, and become marvellously well instructed in their rights and duties. In this field of deliberation and controversy is sown the seed that bears rich fruit in the life of the citizen. Here, when trouble comes from abroad, and tyranny is scented in the tainted breeze, is formed the vigorous and combined public sentiment that sways the community. Here are witnessed brave resolves, to be carried out with equal bravery in action, in steady resistance to aggression. Indeed, we may almost say that the Revolutionary War, so far at least as Massachusetts was concerned, was carried on under the auspices of the people in town-meeting assembled. There the discussions were had; there great questions of natural right and civil liberty were debated; there the supplies were voted, the men raised, the sacrifices made, and independence wrought out.

But all this machinery would be of little avail, unless the men were found to work it; and the men would not have been found to work it, had ignorance abounded. Its influence must be correlative to the intelligence of the masses. For this, early and tolerably ample provision was made. The cultivation of the few, and the ignorance of the many, had ever been the unhappy condition of human society. But all this was to be changed. The right of instruction, widely diffused, was now to flow in, reaching the humblest individual and the remotest hamlet. The leading men among the laity whom I have before named, with their associates in civil life, and more particularly the ministers of the Congre-

gational churches, possessed about all the learning of the day. These very men, whom it has been the fashion with many to deride immeasurably as bigots in the church, and tyrants in the state, were those, and those only, who established the first system of free schools known to the world to be supported by the whole community; and they planted, side by side, our University, which, from that day to the present, has been the blessed instrument of incalculable good. Possessing the advantage of education, and exhibiting its precious fruits, — knowing the illiterate state of the humbler colonists, existing to such an extent that being able to read was matter of praise, and being able to write was somewhat of a distinction, — knowing, too, that in no way could they preserve what they had so laboriously established as a free Commonwealth, but by assiduous effort directed point-blank to the minds of the people, they entered upon the subject with an earnestness and perseverance that insured early and complete success. Nor was there any of that narrow jealousy which it has been reserved for a later day, and a time of boasted refinement, to manifest; as if there were any inconsistency between the free school and the college. All felt and acknowledged their mutual and beneficial dependence; that the college was to be nourished through the school, and the school to be preserved and elevated through the higher standard of the college, — links in one great chain, connecting all art and all science, and binding all orders and conditions in one loving embrace.

All praise to the men who were first instrumental in enlightening the public mind, and training up the great body

of citizens, by a constant exercise of the intellectual faculties, to a clearer perception of their rights and obligations, and an increased ability to preserve them! Let their works praise them; and we of the present generation, who have received the choice inheritance, and live in the sunlight of this great blessing, will praise their practical sagacity, and their far-reaching vision.

The good sense of these men, shown in the system of towns, and in the provision made for religion and education, is equally manifest in the character of their laws. The statute-book of a people is, to a large extent, the history of that people, and the key to their condition in the widest range. It shows the progress of social order, national industry, liberty, and civilization, or the contrary.\* In this respect,

\* We very much need an edition of our statutes at large, from our earliest colonial existence, down to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; something after the manner of the English "Statutes of the Realm," "The Acts of the Parliament of Scotland," "The Irish Statutes at Large," or the United States "Statutes at Large." It should embrace all the laws, from the very first, in chronological order, — the temporary as well as the perpetual; all that have become obsolete, or have expired, or have been repealed, as well as those in force. It is difficult now to trace the course of legislation throughout our colonial and provincial condition. The effort requires some bravery of spirit, — a determined resolution. It is not well that a Commonwealth like Massachusetts should be without the statutes of her realm, collected and printed to the letter. Besides, the archives of the Commonwealth contain many *projets* of laws, not finally becoming laws, but very interesting and instructive in the history of our people. These would come in very well as collateral illustrations.

The printing of the two earliest volumes of the Colonial Records, so wisely recommended by his Excellency Governor Clifford at the last session of the Legislature, is now in progress, under the enlightened and careful supervision of Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, to whom the Governor, with very praiseworthy discrimination, has entrusted the undertaking. This is a step in the right direction. May the Legislature of 1854 take the next step, and make provision for the great work of the Massachusetts Statutes at Large.

our ancestors, in most matters of their early civil legislation, were as wise in their generation as the children of this world. They had no book of Blue Laws. Some offences were made capital, to which at this day no penalty would be affixed; but otherwise their laws were generally appropriate to their circumstances, and very judicious.

It is somewhat singular that the character of our early statute law has been wholly misunderstood until the present day. Even the inquiring and learned Hutchinson was ignorant of the body of laws actually adopted. The subject forms an interesting chapter in our history; but I can only briefly touch upon it. In the infancy of the plantation, the leading men were somewhat opposed to a fixed code; not from any arbitrary notion, if we take their own statement, but, as they say, from "want of sufficient experience of the nature and disposition of the people, considered with the condition of the country, and other circumstances;" and because "it would transgress the limits of the charter," which forbade any laws to be made, "repugnant to the laws of England;" and "that," says the historian, with charming simplicity, "we were assured we must do. But to raise up laws by practice and custom had been no transgression." They had some views of equity, in adapting judgments to particular cases, *pro re natâ*. Of course, the people were not quite easy under this dispensation, and saw clearly enough, with all regard for the magistrates and elders, that there would be no safety for the civil state, unless laws were established on a proper basis; so that discretion, the forerunner of arbitrary power, might be wholly taken away.

From 1635 to 1641, six long years, this subject was mooted through many sessions of the General Court. At one time, in 1636, worthy Mr. Cotton, who was one of those who were appointed to compile a body of fundamental laws, presented "a copy of Moses his judicials compiled in an exact method;" which were taken into consideration till the next General Court. No evidence exists that they were ever acted upon: certain it is they were never adopted. This code, however, of "Moses his judicials," seems to be the same that was published in England in 1641, under the title of "An Abstract of the Laws of New England as they are now established." It contains many provisions of practical import, well fortified with references to texts in the Old Testament. Some of the provisions were not particularly democratic. Thus the magistrates were to be selected out of the ranks of noblemen or gentlemen, the best that God shall send into the country, to be chosen for life, unless removed for good cause. "More large and honorable accommodations" in land were to be given to men of eminent quality and descent, in regard to their greater disbursements to public charges. No landholder could convey his estate to any one but a freeman of the same town. Wages of labor were to be regulated. Some twenty crimes were made punishable with death,—among them, heresy; wilful perjury; profaning the Lord's day in a careless and scornful neglect or contempt thereof; reviling of the magistrates in highest rank; rebellious children, continuing in riot or drunkenness after correction, or cursing or smiting their parents.

There was one provision, copied from Deuteronomy, and

relating to military exempts, that would have been of blessed comfort to some citizens in the subsequent Indian wars. It runs thus: "Men betrothed and not married, or newly married, or such as have newly built or planted, and not received the fruit of their labor, and such as are faint-hearted men, are not to be forced against their wills to go forth to wars."

Well had it been, thought William Aspinwall, a friend of Cotton in the Antinomian war, had the Massachusetts "had the heart to have received" this code. He confesses that it is not without imperfections, but is "bold to say that it far surpasseth all municipal laws and statutes of any of the Gentile nations and corporations under the cope of heaven;" reaching "to all persons, nations, and times, and is a perfect standard to admeasure all judicial actions and causes, whether civil or criminal, by sea or land;"—and much more of this marvellous praise. Governor Hutchinson does not go so far as to assert that this abstract was adopted. He states that the legislators made it their plan in general, departing from it in many instances, and in some which were very material. But this was not the case, as would have been manifest to him, had he known the laws that were actually adopted. A system more honorable to the good sense of our ancestors was the chosen one. Winthrop says that the General Court in December, 1641, "established one hundred laws, which were called the 'Body of Liberties.' They had been composed by Mr. Nathaniel Ward, sometime pastor of the church of Ipswich. He had been a minister in England, and formerly a student and practiser in the course of the common law." This Nathaniel Ward, the well-known

author of the "Simple Cobler of Agawam," has the high praise of having prepared, and, so far as appears, single-handed, the first code of laws known in Massachusetts; relieving the people from the presence of all discretionary authority on the part of the governors, and forming an excellent foundation for the construction of the jurisprudence of the Commonwealth. Except some few particulars belonging to the period, it shows throughout a clear apprehension of the provisions of the common law, and the liberties of the subject as contained in Magna Charta. It marks the exact and well-read lawyer, not overlaid nor clouded by his subsequent clerical training (I speak it, of course, in no offensive sense), but retaining the freshness of his previous professional discipline. I repeat, then, that they of the Massachusetts were eminently wise men in adopting Ward's system. They must have easily remarked the vast difference between the two codes: that Ward's was an ample rule for a civil, enlightened community; and Cotton's a singular theorem, like the apostle Eliot's "Christian Commonwealth," adapted to no existing people, Christian or Pagan.

The true history of our early legislation has been involved in obscurity, because the code remained in manuscript for two centuries. Written copies were sent to the few towns then constituting the colony; but the laws never appeared in print till some ten years since,—the result of an accidental discovery by an exact and critical scholar,\* who has triumphantly vindicated the "Body of Laws and Liberties" as our fundamental code. But, while it approves itself in almost

\* Hon. Francis C. Gray. Col. Mass. Hist. Soc. vol. xxviii.

every particular to the student of jurisprudence, other laws were added from time to time, showing the peculiar temper and characteristics of the people of the Bay, as they were daily becoming more distinctive, — such as laws punishing non-attendance at church; punishing the keeping of Christmas by forbearing to labor, by feasting, &c.; laws against heresy, and against the Quakers, Jesuits, and Anabaptists.

Chalmers takes no notice of Ward's code. Indeed, where Hutchinson was in ignorance, Chalmers could have no knowledge; and so he runs into the general error, and charges that the laws were compiled chiefly from the Jewish system. He complains also that the common and statute laws of England were no more regarded here than in Germany or France. This complaint is neither wholly true nor wholly false. They did not adopt the whole, or any part, as a system by which they were bound as subjects of England; but they did adopt whatever they deemed suited to their condition, consistent with right reason, and not in conflict with the word of God. And they silently rejected the English system, as such, — not from any idea of independency, as was falsely urged, even at that early period, by Dr. Child and his associates; repeated by the Commissioners of Charles Stuart, by Randolph, Chalmers, and the Court party generally, — but that they might enjoy in peace what they had attained at the costly sacrifice of kindred and country. And this solemn purpose it was their good pleasure to manifest in every way in their power, at least up to the extremest verge of their chartered rights. Circumstances wrought favorably for them in this respect, at very important points of time;

first, in the troubles in England, ending in the execution of Charles, and preventing undue interference in colonial affairs; and, next, in the sympathy between the colonists and Cromwell, when they basked in the sunshine of favor more than royal, and gained immunities of trade, which, seconded by their own industry and sagacity, added largely and rapidly to their wealth and power. But, except during the Protectorate, Massachusetts was the least favored of all the colonies, from the first planting till the final separation from the mother-country.

I would not pass from this general subject, without taking notice of one of the many ways in which the sensitive nature of Massachusetts guarded every avenue that might admit interference from the government at home; one that was very bold and successful through a series of favoring events. She was exceedingly jealous of appeals from her decisions, either to the King in Council or to the Parliament. The haughtiest monarch could not have been more so. And justly was she jealous, so far as the safety of the colony was concerned, whatever interpretation was to be given to the charter. As early as 1640, when the colony was in the tenderest gristle, when Parliament was mighty, and the King was weak, they were advised by their friends in England to solicit favors of Parliament. Many, doubtless, might have been obtained. Did they seize the opportunity with avidity? Not so; but, with cautious, clear-sighted wisdom, after grave deliberation, even at the risk of appearing ungrateful, or of seeming to despise a rising power, they very decidedly declined. They saw plainly that this would be that "first step"

that would "cost;" a favor received, especially after solicitation, would uncomfortably bind the recipient. The bestowing power would be likely to claim a right to interfere with the direction and control of colonial affairs; and a state of dependence would be the result. The sentiment of gratitude would be well enough between man and man; but, between two communities, it would soon bring about the relation of master and servant, by a sure rule of political science. In their instructions to Winslow, they say, "If it should be objected why we make not out our processes in the King's name, you shall answer, First, that we should thereby waive the power of our government granted to us; for we claim not as by commission, but by a free donation of absolute government granted to us; Second, for avoiding appeals," &c. They made the distinction, however, that they were subject to some laws of state proper to foreign plantations, and that was the utmost they would ever admit. Dr. Child and others, in their petition in 1646, made a brave threat, that, if those of their denomination were not taken into the congregation, "they should be necessitated to apply their humble desires to Parliament to provide able ministers for them." The elders, however, had advised that the charter gave full power to make all laws, and final determination in all cases in the administration of justice; from which, of course, they deduced the opinion that no appeals could be taken. When, therefore, the petitioners threatened to appeal to England, Governor Winthrop told them, in very plain language, "he would admit no appeal, nor was it allowed by their charter." They were dealt with in the most summary manner. Fortunately,

at this time all power had passed from royalty; and Parliament, being in religious sympathy with the colonists, did not hesitate to discountenance Child, Gorton, and others, in their attempt to obtain redress. "We intend not," saith Parliament, "to encourage any appeal from your justice, but to leave you with all that freedom and latitude that may in any respect be claimed by you." Of course, they were now safe in being as stern and uncompromising as they pleased; and unfortunate were those who fell under their sharp displeasure.

The time was more alarming after the Restoration, when all fellow-feeling was withdrawn, and the colonists were regarded as schismatics in church, and republicans in politics. They most earnestly urge Leverett, their agent in London, to take care that no appeal be permitted in civil and criminal cases; "which," say they very forcibly, "would be such an intolerable and unsupportable burthen as this poore place (at this distance) are not able to undergoc; but would render authoritie and government vaine and ineffectual, and bring us into contempt with all sortes of people." Leverett himself, while in London, was charged with saying, that, "rather than admit of appeals, we would sell the country to the Spaniards." He denied the charge. The King's Committee, however, pardoned it, if made, and regarded the words, not so much Leverett's, "as the spirit of the country." He was pressed by one of the Committee to say whether Massachusetts would not cast off her allegiance and subjection if she "durst." "We apprehend we are honest men," says Leverett, "and have declared in our application to his Majesty to the con-

trary; and therefore [he] could not have such thought of us, without the breach of charity."

When the Commissioners came over, armed as they supposed with irresistible authority, and claimed a right to hear appeals, Plymouth, Rhode Island, and Connecticut yielded at once, and the Commissioners proceeded to entertain appeals. Those colonies submitted, if not gracefully, yet very quietly; and the two former made great demonstration and promise of loyalty and obedience. Purposely did the Commissioners first deal with those three colonies, trusting that so good an example would not be lost, and that it would "abate the refractoriness" of Massachusetts. The story is well known of their efforts while in Boston to hear appeals; and the proclamation of the General Court, by sound of trumpet, declaring that body the supreme court of judicature, and that they would not permit appeals. They did not permit them. The Commissioners were still more incensed with the imperturbable coolness of the General Court, in a case in which the Court itself was in fact the defendant, on charges brought against it by a complaining party, and invited the Commissioners to be present. But this very peculiar proceeding, of a defendant sitting in his own cause, was what the lawyers would call "a case of novel impression," not laid down in the books; and was not agreeable to the Commissioners. They declined the invitation with some indignation. "Major Hathorne," they said, "made a seditious speech at the head of his regiment, and Governor Endecott another at the Boston meeting-house, but were not questioned for it." Randolph, in 1676, takes up the refrain: "The government acknowledges no superior, nor

admits of any appeal to his Majesty, whose arms are not set up in any of their courts, meetings, or public assemblies."

In this matter of appeals, so important, so vital, Massachusetts stood alone; uttering but one voice, and acting with but one purpose, throughout the whole of her colonial history; thus justifying, to some extent, the querulous remark of Chalmers, that it was "an overruling principle in the colonial policy of England that refractoriness always procured concession, which has at all times been attended with the most consequential effects." This refractory spirit the enemies of the plantation saw fit to detect very early in the day. Sunlight had scarcely penetrated the forests around Boston, then but three years old; the planters were comparatively few in number, after the struggles with a hard winter and a new climate, when they were charged by Gardiner, Morton, and Ratcliffe, with intending to rebel, and cast off their allegiance. Of course, a very absurd charge; but worthy of notice, because it shows how early the colonists wished, so far as practicable, to manage their own affairs. They were very ready to admit allegiance, when pressed to the question, but never ready to ask for assistance in any emergency. They protected themselves in every difficulty, and amid all the horrors of Indian warfare. When worried by mandates from home, requiring their submission, they threw themselves upon their chartered rights, or the necessities of their condition; and if, after exhausting all other efforts, they could neither "avoid nor protract," it was not their practice to submit, but to rest quietly, wait upon Providence, and abide the issue of events.

It is no part of my purpose to detail the course of Massachusetts in her many instances of peaceful resistance, so characteristic and full of interest. It would be but repeating the salient points of her history, all along the line, for a century and a half. Much less is it my object to dwell upon the often-repeated charges that have been brought against her. It is a pretty wide subject, and the field of discussion is large. With a few exceptions, a complete defence of her policy might be established, taking her own point of view, and considering the peculiarities of her situation. It might be easily shown, and the true historian of Massachusetts, when summoned to the great work, will show, that her sharp spirit and stringent legislation both combined to consolidate her strength at an early day, and led her on through successive stages, securing at each point what she had already acquired, until, disciplined by adversity and invigorated by prosperity, she was able to lead in the great and solemn appeal to the last remedy of a people standing for their rights. I would not, if I could, conceal her blemishes nor extenuate her faults. Over and above them all appear her brave spirit, her indomitable industry and perseverance, her lofty virtues, her good order, and her stable institutions.

It will doubtless be expected, by some of my audience at least, that I should dwell at length upon the history of this place. The day would not be sufficient for the purpose; but it will never answer in the play to omit the principal character. What I propose to say can be well enough compressed within my remaining space.

The territory of Lancaster was probably never trodden by

the white man much earlier than the year 1643, thirteen years after the first settlement of Massachusetts Bay. It may be that some bold adventurer from Watertown or Sudbury had previously ventured to trap the beaver or hunt the deer somewhat beyond the boundaries of the present town of Stow ; but who would peril himself by passing the bristling Wataquodoc hills, that divide the waters of the Assabet from those of the Nashaway, so distant from any outside support, and with dense forests between ? Along these pleasant waters, through these fertile valleys, on these sunny hills, the Indian strayed unmolested, in all the wildness and liberty of his unconstrained condition, as did his ancestors for ages before him. In all times, this vicinity, with its numerous little lakes, its running streams, and its *intervalles* of easy cultivation, scattered all over with the stately elm and sturdy walnut, must have been a favorite residence of the Indian. Here he revered the Great Spirit for the beauties of creation, — here he could sow beside the still waters, draw his sustenance from their bosom, and from the wooded country around. Here the rude chief bore easy sway over his tribe, disturbed only by the fear of the war-parties of the Narragansetts, or the more distant and more dreaded Maquas, the terror and scourge of the New-England Indians.

At the time when this territory first opened upon the view of the white man, the good Sholan, or Shaumauw, exercised a peaceful rule, in this his little empire, over the tribe of the Nashaways. His principal residence was a few miles distant from this spot, on a gentle eminence, between the two lakes of the Washacum.

Early in the seventeenth century, the various tribes, the Pequots in Connecticut, the Narragansetts chiefly in Rhode Island, the Pawkunnawkuts in Plymouth Colony and its vicinity, the Massachusetts in the Bay, and the Pawtucketts extending east to the Piscataqua, were populous and powerful. The Pequots retained their power, as a great and warlike people, until their swift and terrible destruction by the English, in 1637; and the Narragansetts until a like destruction, in 1675; while the Pawkunnawkuts, the Massachusetts, and the Pawtucketts, some eight years before the settlement of Plymouth, had been swept over by a dreadful pestilence, reducing their numbers from many thousands to a few hundreds. Thus, in the belief of the Pilgrims and Puritans, was a way laid open, by a special dispensation of Providence, for the introduction of the people of God,—another Canaan prepared for the reception of another peculiar people.

The tribe of the Nashaways suffered, though not equally, with the others; but neither history nor tradition enables the inquirer to determine their number or their power. The Massachusetts, that had been a numerous people, held dominion over this tribe, which Gookin mentions as being in the Nipmuck country, though it is generally supposed by antiquaries of the present day to have been outside of it. However this may be, it is certain that the Nashaways were never, within memory or according to tradition, subject to any of the neighboring tribes, but only to the Massachusetts, who, before 1612, could send some three thousand men into the field. It would be interesting to inquire into and develope

the history of our tribe; to ascertain the period of its power and decadency; to give an account of its intercourse with the early settlers in the valley; and to perpetuate some anecdotes of the men and the time. But, with the exception of a few glimmering, fitful lights, all is as dark as its sad fate.

We first hear of the Nashaways in 1643 as a peaceful people and friendly to the English, whose rapid increase in population, strength, and spread, must have filled them with astonishment, and whose deadly blow, that prostrated the Pequots, must have inspired them with terror. Finding that some petty chiefs, who had placed themselves under the jurisdiction of the English a few years before, were fully protected in their persons and lands against their enemies the Narragansetts, Cutshamequin, the head of the Massachusetts remnants, Nashacowam and Wassamagoim, Sachems, near Wachusett, with two other chiefs, came to Boston in the spring of 1644, and in like manner tendered themselves, and all the Indians between the river Merrimack and Taunton; desiring to be received under the English protection and government. So they were instructed in the same articles and in the ten commandments. The answers of the latter chiefs to these articles probably agreed in substance with the answers of the first who surrendered their sovereignty. They desired "to speak reverently of the Englishman's God;" and, when enjoined not to swear falsely, innocently answered they "never knew what swearing an oath was." With equal innocence, when enjoined not to do any unnecessary work on the Lord's day within the gates of proper towns, they said "it was a small thing for them to

rest on that day, for they had not much to do any day ; and therefore they will forbear on that day,"—and so on through the chapter. Cutshamequin and his brother Sachems were "solemnly received," saith the historian, "and then presented the Court with twenty-six fathom more of wampum, and the Court gave each of them a coat of two yards of cloth, and their dinner, and to them and every of them a cup of sack at their departure: so they took their leave, and went away very joyful." This was considered a very grave and important proceeding, not only worthy to be recorded, but to be the chief occasion of a special session of the General Court.

Unless misled by the orthography of the name, I suppose we have in this record the submission of the Nashaway tribe to the jurisdiction of the colonial government. The tribe did not belong to the old towns of "praying Indians," as they were called, but was one of the seven new praying towns in the Nipmuck country; a territory not very exactly defined. They were too remote from the old towns to be visited very often by the good apostle Eliot, or to receive much benefit from his influence. But they were not, as I once supposed, left without witness. The good man visited them in 1648, and labored earnestly for their welfare. He writes encouragingly: "Shawanon, the great Sachym of Nashawog, doth embrace the gospel, and pray unto God. I have been four times there this summer, and there be more people by far than be amongst us, and sundry of them do gladly hear the word of God; but it is nearly forty miles off, and I can but seldom go to them. Whereat they are troubled, and desire I should come oftener, and stay longer when I

come." He was there again on his mission of Christian love in 1649, when the kind Sachem rendered him a grateful service. There was some stir betwixt the Narragansetts and the Mohegans, and several murders had been committed; so that Eliot's people were unwilling that he should risk his life by journeying to Quaboag, or Brookfield, as he had purposed; — "which, when the Nashaway Sachem heard," says Eliot, "he commanded twenty armed men (after their manner) to be ready; and himself with these twenty men, besides sundry of our neer Indians, went along with me to guard me." But, after all, his hold upon these people was very slight. He writes complainingly, in 1650, of the delay for want of means; and says, "that whereas, at my first preaching at Nashawogg, sundry did embrace the word, and called upon God, and Pauwawing was wholly silenced among them all, yet now, partly being forty miles off, and principally by the slow progress of the work, Sathan hath so emboldened the Pauwawes, that this winter (as I hear to my grief) there has been Pauwawing again with some of them." We hear nothing further of the Nashaways, nor of the apostle's exertions in their behalf, for four years. The gentle Showanon died in 1654. The General Court, apprehensive of his successor, and describing the Nashaways as "a great people, who have submitted to this jurisdiction," sent Nowell and Eliot to direct their choice of a successor; "their eyes being upon two or three which are of the blood, one whereof is a very debaust, drunken fellow, and no friend to the English; another of them is very hopeful to learn the things of Christ. If, therefore, these gentlemen may, by way of persuasion or

counsel, not by way of compulsion, prevayle with them for the choyce of such an one as may be most fitt, it would be a good service to the country."

I cannot state positively the success of these missionaries. No royal archives of the Nashaways remain to enable me to declare upon whom the crown fell; but the one described as possessing no enviable reputation corresponds well with the character of Shoshanim, who was second from Sholan, and was at the head of the tribe in Philip's war.

The earliest intimation we have of the coming degeneracy of this people is connected, in point of time, with their proximity to the whites. It may have been an accidental coincidence; but, as the facts of history are so decisive in other instances, we may here reasonably infer the same relation of cause and effect; and that the white man, who, from his superior intelligence, should have been instrumental in recovering the savage from his barbarism, was guilty of his debasement and moral ruin. The tribe had at this time recovered, to what extent I know not, from the pestilence of 1612. A new generation had grown to manhood. They were now more numerous and prosperous than at any subsequent period. The General Court, as we have seen, speak of them as a "great people;" and Eliot says, "There be more people by far than be amongst us." But they did not attempt to advantage themselves by their position. The early settlers, though in their power, were rewarded by no treachery, but constantly met with kind treatment and assiduous service. I suppose the palmiest state of the tribe was about ten years after the incorporation of the town. A long

interval of peace had so recruited their strength, that they ventured on a war against the Maquas, which lasted several years, and was not terminated until 1671. During this war, they united with other tribes, making a force of six or seven hundred men, and marched into the distant country of the Maquas, or Mohawks, on the river of that name. The incursion was disastrous. The invaders were compelled to retreat, after having lost in the principal fight some fifty of their chief men, and perhaps as many more in other attacks and by sickness. The Nashaway tribe, it may be supposed, suffered equally with their confederates; so that Gookin, writing in 1674, speaks of them as *having* "*been* a great people in former times," and says that of late years they "*have been consumed by the Maquas wars and other ways, and are not above fifteen or sixteen families.*" And here we have the last recorded mention of them before their final dispersion in Philip's war. Their ruler at this time was, as we have seen, of a different temper from Sholan, and was probably addicted to the prevailing vice of his people. Eliot was then in the decline of life, though still active in the ministry. During the summer of 1674, in connection with his faithful coadjutor Gookin, he visited several of the Indian towns in the southerly part of this county, also the one lying on the southerly boundary of the present city of Worcester. While there, they wrote a letter to the Nashaway Sagamore, Shoshanim, and his people, and sent it by a Natick Indian, whom they had appointed to be a teacher among the graceless children of Washacum. It so happened that one of the tribe was present on the occasion, and made a speech to Eliot and Gookin with "much affection

and gravity." He gave rather a sad account of the state of morals in his tribe. Some of the people were well disposed to receive the truth; but there was much sin there, and intemperance fearfully prevailed. He promised that, if his friends would choose him Constable, and give him encouragement, he would come to Gookin for the insignia of his office, "a black staff and power." This would give him authority to apprehend the disorderly, and bring them before Gookin for punishment.

Here I leave this poor, wasted people, before writing the last sad chapter in their history, and proceed to glance briefly at the origin and early progress of the settlement in Lancaster. Like that of the eternal city, the foundation of our little municipality was a work of great difficulty, and attended with long delays. But we have no poet to make graphic its struggles.

It cannot be shown that there were any Indians residing within the present limits of Lancaster in 1643, except perhaps a few detached families, whose localities are proved by stone implements, arrow-heads, &c., found near the surface of the ground. Sholan's subjects were principally seated around him, near his residence on the pleasant swell between the two Washacums. They certainly had an eye for beauty of natural scenery, like the Indians everywhere. The residence of the Sachem commanded a view of the spreading waters, covering a space sufficient for a good-sized town, with mountain scenery to the west, terminating in the graceful outline of the Wachusett. He was in the vicinity of his supplies, in the town of many waters and abundant woods. He needed not the exclusive enjoyment of real estate, like a great pro-

perty-holder. A free range for fishing and hunting, with the reservation of a little land for planting, would satisfy every want. He therefore rather coveted the neighborhood of the English, — thought perhaps they would be a protection against the dreaded Maquas, — saw not the early destruction of his race in the dimness of the future. Laden with peltry, he found his way to Watertown, probably before 1643. He there met with Thomas King, with whom he traded. He told King of the choice *intervales*, so easy for planting; the woods and waters, abounding in supplies; — that the Great Spirit had been very bountiful to the place, and that the Nashaways would rejoice in the presence of that great people who had come from a distant world. King may have naturally hesitated in venturing so far into the wilderness; and his good wife Mary may have clung to him very fondly, entreating him not to trust himself with the Indian “salvages,” who would prove treacherous, however in appearance friendly, and leave her a widow, and their little son and daughter, just taught to lisp their parents’ names, by which they were called, orphans. King was young, resolute, and confident. He put away the fears of Mary as idle, assuring her of his great trust in Sholan, and, above all, his faith in that diviné Providence which had led him on thus far. He persuaded her that all would be well. A weary day’s work is before him. He makes his preparations, in which Mary renders her gentle and affectionate assistance. He rises early, and, apparelling himself in the simple garb of his condition and age, embraces his little Thomas and Mary and his loving wife, mounts his horse, and, pursuing his course for

some distance along the valley of Charles River, thence through infant Sudbury, fording or swimming the river, and piercing the unbroken forest as best he may, reaches the summit of the Wataquodoc. There he stops, and gazes with delight upon the long extended valley, beautiful as that of Rasselas, permeated with streams; with a landscape of gentle undulations, the Wachusett rising bravely in the distance as its western boundary. Slowly he descends, passes the south branch of the Nashaway at "the wading-place," and proceeds onward to the south-easterly slope of George Hill. "This is a goodly spot," he exclaims: "I can doubt no longer. The favored territory must be purchased; and here, where I stand, will I erect a trading-house for commerce with Sholan's tribe." He returns to Watertown, and casts about among his neighbors and others for adventurous spirits to join with him in the purchase. The same year that the confederation of the colonies was formed, that most important measure, the assurance of strength and confidence against all internal danger, — the same year that the Scotch League and Covenant was ratified, which led by necessity to the overthrow of the Stuarts, — witnessed the inception, the first germ, of this then distant plantation.

King associated with himself John Prescott, of Watertown; Harmon Garrett, of Charlestown; Thomas Skidmore, of Cambridge; Stephen Day, of Cambridge, the earliest printer in any of the colonies; a Mr. Symonds, but which of the several persons of that name I cannot ascertain; and sundry others, whose names have not been transmitted. Harrington classes these last under the very convenient designation of "&c." —

an expression that may at least lay claim to as large an interpretation as the "&c." of Littleton, which Lord Coke, in his commentaries, affirms to be very pregnant with meaning. This little abbreviation shuts out the names of the other associates in utter night. The associates took a deed from Sholan of this part of his domain, ten miles in length and eight in breadth. Unfortunately this deed is not on record, and the original cannot be found.\*

They entered into an agreement to appear and begin the plantation at a certain time; and, as an evidence of their determination, sent up three Watertown husbandmen, — Richard Linton, Lawrence Waters, his son-in-law, and John Ball,† to whom they assigned land, — to make preparation for "the general appearance of the Company." These three men, who, it would seem, came here two hundred and ten years ago, were the first inhabitants. Waters afterwards built a house on the pleasant slope in front of us, near the entrance of the centre road. King and Symonds built a

\* Rev. Mr. Harrington, in his Century Sermon, preached May 28, 1753, states that the purchase was made in 1645. This is a mistake. It was made, without question, in 1643.

With regard to the area of the town, the full measure of eighty square miles seems to have been given by the survey, though the original grant and the survey differ in the length of the lines.

† The town Covenant contains the signatures of the inhabitants up to 1660, but Ball's name is not there; neither is it in the record of grants. He was killed by the Indians at Lancaster in 1676. He was at that time of Lancaster. He probably left before the incorporation of the town. It would seem that he was entitled to land, but that it was not laid out. John his son, in 1682, conveys to Thomas Harris, of Boston, thirty acres of upland, twenty acres of intervale, &c. &c., "butting and bounding as these are, or hereafter shall be, recorded in the records for the town of Lancaster." Middlesex Registry, 16-100. This was probably a *first* grant, and, up to this time, not laid out.

trading-house on the south-easterly side of George Hill, which was the earliest building in this valley. Neither King nor Symonds ever resided here, and the former very soon sold all his interest to the other associates. Sholan further evidenced his desire to be on good terms with the planters, in the spring of 1644, and to give them assurance of safety, by submitting himself and his tribe to the government of Massachusetts Bay.

The first effort of the associates seems to have been to gather a church before any houses were erected; and seven of them, who were not freemen, and of course not church-members, invited the Rev. Nathaniel Norcross, of Watertown, a graduate at Catherine Hall College, in the University of Cambridge, in 1636, to be their minister. Norcross, Robert Child the "Paduan Doctor," Stephen Day, John Fisher, and others, whose names cannot now be recovered, appear to have been the first who petitioned for the liberty of a plantation here, at the sessions of the General Court in May, 1644. They were advised first to go and build, and take members of other churches, and proceed in an orderly way, according to the usual wont in other towns. The business labored through the year 1644, notwithstanding their continued efforts; and other difficulties intervened to prevent the "Company intended to plant Nashaway" from reaching the promised land.

In June, 1645, more than two years after King's mission, Norcross, Prescott, Day, Garrett, and Skidmore, together with John Hill, — of which name there were divers persons in the colony, — Isaac Walker, and John Cowdall of Boston, and

Joseph Jenkes, either the ingenious blacksmith of Lynn, or his son of the same name, who now first appear upon the scene, — unless they are included in Harrington's "&c." of 1643, — complain to the General Court of the want of a bridge over Sudbury River, and a way over the marshes, so that they cannot pass to the plantation without exposing themselves and their property to loss; "as your petitioners," they say, "are able to make proof of by sad experience of what we suffered there within these few days. Many of us have been dependent on this work above these two years past. Much time and means have been spent in discovering the plantation, and providing for our settling there. Divers of us have covenanted to sit down together, and to improve ourselves there this summer, that we may live there the winter next ensuing, if God permit." This petition was favorably entertained, and an allowance was made towards the work, provided "it be done within a twelvemonth."

The summer passed away; and Sudbury bridge and causeway were not made. On the first of October, in answer to their petition, the Court consented that Hill, before named, Sergeant John *Davies*, John Chandler, Isaac Walker, and Mathew Barnes, or any three of them, should have power to lay out lots for all the planters. They presented another petition, October 3d, referring to a petition of the day before, which is not now to be found, and designate Hill, *Davis*, Chandler, Walker, Skidmore, Barnes, — names already mentioned, — with the addition of James Cutler and Samuel Bitfield, as suitable persons. From this list the Court selected Hill, *Davis*, Chandler, Walker, and Barnes. Bit-

field they first approved, but afterwards erased his name. But the year 1645 ended as it began: nothing was accomplished. Winthrop had no high estimate of the persons interested in this plantation at that time: "most of them were poor men," he states, "and some of them corrupt in judgment, and others profane, so that in two years they had not three houses built, and he whom they had called to be their minister left them for their delays." It is impossible to separate these men, and class them according to their moral affinities, as described by Winthrop. They were undoubtedly, most of them, humble men, not rich in goods, not liable to the charge of "intolerable excess and bravery." Probably, however, no one of them had an "estate exceeding two hundred pounds," which would permit them by law to "wear gold or silver lace, or gold and silver buttons, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard, or to walk in great boots;" or their wives to "wear silk hoods or scarfs." I trust, however, that not many of them were "profane;" and as for being "corrupt in judgment," interpreted into the dialect of the present day, it would probably mean no more than this, — that they were not members of any church, not freemen, and not of the way of any congregation as then established. It should be remarked, however, that Prescott was the only one of the petitioners who became an inhabitant of Lancaster. It may be that Norcross left them for the reason stated, though the fact of his joining in the petition for Sudbury bridge and causeway, the want of which, after all, seems to have been the great obstacle, or one of the obstacles, and one that the petition shows they were all laboring

harmoniously, in a common cause, to overcome, seems to disprove it. Harrington suggests that Norcross left either from aversion to the place, or by the instigation of such of the proprietors as were unwilling to come up themselves, and took with him the mutual obligation of the associates, — took it with him perhaps to England, whither he seems to have gone. It certainly is no marvel that many of these men should have become discouraged, and have been glad to plead the loss or disappearance of the written obligation as an excuse for its violation. But they were not right in retaining their interest in the plantation, while they refused to comply with the terms of the contract. One only of the associates, John Prescott, the stalwart blacksmith, was faithful among the faithless. He turned not back, but vigorously pursued the interests of the plantation till his exertions were crowned with success. How soon he became a permanent resident I cannot now state. I suppose that he passed the winter of 1646–47 within a short distance of this spot. Linton and Waters were already here, and had tilled the soil, and were prepared to receive Prescott, who ventured up, though Sudbury bridge and causeway were not. Perhaps he did not then stand well with the proprietors, who had violated their engagement. Certainly he did not stand well with the government, because he favored a larger liberty than was then allowed, and openly sympathized with Child, Fowle, Yale, and the others. The loss that he met with in his journey hither, in the fall or early winter of 1646, and the subsequent danger of his wife and children, are related by our good Governor Winthrop, as if he half believed that

they were a punishment for favoring the petitioners. "Prescott," says he, "another favorer of the petitioners, lost a horse and his lading in Sudbury River; and, a week after, his wife and children, being upon another horse, were hardly saved from drowning." Mark the issue; one plunge by that last horse, or a little deeper water, and American literature would not now be graced by the brilliant classic *History of Ferdinand and Isabella, of the Conquest of Mexico, and of the Conquest of Peru.*

The precise time when the associates relinquished their purpose is not easily determined. It probably took place some time before they made their formal surrender, which was not until October, 1647. The Court,—after reciting the grant of a plantation made in October, 1645, to Chandler, Walker, Davies, Hill, and Barnes; the death of Hill; and the statement of Chandler, Walker, and Davies, that they had taken no part as "undertakers since the grant," with their request that it might be "taken in," "manifesting their utter unwillingness to be engaged therein,—adds that "the Court doth not think fit to destroy the said plantation, but rather to encourage it; only in regard the persons now upon it are so few, and unmeet for such a work, care to be taken to procure others; and in the mean time to remain in the Court's power to dispose of the planting and ordering of it." This was a virtual resumption of the grant. And thus, after the labors, sacrifices, and expenses of more than four years, the smoke curled up but from a few chimneys; and the culture of a few fields was the only indication of the presence of civilization. Prescott continuing true, this very month

evidenced his determination to persevere, by his purchasing of Cowdall, whom I have before named, a house and twenty acres of land in the plantation. This was the site, or near to it, of the trading-house erected by King and Symonds, and was the estate from which the lots of the proprietors on the other side of the river afterwards took their beginning. Linton and Waters, and some few others whom I cannot name with certainty, also remained steadfast.

Lands had been laid out very early; but at what precise time, or by whom, nowhere appears. The first associates, several of whom had expended labor and money, such as Prescott, Linton, Waters, Garrett, and Day, may have made some division among themselves. Laurence Waters, who was a carpenter, had a tract of seventeen acres given to him by the first undertakers, bounded southerly on the north branch of the Nashaway river. The railroad passes over this land, and the station-house is upon it. Here Waters built a house, — the first dwelling-house, I am inclined to believe, that was erected in Lancaster. Linton was not far off. Whether Prescott first lived on the east side of the neck, or on the Cowdall purchase, I am at a loss to discover. The probability, that they would wish to be near one another in this part of the town, would tend to the former conclusion.

From this time of the offer to surrender the grant, we hear nothing further until 1650. There is some evidence that, in the meanwhile, other persons, not many, may have joined the adventurers. I have the names of several, but cannot yet establish the precise date of their advent. Some Sudbury men were looking favorably in this direction; but

few were disposed to remove hither, while the General Court reserved all their power, either to make an actual grant, or remove those who were already upon the land as "unmeet for such a work." In May of this year, the inhabitants received another rebuke from the ruling powers. Suffering much, in the same way as new townships have subsequently suffered, by reason of large tracts being owned by non-residents, they humbly ventured to ask leave to tax these for all common charges. The General Court rather contemptuously answered, that the place "is not fit to make a plantation." Not indeed that it had not capabilities in its eighty square miles to make a goodly town, but because there was no ministry maintained there; and so the petitioners were told very distinctly, that, unless they made it appear by the next Court that the place was "capable to answer the end, they shall be called *there* hence, and suffered to live without the means, as they have done, no longer." The resolution was well taken. These few people were without a church, the nearest being in Concord or Sudbury. Neither had they a school. Thus they were living in violation, open violation, of the two cardinal principles of New England policy, religion and education, by which the kingdom of "Sathan" was to be driven out.\*

I think that it does not appear in what way the handful of inhabitants succeeded in quieting the apprehensions, and warding off the purpose, of the Court. It may have been understood that there would soon be an accession to the

\* It is as "unnatural for a right New-England man to live without an able ministry, as for a smith to work his irons without a fire." — *Wonder-working Providence*.

population, sufficient to satisfy the demands of the public authority. It is certain, not only that they were not ordered away, but that they remained undisturbed for the two succeeding years. They addressed a petition to the Legislature in 1652, the contents of which are not known, but which is referred to in the following year, as "concerning the settling of the place in several particulars." It resulted in the organization of the town in 1653.

Meanwhile, there had been a small addition to the number of families, very small, — only nine, all told. Thus ended the struggle of ten years. A few men, persevering through many difficulties incident to their situation, far beyond the confines of English habitation, lived to witness the success of their wishes, and to prove to the General Court that the persons upon the place were "meet for such a work," and that the place itself "was fit to make a plantation."

On the 18th of May, two hundred years ago, corresponding to May 28th of our new calendar, liberty of a township was granted, pursuant to the petition of the inhabitants. The bill for a township underwent sundry changes before its final passage into an act of incorporation, as it may not inaptly be termed; but none affecting its substance. As in the family, so in the plantation, one of the chief difficulties seems to have been in the baptismal name. Sturdy John Prescott, the manifest file-leader in the settlement, was evidently the man at that precise point of time held in chief regard among all of the little band. The people wished to do him honor by a memorial of an enduring nature. So they petitioned the authorities that the town be called "Prescott." A deaf

ear was turned to the request: his sympathy with Dr. Child and his companions, which was ever deemed heretical during the lifetime of the colony, may not have been forgotten; or perhaps he was not considered of sufficient general consideration in the community; or to name a town after any individual may have smacked too much of man-service; or, what probably weighed conclusively, he was no freeman; and, though he had been in the colony twelve or thirteen years, and had sat under the preaching of good Mr. Phillips, of Watertown, who we are told on contemporaneous authority "preached many a good sermon," he had taken the oath of fidelity only the year before. If, therefore, he was not competent to be elected to any office in the Commonwealth, not being a member of the church, and so no freeman, it would not have been deemed a good precedent to perpetuate his name in the permanency of a town. Therefore, in disregard of the wishes of the petitioners, "Prescott" was struck out; and, as the record runneth, the Court, "taking the condition of Nashaway into further consideration, do order that it shall be called henceforth West Town." But, this not being true, as designating the ultima Thule of civilization in that quarter of the compass, Springfield already possessing that honor, the name found no favor. In fine, it was changed to Lancaster, the name by which this goodly domain should be called through coming ages. The reason of its adoption is not known, and all speculation upon the subject is unavailable. Let it suffice that it is of goodly sound, and of large historical associations in the old world.

The infant offspring thus having a designation, let us sketch

cursorily its early history and subsequent struggles. The act of incorporation proceeds upon the expectation that other families were soon to join the nine already at the plantation. The Court ratify the Indian purchase in its full extent; require all to take the oath of fidelity; provide for the ministry, and for Harmon Garrett and others of the first associates who had been at labor or charges for the purchase of lands, "although evacuated of their claim." Six men are designated, the major part to be freemen, to lay out lands, and order the "*prudentials*" of the place, "until it is so far seated with able men as the Court may judge meet to give them full liberties of a township according to law." These six men were Edward Breck, from Dorchester; Nathaniel Hadlock, from Charlestown; William Kerley, from Sudbury; Thomas Sawyer; and from Watertown, John Prescott and Ralph Houghton. Of these six, the freemen were Breck, Hadlock, Kerley, and Sawyer. Hadlock died soon after, and the first division of lands was made by the survivors in November, 1653, — on the very republican rule of equality, assuring to each man a stake in the community as a freeholder. All subsequent divisions were made in proportion to each man's property brought into the town.

In the following spring, the inhabitants felt they were quite competent to manage their municipal affairs without legislative intervention; and, making bold to prefer a request to that effect, the full liberty of a township was granted "until further order." But when they assumed the responsibility, and came to the practical management of business, to which probably not one of them had been trained in the

mother-country, they found their want of education and experience. After managing as best they might for three years, and meanwhile having had the award of certain arbitrators in sundry matters of local difference, they ingenuously confess to the General Court their unpleasant situation, and their inability to conduct their affairs "either through town-meetings, by reason," as they say, "of many inconveniences and incumbrances," — which, however, they do not specify, — or "by Selectmen, by reason of the scarcity of freemen: being but three in number, we want liberty of choice." They ask for a Committee "to put us," as they say, "in such a way of order as we are capable of, or any other way which the honorable Court may judge safest and best, both for the present and future good of us and our town, and those that are to succeed us;" and "to stand till they be able to make return, that the town is sufficiently able to order their prudential affairs, according as the law requires." The Court appointed Willard of Concord, Johnson of Woburn, and Danforth of Cambridge, for that purpose, and "to hear and determine the several differences and grievances obstructing the good of the town, and interfering with its progress."

These gentlemen accepted the appointment, and busily engaged themselves in their duties, — constituting a Board of Selectmen to act under them, and defining their functions with regard to the settling of a minister, erecting a meeting-house, laying out highways and the town-bounds, imposing fines, assessing taxes, keeping records, and other such matters. They directed the Selectmen to reserve land for five or six able men to come and inhabit among them, for their help.

Special power was given to them for the recovery "of those fines and forfeitures that are due to the town from such persons as have taken up land, and not fulfilled the conditions of their respective grants, — whereby the common good of the plantation hath been, and yet is, much obstructed."

At the head of the Board of Selectmen, they placed Master John Tinker, a man of very good works, notwithstanding his name. He was one of the early settlers of Wethersfield, Connecticut; afterwards a resident in Boston; one of the grantees of Groton, and perhaps for a short time an inhabitant. In 1657, having purchased of the government the trade of Nashaway and Groton, in furs, for that year, he removed to Lancaster, perhaps for the convenience of being nearer to the Indians with whom he dealt. He was of good education, and, rather an unusual accomplishment at that day, a very good penman. Some specimens of his skill still remain. The Commissioners, to their praise be it spoken, and all antiquaries will join in the expression, directed the Selectmen "to take special care for the preserving and safe keeping of the town-records;" and they were authorized to "procure the same to be written out fairly in a new book, to be kept for the good of posterity." The copy was made: the few sentences I have just cited were a part thereof. All else, original and copy, have long since perished. I think that he was very helpful to the town while he remained here. In 1659, after a residence of two years, he removed to "Pequid," which, being interpreted, means New London in the Connecticut Colony. There he was a representative in the General Assembly, and afterwards one of the Assist-

ants. He died in 1662, and is commemorated as "a gentleman of distinction at New London and throughout the colony." While he remained in Lancaster, I can have no doubt of his being the leading man; the one upon whom the Commissioners placed chief reliance in carrying out their purposes. Goodman Thomas Wilder, who was admitted to the Charlestown Church in 1640, and was made freeman in 1641, came to Lancaster in July, 1659, and succeeded to Mr. Tinker in the office of Selectman.

The minister was liberally dealt with, considering how few were the people, and how moderate their circumstances. He received the conveyance of a handsome landed estate, and £50 per annum for salary. But, with all this, quiet and harmony did not reign uninterrupted. Altercations occurred here as elsewhere. In their narrow condition, they found occasions of controversy and strife as readily as in larger communities in other days. These appear from incidental hints in the fragmentary records that survive. No attempt is made to conceal the fact of their existence, though we are not led to understand in what they consisted. Mr. Tinker, in addressing the Commissioners in behalf of the Selectmen for leave to impose penalties, that their power might not be "a sword tool and no edge," remarks that "the town is in some silence at least, and we hope in a good preparation to after peace. Yet it is hard to repel the boilings and breaking forth of some persons, difficult to please; and some petty differences will arise amongst us, provide what we can to the contrary."

In 1665, the Commissioners, at the request of the inhabi-

tants, consented to grant them liberty among themselves, and power to elect their own Selectmen. At the May session, 1673, twenty years after the incorporation, and thirty years after the first plantation, the town petitioned that the Commissioners might be discharged from further duty, with thanks "for their great pains and service for so long a season." The Commissioners consented to the petition; and, satisfying the Court that for many years the people had been trusted, and were able to manage their own affairs, the Court granted them liberty "accordingly as other towns;" — and thus the long state of pupilage came to an end.

The town-covenant, which in its body purports to be in 1653, contains the names of planters and proposed planters, who subscribed as late as 1660. It is drawn up with a good deal of specialty. It provides for building up the church, and for the honorable support of the pastor. "Profane and scandalous persons" were not to be admitted as inhabitants; nor any "notoriously erring against the discipline and doctrine of Church and Commonwealth." Thus Church and State were to be guarded; and, to keep out the gentlemen of the long robe through all future time, they covenanted not to go to law in civil matters, but to submit to arbitration, unless, as they very prudently make reservation, "the matter be above their ability to judge of." Such a case soon arose. Henry Kerley, a somewhat ambitious, quick-tempered individual, who afterwards rose to be a captain, kept possession of a valuable tract of land that had been intended for the ministry; a part of which had been given to him, according to the record, "without that due consideration that might

have been." By way of peace-offering, the town made a proposition, which, if he should accept, then well, — otherwise "the town to proceed as they see cause, or as counsel may advise, for recovering their own interest therein." None dissented but "John Prescott and Laurence Waters, who voted negative; but, at the same time, Henry Kerley, being present, would not accept of it." Forthwith preparations were made for a regular legal battle. A committee was chosen to prosecute the town's case for the lands kept back by him, "notwithstanding such loving tenders as hath been made by the town." And "they are to use all such means as their discretion may lead them, or as counsel may advise them to." The determined attitude of the town, however, prevented the necessity of further proceeding. Kerley yielded, and the matter was settled.

With all their large territory, they were unwilling, for some years, to admit more than thirty-five families to the plantation. They may have honestly supposed, as they had at that day very liberal views of landed possessions, that two miles square would be but a fair allowance for a family. But, when the surface of the territory was laid open to cultivation, and its generally productive character became known, they ordained that so many might be admitted "as may be meetly accommodated, provided they are such as are acceptable." With this change, the population, prosperity, and wealth of the town began rapidly to increase.

None of the first associates seem to have returned to take advantage of the privileges secured to them by the act of incorporation. During the eight or ten preceding years,

while Prescott remained, the others found residences more to their mind. Norcross, I suppose, soon returned to England, where the increase and prosperity of the Independent Church afforded an opening for many of the clerical order. Stephen Day, the locksmith and printer, to whom the town gave some land in 1665, on the westerly borders of the plantation, "paying as other men do," continued to live in Cambridge; and there he died. Skidmore removed to Stratford, Connecticut, several years before the incorporation of the town. Symonds, from the circumstance that his baptismal name is not given, and his being thus involved in the whole family of that name, cannot be traced. Garrett remained in Boston, having previously been of Charlestown. As for Hill, Walker, Cowdall, and Jenkes, if they were of the first band, — the pioneers, — Hill was dead, Walker continued to keep a shop in Boston, Cowdall was at Boston, and Jenkes at Saugus.

I have been more minute in narrating the efforts and difficulties from 1643 down to this period, because the early incidents of the plantation, the scattered fragments that we can gather up, are rather remote from general inquiry, and are well deserving of preservation. At any rate, I think, they will be found interesting to those present, who claim lineage from the valley. To enter into a detail of the more prominent events in the history of the town would carry me very far beyond the utmost limits of this occasion, and might not possess any general interest.

The town, as I have said, was now beginning to enjoy a healthful, prosperous condition. The number of inhabitants

was constantly increasing by birth and immigration until the fatal year of 1675-6, when there were at least fifty families in the place. More than a hundred and seventy births are recorded before that year, and but a few more than one quarter of that number of deaths. There were also many new comers into the place. Marriages were early; the increase was rapid; and I can err but little in my estimate of a population exceeding three hundred persons, and less than three hundred and fifty. All now dwelt in peace; with a minister deserving and receiving respect; a united people, some few engaged in the mechanic arts, but most of them farmers, cultivating the soil for the generous grain, and the orchard for its fruits, and living in friendship with the natives upon their western borders, far away from aggression and war, from public discord and private contention. Let us enter into their humble habitations, and view in imagination their manner of life. The elders, passing their days in toil through the summer, gathered together in the evenings of winter from their not very distant habitations to talk over the events of their early life in the mother-country,—the difficulties they encountered in their attempted embarkation, some with their wives and children, others with their affianced ones; their adventures on these western shores before they found a pleasant resting-place in this remote valley of the Nashaway, with its broad acres and peaceful waters; and then the blessing of Heaven upon their labors, so that they have not sowed in vain, but that an abundant harvest has just been vouchsafed to them;—and then discoursing of the future of the plantation; what relations, what friends of former

years, would yet rejoin them from their ancestral home, and what others were preparing, when the spring should open, to leave the narrower acres of the older settlements, and unite with them in tilling this virgin-soil;—and then, reverting to the affairs of the town, they ask each other, Is each man assessed justly for the public charges? Is the school properly taught? Are good Master Rowlandson's homilies listened to, and profited by, as they should be? Then they plunge into deep argumentations upon dogmas that have puzzled wiser heads, and defend their worthy minister against any leaning towards the Pelagian or Arminian or Antinomian heresy. Then they touch upon their neighbors,—all are their neighbors; the remarks made by this goodman or that goodwife; and how the younger, not regarding their wilderness-condition, are giving in to the fashions of the towns on the Bay, because an occasional ribbon or a bit of tiffany is detected upon the dress of the fair maiden of the valley, or the young man rejoices in some trinket,—a present from that same maiden, or from a dear relative in the old world. They touch upon family joys; the birth of a child, adding so much to the expected solid wealth of the population; the birth of twins, their goodliest heritage. They touch upon family griefs, and join in lamenting that one and another of those who bore with them the long deprivations of forest-life are rapidly passing away; how many of the wives of their associates have been called from earth,—Joane, the wife of goodman John White and mother of Madam Rowlandson; Mary, the wife of goodman Richard Smith; Mary, the wife of goodman John Smith; Elizabeth, the wife of goodman Edmund Parker; Ann, the wife of

goodman John Moore; Martha, the wife of goodman John Rugg, surviving one of her twins but six days, and dying on the same day with the other; Ann and after her Bridgett, the wives of goodman Thomas Kerley, sen.; — nay, that death had not spared the planters themselves; but that, just as the wilderness and the solitary place were glad for them, Richard Linton, the old man of the settlement, Thomas James, John Smith, William Kerley, sen., together with Thomas Joslin, John White, John Whitcomb, sen., and Thomas Wilder, — ancestors of a numerous posterity, and all of whom had been of service in the plantation, — had passed to their rest; that even the heart of their good pastor had been sorely tried by the death of his father, Thomas Rowlandson. All these within twenty years from the incorporation of the town. There, in yonder burial-place, repose the undistinguished remains of those who toiled and suffered and enjoyed here, undisturbed even by the thunder of the steam-engine as it courses beside their humble resting-place. And then, as they turned to more joyous themes, would come up the new engagement, creating a profound sensation throughout the little community, for usually both parties belonged to the plantation, and were known to all; the sons having the good taste to take to themselves wives from the daughters of their own people; the daughters, on their part, not objecting to the sons.

Newspapers, of course, they had none: there were none in the colony. Once in a few months, a stray item would reach them by some one returning from the Bay, affording subject for conversation for a length of time in proportion to

its rarity. And they would discourse of the old Pequot war, of the entire destruction of the tribe as a distinct people, and the bravery of the English troops; and would institute a comparison between the matchlock and the arrow: while ever and anon, looking into the future, some old planter would touch upon the probability of other Indian wars, and would quiet all fears because of the feeble condition of the Nashaway and Nipmuck Indians; the many converts to Christianity; their great distance from any powerful tribe; and the terror inspired by the skill, the valor, and the increasing numbers of the English.

Thus in quiet they would pursue the even tenor of their way, fearing nothing so much as danger to their sheepfolds from the prowling wild beasts, or the failure of their crops through the irregularities of the season. But these scenes of tranquillity, at any assignable distance from the busy world, were soon to be interrupted. "The warwhoop" was to "wake the sleep of the cradle."

After the terrible vengeance executed upon the Pequots, the power of the English was so highly estimated, that the Indians could have but little heart to enter into a contest. It must have seemed to them hopeless. Add to this, that the confederation of the United Colonies — Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven — gave such an assurance of strength, as to confirm the reluctance of the tribes to engage in hostilities. Peace was thus secured for a period of nearly forty years; and, almost continuously during that period, the power and consolidation of the colonists were progressive.

The last great struggle was Philip's war. All subsequent were mere skirmishes of outposts: that was for life or death, success or extermination. Begun in Plymouth Colony, it soon extended to the Massachusetts. The master-spirit of the Wampanoags combined, as best he could, various of the tribes to make one last vigorous effort to destroy the colonists. The tide of war, after it entered our borders, swept on from Mendon through Brookfield, and reached Lancaster on the 22d of August, 1675. At this onslaught, eight persons were killed. The powerful Narragansetts had not yet joined in the war, though at heart with Philip. They were temporizing at this time. Their overthrow, early in the succeeding winter, was overwhelming, — final. In this attack upon Lancaster, we see the hand of the Nipmuck Indians, from their scattered villages; and the question arises, whether the Nashaway tribe then joined the great leader. I am not aware that any contemporaneous authority asserts it; but we may well presume, feeble as they were, — knowing, too, that the English were not in sufficient force to protect them, and having now a Sachem represented as hostile to the planters, — their native sympathies, as well as their notions of safety, would lead them to desert the banks of the Washacum, and arrange themselves by the side of their countrymen. Ill advised indeed. The event proved this; but who can blame them for preferring their own people, and all the free pursuits of savage life, to a close intercourse with strangers?

We may imagine in part, surely we cannot to its full extent, the great dread that seized upon the little settlements on the frontier. They were at a distance from any place of

retreat, and in constant fear, by night and by day. Their own defences, which might have answered against an open enemy of the same description whose approach was heralded, were insufficient to guard against surprise from a lurking foe, with noiseless tread, and the first intimation of whose presence was the death-shot and the warwhoop. The garrisons, so called, were no sure protection of the inhabitants in their daily pursuits and the ingathering of their harvest. And thus the gloomy autumn of the year, with the fall of the leaf, became typical of their own fall and ruin. Throughout this period, and until late in the winter, they lived in an apprehension scarcely less terrible than the reality. The fall of 1675 passed, and still they were not again molested. The commander of the Middlesex regiment was active and constant, to the full measure of his military resources; setting in order the garrisons, and ranging through the forests along the line of the frontier with troops of horse. This was the only force, during the deep snows of a New-England winter, that could be of any service. A few weeks after the destruction of the Narragansett fort, the remnants of the tribe fled in detached parties, and were pursued by the English soldiers, through the dense woods, toward Marlborough and Lancaster, but without much success. The soldiers, having had a wearisome campaign in the Narragansett country, in a bitter season of the year, were ordered home for the purpose of recruiting themselves; it being generally supposed that the enemy were too much weakened and dispirited to venture an assault upon the border towns. Mounted troops also were out in various directions. One company pursued the enemy

in their retreat into the Nipmuck country, but without any greater success; for, on being pressed by the horsemen, they would scatter in different directions, and find security in the swamps. Early in February, these troops were compelled to return from their distant excursions by want of provisions. The Narragansetts, Nipmucks, and others joined their forces; and this whole frontier lay exposed to their tender mercies. But the frontier was too extensive to be guarded at all points, even by the whole force of the colony. The enemy knew this full well, and therefore established themselves, in the depth of winter, in the hill-country in the westerly part of this county, whence they could send out their war-parties in different directions, without fear of surprise. The Nashaways were then with them, ready to guide the hostile force, and do battle against their old friends in the valley. The Sagamore of the tribe, — ill-omened Shoshanim, — is reported to have said in melancholy pride, probably soon after the destruction of Lancaster and Groton, when elated with success, that, “if the English would beg peace of him, he would let them have peace; but that he would never ask it of them.”

On the 10th of February, answering to the present 20th, 1676, they surprised this town. The inhabitants, as they were best able, entrenched themselves in the garrisoned houses. Most of the other buildings fell a prey to the flames, which soon arose in one general holocaust from every part of the town. More than forty persons, — an eighth part of the whole population, — were either killed on the spot, or carried into captivity. Within sight of this place, on the other side of the little stream that courses peacefully through

the valley, was the dwelling-house of the village-pastor. It had been fortified with such humble means as were afforded in the small plantation. There were heard the yell and war-whoop of the savage, the shrieks of women, the groans of the wounded and dying; weeping and lamentation from many a Rachel. The column of smoke ascends, and soon the flames burst forth through every crevice, and the little manse is a blackened ruin. The few brave men of this garrisoned dwelling, with the helpless women and children, forced out by the flames, became prisoners in a hopeless captivity. No monument, either marble or granite, marks the spot of the deadliest onset the town ever experienced. It is still identified in yonder enclosed field, though every vestige has disappeared from the surface. In one generation more, what is now unwritten history will become indistinct tradition, and all memory of that local habitation will have perished with the dead ages of the past.

The tale of Lancaster's great grief has often been told. It is familiar to many who hear me. It still lives in vivid tradition in the midst of this people, the descendants of the early planters. To describe the various incidents of this attack,—the history of the war as connected with this town, full of interest in all its particulars,—would consume too much time in this day's proceedings. I will only add, that the house of good Master Rowlandson was the only fortified building that was destroyed. The other garrisons were saved, in the first instance, by the Indians scattering themselves on this and the other side of the river for the purpose of plunder, of which they took great store; and, before they

rallied to assault those garrisons, the brave Captain Wadsworth, who fell at Sudbury in April following, made a forced march from Marlborough with his company, and arrived just in season to save the remaining inhabitants from a lingering captivity or a dreadful death. Some few houses were left standing; and the trembling remnants of the people secured themselves in two garrisons, with a small detachment of soldiers which the Governor and Council had ordered for their protection. And there they remained for a month. The Indians were on every side, so that they could have hardly escaped, had they made the attempt. Groton fell at this time, and calamities were rife in other quarters. Well might they exclaim, in the words of the brave Jewish leader, "Behold, the battle is before us and behind us, and the water of Jordan on this side and that side, the marsh likewise and wood, neither is there place for us to turn aside." Thus distressed, they sent a most imploring petition to the Governor and Council, that a guard of men with carts might be ordered to Lancaster, to remove them to a place of safety. In imminent danger by day and by night, they could hardly venture over the threshold of their garrisons. All abroad was the silence of death. They looked out only upon the gloomy ruins of their habitations. With touching simplicity, they say in their petition, "Our state is very deplorable in our incapacity to subsist: as to remove away we cannot, the enemy has so encompassed us; otherwise for want of help and cattle, being most of them carried away by the barbarous heathen; and to stay disabled for want of food. The town's people are generally gone, who felt the judgment but

light, and had their cattle left them with their estates. But we, many of us here in this prison, have not bread to last us one month, and our other provisions spent and gone for the generality. We are sorrowful to leave this place. Our women's cries *does* daily increase beyond expression; which does not only fill our ears but our hearts full of grief." It is pleasant to notice that most of those brave spirits who still lingered in these places were of the earliest settlers and their children. They had become identified with this spot; here had long been their home; here they wished to live; here they wished to die in their nest, and be buried amid their kindred. Yes, truly did they say, "We are sorrowful to leave this place."

This petition was signed by those of the inhabitants who were in garrison near the entrance of the present "centre road;" perhaps the precise spot, certainly very near to it, where Laurence Waters erected his first house. These men were — Jacob Farrar; John Houghton, senior, and John Houghton, junior; John Moore; John, Job, and Jonathan Whitcomb; and Cyprian Stevens. Those in the only remaining garrison on the other side of the river join in the petition, and add: "We are in like distress, and so humbly desire your like pity and fatherly care, having widows and many fatherless children." John Prescott, senior; Thomas Sawyer, senior, and Thomas Sawyer, junior; Jonathan Prescott; Thomas, John, and Nathaniel Wilder; John Rigby; John Roper; and widows Wheeler, Fairbanks, and Roper.

A few weeks after this petition was delivered, a sufficient force was despatched to remove these people to places of

safety; and all were rescued, save John Roper, who, on the very day of the removal, was slain by the enemy in ambush. No sooner had they left the valley, and proceeded on their way, journeying towards the sea, than all the remaining buildings in the plantation, two only excepted, were fired and consumed. Not a white man was left on the territory of Massachusetts west of Concord and Marlborough, and east of the feeble towns upon Connecticut River. And thus it was after ten years of laborious exertion, first finding favor to begin a plantation, and to possess some corporate franchises, and then slowly working its way to a condition of comparative prosperity, through a period of less than twenty-three years, — days of tranquillity and promise, — the whole settlement was destroyed at a single blow, and the territory around became a desert. More had been lost to the plantation in one day by death and captivity than through all its former years. Peace came at last; but it brought no signs of human life in any part of the valley. The wild beasts of the forest again roamed at large through the fields and gardens lately smiling with cultivation. They alone remained in security. Man did not adventure here again for several years.

But, sad as was the fate of our people, that of the Nashaway tribe was equally so. The remnant of the white men could return, and others could come and rebuild the waste places; but not so with the poor natives. Once swept from their homes, there was no return to them, in these pleasant places,

“Of

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom; . . . . .  
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark.”

It is very easy now to do them justice, however hard it was during the war, and for many years after. I have suggested several reasons why the Nashaways joined Philip; but, after all, there may have been another and more cogent reason. They were suspected; all the Indians living near to the English were suspected; even the seven towns of Christian Indians were suspected; and Gookin tells us, in his touching narrative, how unjustly and with what bitterness they were treated. If the Christian Indians experienced such hard measure, what could the feeble tribe of the Nashaways expect, who had not the same protection? Were we able to gather contemporaneous facts, which we are not, I think we should find, that however much they were inclined to peace, and to kindly relations with the English, they were constantly subjected to persecution; and, if not early driven to war by the necessity of their position, must assuredly have retreated from their old neighborhood, when they found that the Christian converts, to the number of five hundred or more, were torn from their homes, under circumstances of aggravated cruelty, and confined on Deer Island in a state of suffering which their historian has so feelingly described.

Sadly, but of necessity, as I would fain believe, the Nashaways joined their countrymen, and fell with them. After the peace, their last Sachem, Shoshanim, taken in the woods beyond the Merrimack, was carried to Boston, and there was tried and executed. The feeble remnants of the tribe dispersed to different places. Some of them, with the Nipmucks, and other Indians, amounting to two hundred and fifty fighting men, besides women and children, fleeing in terror to the

westward, were overtaken between Westfield and the Hudson river by the English troops. Many of their number were either slain or taken captive. About two hundred escaped, crossed the river below Albany, and were received by a tribe of Indians in that vicinity, with whom eventually they became incorporated. A large part of the tribe, however, together with other Indians from the neighborhood of Lancaster, escaped to the right bank of the river Piscataqua. Mingling with some of the Eastern Indians at Dover, they were surprised by a detachment of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire troops. Those of the prisoners who had been involved in the war were separated from their companions, and were marched to Boston. The Sachem Shoshanim, and several other leaders who were executed, avoided the dreadful fate which befell their followers, of being sold abroad to taste the bitterness of perpetual slavery, or, as was remarked with cold cruelty, "to try the difference between the friendship of their neighbors here and their service with other masters." Harrington makes no mention of this circumstance; and we could wish, for the honor of human nature and of our people, that it were not true. It was true. Perhaps some of those very men, who in the lifetime of Sholan had joined the good chief in welcoming the English, were delivered into the house of bondage. Those who escaped capture took refuge among the Pennecooks, and thenceforth disappear from view.

Thus ends the last sad chapter of the brief and imperfect history of this tribe. It is matter of regret that the worthy Harrington, who delivered the historical sermon at the end

of Lancaster's first century, and whose venerable form some few now present can recall, estimated so lightly the wants of posterity, as to despatch the whole history of the tribe in a few lines, and that of the town in a few pages. When he stood up in the presence of your forefathers, one hundred years ago, individuals, his parishioners, I think, were living, of sufficient age to remember the horrors of 1676; and there were many then living who must have had goodly stores of narrative from their parents and other old people. Very pleasant would it have been, very gratifying to this audience, exceedingly so to those who claim kindred in blood with the early inhabitants, to know something more of the history of Sholan's tribe, the Nashaway Indians; their numbers, traditions, habits, localities, the succession of their chiefs, anecdotes of their intercourse with the planters, the reasons for their joining against their old friends the English, how many survived, and whether any of the poor creatures, who fled from hot pursuit to the east or to the west, ever ventured back in time of peace to visit the graves of their fathers, — with all such particulars as, gathered up with a little diligence, might have been woven by a competent hand into an interesting and instructive story.

Several years elapsed before the inhabitants had the heart to return to their old homes. They came to a spot whose gloomy desolation reminded them vividly of the great mournful event of their lives, — of the murder of relative, friend, neighbor. The same sun shone upon them, the forests put forth their tender leaves, and the orchards blossomed, as aforetime; but little remained to give token of

a former residence of rural peace and Christian civilization, save the house of worship, an humble building on yonder hill-side, left unharmed amid the general destruction. By the year 1682, there were some seventeen or eighteen families in the town; a number not greater than was here in 1654. These were chiefly the old settlers, turning back again with willing steps; with several others whom we now for the first time recognize. The town began gradually to exhibit signs of returning prosperity. Attacks were indeed made in subsequent Indian wars that would admit of a detailed narrative, but they did not prevent the steady growth of the place. No life was lost after 1710.

In 1701 a very large addition to the territory on the west was obtained by a conveyance from George Tahanto, nephew of Sholan. From this territory, Leominster was subsequently taken, together with the larger part of Sterling. The title to this land was confirmed by the General Court in 1713, and the current of population in a few years began to set towards it. Lancaster was now regarded as an old town; the general mother, whose children, declaring their ability to take care of themselves, were rising up on either side, and demanding their portion of the inheritance. First in order came Harvard, whose beautiful swell of land, called Still River, looking down upon this valley from the north-east, had been under cultivation before the close of the seventeenth century. Bolton soon followed, retaining within its limits the range of hills that skirts Lancaster on the south-east, together with the Wataquodoc, a name so familiar in our local history. After Bolton came Leominster, carved out of

the new purchase. These three towns have each its separate history of the old French war and the war of the Revolution. Their ecclesiastical history, in the great controversy of opinion, is shared with Lancaster. Sterling, that had essayed in 1733, without success, to be an independent town, and became the west precinct in 1741, remained a part of Lancaster until 1781. Her history is for a longer time and more intimately identified with the parent-town, running all through the exacting period of the French war, and the exhausting efforts and sacrifices of the Revolution. The southerly part of original Lancaster, and the northerly part of Shrewsbury, now constitute the town of Boylston; while Clinton, with Boylston on her southern border, and much the smallest in superficial extent, but growing with a rapidity unknown to the other portions of the old territory, now rejoices in a separate organization.

It would be interesting, if practicable, to trace the progress of population through successive stages in the town's history; but for a portion of the time, that is to say, from the resettlement until 1764, a period of more than eighty years, the data are not sufficient to enable me to make an accurate estimate. An ancient authority, I know not how much to be relied on, states that there were seventy-nine ratable polls here in March, 1708. Taking the usual proportion assumed, of one ratable poll to every four or four and a half inhabitants, we should have in this year a population of three hundred and sixteen or three hundred and fifty-five, or about the same number as at the opening of Philip's war. I think, however, that it was larger. It should be remembered that many of the old

planters, with their children and grandchildren, returned about the year 1682, followed by divers new families. The list of the subscribers to the minister's house, in 1688, contains eighty names, chiefly of inhabitants, and most of these were heads of families. By March, 1687, there had been thirty births. In the settlement of garrisons in 1692, fifty-four men are named as detailed to particular garrisons, with their families. These facts lead to the conclusion that the people were as numerous in 1692 as in 1675. We then have sixteen years of growth before reaching 1708; constant growth, I believe, without any real drawback from intervening Indian hostilities. In 1764 the territory originally granted to Lancaster, together with the Tahanto purchase, contained 703 houses, 763 families, and 4,884 inhabitants, including 46 negroes and mulattoes, and one Indian; giving 6.95 to a house, and 6.40 to a family. In 1790 there were 6,352 inhabitants; 8,492, in 1840; and 12,615, in 1850. In 1764 Lancaster alone contained 301 houses, 328 families, and 1,999 inhabitants; while in 1790 the same territory contained 2,880 inhabitants; and Lancaster, as then diminished, 1,460. The largest population of Lancaster was at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, before the west precinct was made a separate town. It then numbered, according to the best estimate I can make, about 3,000 persons. In 1776 the ratable polls were 672. The war occasioned a diminution of the number of inhabitants; the population was larger, by more than one hundred, in 1775 than in 1781. In 1840 it was 2,019; and in 1850, owing to the erection of Clinton into an independent town, it was reduced to 1,688.

The number of slaves in 1754 was five. The census of 1764 does not distinguish between free blacks and slaves. It classes them together, and they number twenty-six. Several of them served faithfully and honorably in the Revolutionary War for considerable periods; among them, no less a personage than "Julius Cæsar" was in the three years' service. In 1754 there were three slaves in Bolton, two in Leominster, and none in Harvard. Lancaster, Harvard, Bolton, Leominster, Sterling, Boylston, and Clinton, — divided, but still united; with common interests, pursuits, and hopes; mother and daughters, all in good accord and harmonious intercourse, — may they feel no rivalry but for the promotion of good institutions, the industrial arts, social virtues, liberal culture, and enlightened religious faith.

The town, shorn of its territorial glory, at one time almost sufficient for a German duchy, has reached a point, I trust, where no further reduction will be demanded by any combination of interests, real or imaginary. Well might the inhabitants say, on any new application, as their fathers did in 1741, when the people on the west were striving for separation, and say it too with greater reason, that granting the request will make the town "very irregular" in territory, "and be the means of those living in the extreme parts of the town applying also to be set off; whereby the descendants of the ancient inhabitants that remain in the town, who underwent the heat and burthen of a tedious and bloody Indian war, will be left naked, and wholly destitute of that strength, assistance, and ability to support the gospel ministry as they should, and to defray other town-charges. There are four

large bridges that must be kept in good repair, besides other weighty charges the town has been wading through for many years." It is not well to destroy the character and associations of an old town. They are valuable historically; they are valuable as a matter of sentiment, and for the large and intense sympathies that have been gathering and clustering around them for centuries, increasing with the successive generations issuing from the primal heritage. This results from the same law that rules the individual in his genealogical tastes. In the one case, he would identify himself in blood with an ancestral line; in the other, with a locality hallowed by the reminiscences of the ages in which that ancestry lived and acted. For no light matter should a good old town be divided and subdivided, till its identity is marred or lost. The reasons should be cogent, unyielding, paramount.

Notwithstanding the general prosperity that prevailed after Queen Anne's war, alarms from the Indian enemy were not at an end. The troubles in Europe always vibrated across the Atlantic through the colonies, and continued on this side of the water after the war had subsided abroad. Lancaster, however, had but little to fear for herself. Settlements were rapidly extending beyond her frontier, and insured her safety. But the border-towns were in constant apprehension; and Lancaster, so long trained to hostile encounter, must furnish from her abundance for their protection. During the years 1723, 1724, 1725, the larger part of the military force of the town was engaged in scouting parties in search of the enemy, through the forests and over the mountains. One expedition proceeded beyond the Monadnock and the

head-waters of the Merrimack, to the north of Lake Winnipisseogee, stretching to the base of the White Mountains, and returning by the valley of the Saco to the ocean. Again, in 1748, after the Austrian war of succession was at an end, and also in 1749, the same system was renewed. More distant scouting parties were required, and a great amount of military service was performed. Though but few men were lost in these various expeditions, they were no holiday excursions. They were attended with hazard; the labor was hard and exacting, and renewed, in a modified form, the toil and exposure of the early settlers.

There were other calls to arms besides those I have mentioned. Lancaster furnished her quota of men in the unfortunate campaign in the Spanish war of 1739-40; at the siege of Louisbourg in 1745, when one of her sons commanded a regiment; at Nova Scotia in 1755, in which expedition she furnished a captain and a large company of soldiers; as she also did commanders of regiments and other officers throughout the French war; with a host of hardy men borne upon the rolls through the bloody scenes at Lake George, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, in the expedition under Amherst in 1759, and in the last great battle on the Plains of Abraham, that terminated the French empire on the continent of North America. Indeed, it would seem, from a cursory examination, that almost all the men capable of bearing arms were out during some portion of this protracted and sanguinary contest. And they were no mercenary Swiss, but the real brave yeomanry of the land, exchanging, at the call of their country, the field of agriculture for the field of battle.

The same promptness, energy, and zeal became manifest at the first bursting forth of the long-gathering storm of the Revolution. The votes at town-meetings, the resolves passed, were not mere words, vamping words, expiring with the breath that uttered them, or fading away with the ink that recorded them; not like modern political resolves,—mere shams. Oh no! they had substance; they had emphatic meaning; they were carried out, even to blood and to death. The general sentiment was all on one side; the time for action had arrived, and the town was ready for action.

At the alarm on the 19th of April, the company of minutemen, under Captain Benjamin Houghton, marched with all speed for Lexington; and the troop of horse, under Captain Thomas Gates, pushed for Cambridge, joining the forces that were intent upon driving the English troops into Boston; or, as his clerk phrases it on the company roll, “to stop the regulars from coming out into the country, sent out by General Gage.” Ten men from this small troop enlisted in the service of their country. Lancaster soldiers, at present I know not how many, were at the battle of Bunker Hill. One, at least, was killed in the battle, and another died of his wounds. The roll of Houghton’s company, if in existence, will probably show the number and names of the Lancaster soldiers who fought on that memorable day. There were six from this town who accompanied Arnold in his memorable and disastrous expedition against Quebec, in the fall of 1775. Large numbers enlisted in the Massachusetts regiments before the Continental army was formed, and afterwards in

the Massachusetts line in the Continental service. The whole number of soldiers in the service, exclusive of those who were at Lexington and Bunker Hill, exceeds three hundred. This was about one-half of all the ratable polls, from sixteen years and upwards. After deducting all the ratable polls under eighteen years, and excluding those at the other end of the scale, too old for service, it is pretty near to a demonstration that almost all the able-bodied men were in the field during the war. I find them distributed through nearly all of the Massachusetts regiments in the Continental army. Wherever these regiments marched, and they were in most of the battles of the Revolution, there Lancaster was represented; and many of her officers were distinguished for bravery.

Of the descendants of the early settlers in the male line who "did the state some service" in the field, I enumerate, independently of those who were engaged on the 19th of April and on the 17th of June, no fewer than ninety-two, viz.: of the names of Atherton, Divoll, Farrar, Prescott, one each; Beaman, four; Fairbanks, five; Gates, two; Houghton, nine; Lewis, three; Moore, five; Rugg, five; Roper, three; Sawyer, seventeen; White, five; Whitcomb, seven; Willard, eight; Wilder, fifteen. Doubtless the towns that issued from Lancaster, and other places where those names were found, would add largely to this list.

I have no disposition to trumpet the part taken by the people of the valley in the war for independence. It is not necessary to make proclamation of services and sacrifices; but I believe, in respect to contributions of men and material

supplies, Lancaster would be found, on examination, to have contributed her full part, and to have done so as freely and promptly as any other town whatsoever.

It would be interesting to consider, at some length, the various efforts that have been made by your predecessors, as well as yourselves, in the great cause of education; but I must confine myself to a very few remarks. The whole history of the public schools in this place for the first seventy years, owing to the destruction of the records, is involved in hopeless obscurity, with the exception of an incidental mention here and there. At one time, the town was "presented" for want of a schoolmaster; but, "representing to the Court their circumstances, and their care for instructing of youth," their excuse was accepted. Some four years afterwards, they were "presented" again, for want of a grammar-school; but were discharged on payment of costs, having satisfied the Court that they had engaged "young Mr. Pierpont," a Cambridge graduate, for their instructor. After 1725 the records are entire: they show that some pains were taken with the training of the children, though in a less degree probably than at the present day, — less actually, I mean, not less in proportion to their humble means. Among the instructors, there have been many highly educated men, subsequently distinguished in professional and public life.

Passing over all intermediate time, I will merely show how Lancaster stands at the present day, compared with other towns, in the facilities she furnishes for the education of her children. The last and very excellent report of the Board of Education affords the means of stating this with a

good degree of exactness. From 1841-2 to 1851-2, the school-tax throughout the State has increased seventy-six per cent.; while the increase of population has been but thirty-five per cent., including the concourse of foreigners, who have poured in upon us like a flood. Again, according to the census of 1840, the tax averaged seventy cents to every inhabitant of the State, while the census of 1850 gives ninety-one and a half cents. In 1841 the sum raised for each child between the age of four and sixteen years was \$2.79; in 1851, for each child between five and fifteen years of age, it was \$4.49.

What, then, is the part taken by Lancaster in this progressive improvement? The report proves that you are above the average in almost every respect. Of the fifty-eight towns in Worcester County, Lancaster is the twelfth in length of time of schools, the twenty-first in the average wages of male teachers, and the fortieth in the average wages of female teachers. In 1850-51 Lancaster was the twenty-ninth town in the State, and the second in the county, in the sum appropriated for each scholar, viz. \$4.71 $\frac{7}{10}$ ; Worcester alone preceding her. In 1851-2 Lancaster was the fifty-second town in the State, and the third in the county in this respect; Worcester and Milford preceding her. We thus have the absolute sum in each town, and the proportion of each. But the true test of public spirit is the amount raised in proportion to the wealth of the people. This is ascertained by the valuation of 1850, much more accurate and more to be relied on than the valuations of preceding decades, and this from a circumstance not praiseworthy to our people. When the representation in the

Senate had reference to taxation, it was the practice of the valuation committees, we are told, and I have no doubt many present could vouch for its truth, "to appraise the property just high enough to prevent loss in their senatorial representation, and just low enough to prevent an undue proportion of taxes." The alteration in the Constitution before 1850, prescribing population for the basis in the Senate, rendered that "artful dodge" no longer necessary. In the amount of money raised in proportion to the means of the people, the little town of Wellfleet, on the sands of Cape Cod, stands at the head of the Commonwealth; Milford, in this county, stands second. Lancaster stands seventieth in the State, and sixth in the county, — Milford, Webster, Clinton, Bolton, and Fitchburg only before her. In average attendance upon school, Pelham, in the hill-country, with its deep winter snows, stands first in the Commonwealth; Lancaster, the ninety-third. In this county, New Braintree stands first; Lancaster, twenty-eighth, with an average attendance of seventy-eight and a half per cent.

The ecclesiastical history of Lancaster is one of signal peace. The six ministers who, in their service at the altar, cover a period of a hundred and ninety-six years, will compare very favorably with their fellows in any other town. They were all men of pure lives and conversation, dwelling in the tents of their people. Of the living it is not becoming to speak. I hold converse only with the dead, — Rowlandson, Whiting, Gardner, Prentice, Harrington, Thayer, — all sons of Harvard. The three first were victims, directly or indirectly, of the Indian wars. The term of service of the

three last extends over a space of a hundred and thirty-two years; an average of forty-four years to each. May future years evidence the same permanence in the pastoral relation, the same mutual confidence, the same generous sympathies!

What dispensation of the word was enjoyed by the planters during a year or more after the incorporation of the town, I think, is unknown both to history and tradition. Master Joseph Rowlandson, sole graduate in the class of 1652, under the presidency of the glorious Dunster, was the son of Thomas Rowlandson, of Ipswich, who took the freeman's oath in 1638. He came to this plantation two years after he left college, and continued to preach several years before his ordination. He remained the pastor until the town was broken up in Philip's war, and he was driven with his flock to seek refuge elsewhere. The heavy calamity that befell him, not only in the loss of his property, but in the death or captivity of his family and relations, is sufficiently well known by those versed in your contemporaneous history, and the simple narrative penned by his excellent wife after her return from dreary bondage. He was a popular preacher in the plantation. He received a unanimous call, with terms of settlement and accommodations more liberal for the slender means of the few humble planters than is usually found in the richer heritage of the present day. Tradition speaks of him as a worthy, faithful, useful man. But of his ministerial gifts and graces we have no record, other than what can be gathered from a few surviving facts. We may form some estimate of his wisdom and sound judgment and liberality, from the circumstance that,

when the strife was hot between the First Church in Boston and the present Old South, — because the wives of those who formed the Old South Church were debarred from communion in the First Church, for having partaken of the service at the Old South with their husbands, — Rowlandson was of the council called by the latter church. All Boston, all the Bay churches, were in a state of excitement. Social life was disturbed, while there were no political troubles to divide public attention. The council embraced some of the most distinguished of the clergy in the colony. By their "Result" they placed the First Church in the wrong, and recognized the Old South as properly constituted, with power to admit those women and others to their communion. This was an important decision at that day, as affecting the rights and independence of the Congregational churches. Rowlandson preached for some time in Boston, and probably in the other churches in the Bay. The topics of three of his discourses, being all of which I have any note, may perhaps show the tendency of his mind towards the religious affections. These were — on divine influence in answer to prayer, on the forgiveness of God, and on love to God. The good man, having collected his family together after many wanderings, went to Wethersfield, in the colony of Connecticut, and there became the colleague of the Rev. Gershom Bulkley. The committee who had been directed to inquire "after an able minister for the town" recommended Mr. Rowlandson. "The town," so runs the record, being "very desirous of Mr. Rowlandson's settling there in the work of the ministry, in order to his encouragement thereunto, allow

him £100 per year, and the free use of the parsonage lands and houses, during his continuance amongst them in the work of the ministry." To this they added, "in order to his procuring of a settled habitation for himself in the town," the sum of one hundred pounds, "to be paid twenty pounds a year for five years." But his career in Wethersfield was short. He died on the 24th of November, 1678, amid the general lamentation of his people, as is shown by their sympathetic and unusual regard for his widow. The record continues: "Mrs. Rowlandson shall have allowed for this present year Mr. Rowlandson's whole year's rate, which was formerly promised, which will in all amount to six score pounds; and, from henceforth, the town shall allow the said Mrs. Rowlandson thirty pounds a year, so long as she shall remain a widow amongst us."

Mr. Rowlandson had a library valued at £82; a much larger library, I should suppose, than could be found in most studies at that day. Hence I would infer that he was a student, and kept up with the current of religious speculation in dogmatic theology, and indulged himself perhaps somewhat in the profane literature of the time; not getting rusty because he had been planted in a remote settlement and almost wilderness-condition. He was an author too. Cotton Mather, indeed, quaintly tells us, that he was an author of "lesser composures out of his modest studies, even as with a Cesarean section forced into light." Do not think — forbid it, shade of the departed! — that this points to the matter of his "composures;" it regards their bulk only; and they may have been, in thought and expression, equal to the

larger, more ambitious "composures" of the other divines named by Mather. It cannot, of course, refer to the pasquinade, in rhyme and prose, which he posted up on the door of Ipswich Church, while in the Senior Class at Cambridge.\* Cotton Mather may never have heard of that.

In the first Indian incursion, the town was destroyed, but the minister survived. In a subsequent war, the town survived the attack; but the minister lost his life. The Rev. John Whiting, of the class of 1685, son of the Rev. Samuel Whiting, of Billerica, had preached nearly two years in the town before he was invited to the cure. His people gave him a new house and some pleasant acres, the spot on which the second part of this day's celebration is to be enacted. He lived in peace with his parishioners, that is, with all the town. This is all I can say of his ministry. Seven years of good service, after his ordination, had passed quietly away in parochial ministrations, when the old enemy again invaded Lancaster, and Mr. Whiting was slain. When attacked, we are told that his life was offered to him if he would but surrender. If the thought were for a moment entertained, that thereby he might save his life, the second thought rushed in, that a surrender would involve captivity, perhaps torture and death. The resolution of refusal was at once taken. He was overpowered when fighting valiantly, and fell, at the age of thirty-three. His young wife, Alice Cook, from Cambridge, survived him to mourn his loss during a long widowhood.

\* See Appendix to the "Narrative of the Captivity and Removes of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson." Sixth edition, published by Carter, Andrews, & Co. Lancaster, 1828.

After an interval of several years, Andrew Gardner, of the class of 1696, discoursed to this people, much to their liking. They invited him to remain with them. He accepted the invitation. The appointed day for his separation and consecration for the work was approaching, when his death occurred,—the most melancholy in the whole list of the deaths of the clergymen of the town. He was slain, not by an enemy, but fell by the hand of one of his own people. The Indians had been abroad, all about Lancaster, a few months before, and had killed several persons. At this very time a party of them had been discovered at Still River.\* The garrisons, then numerous, were hastened to by all the inhabitants on any alarm. Mr. Gardner's residence was a garrisoned house. A near neighbor of his was set on the watch, with others, to guard and protect the pastor, his wife, and household. The sentinel, while all was quiet within and abroad, was walking his lonely round inside of the fort, — now stopping to listen for the almost noiseless tread of the Indian, as slight as the rustling of a leaf in the lightest breeze, — when suddenly he heard a noise, and, turning, dimly espied some one coming down out of the “upper flanker.” Supposing him to be one of the enemy, the sentinel called, but no answer; he called a second time, but no answer. He fired, and the shot took fatal effect. He rushed up to his wounded enemy, as he supposed, when the dying groans of his pastor met his ears.†

\* Now Harvard.

† This account differs in some of its circumstances from the one given by Harrington. It is taken from the coroner's inquest, and must be considered conclusive. All the accounts exonerate the sentinel from any rash hasty. The inquest held him guiltless, at the moment when the feelings of all were the most dreadfully lacerated.

No imputation rested upon the character of the unhappy sentinel, the actor in this terrible tragedy; but a life-long burthen was his, — a suffering far greater and more enduring than he had been the innocent cause of inflicting. A deep gloom settled down upon the whole plantation. Their young minister, not yet thirty years of age, — beloved by all, — on the eve of his ordination, — here, with his wife, at his own home, with years of enjoyment and sympathy in prospect, in the scene of his appointed labors, suddenly passes to the spirit-land, and there is a general weeping and lamentation. We know that he was beloved. "His people," says Harrington, "had an exceeding value for him." I will show it from even more competent authority; out of their own mouths, in their own simple language, as they graduate each successive loss higher in the scale. "We have lost," say they, "several hundreds of pounds estate by the Indians, in their last attack, together with the loss of our meeting-house, burnt by them; and more particularly that late awful stroke of God's hand, the last week, in the loss of our reverend minister, who was every way worthy and desirable; whose loss is ready to sink our spirits, — having one minister slain by the Indians, and now another taken away by a more awful stroke."

Mr. Gardner was son of Captain Andrew Gardner, who was killed in the Canada expedition; the same gentleman upon whom Judge Sewall called, in 1686, to deliver to him a commission. Gardner "disabling himself," Sewall told him that "he must endeavor to get David's heart, and *that*, with his stature, would make a very good ensign." The widow

of the minister was subsequently married to his successor, the Rev. John Prentice.

No church-records remain, not a vestige, during the time of Rowlandson, Whiting, and Gardner; nor am I aware of any extant writing by any one of those gentlemen. I can only say that they received the best education the country could give, and that they were willing to cast their lot here, in this secluded spot, — to be cut off, in a great measure, from the more cultivated and refined life around the Bay, — and to devote their energies and their lives to the sincere teaching of the word.

The lives of Whiting and Gardner were extinguished in blood, youthful blood. A calmer day, a long day of summer, arises upon the vision; and all along its hours we witness other and more enduring forms, — Prentice, Harrington, Thayer, each fulfilling an extended mission, and each coming to the “grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.”

The first half of the last century had nearly closed when Mr. Prentice died. For forty years he had been set for the defence of the gospel in this place. The whole period was one of profound calm in religious matters. A new society had indeed been formed, but it was in the westerly part of the town, now Sterling, and grew naturally out of the necessities of the people, from their numbers, and from their distance from the place of public worship. They were separated, but still united; and the minister of the new parish took to wife a daughter of Mr. Prentice. Harvard, Bolton, and Leominster, from a like necessity, had been constituted

distinct towns; and yet the old town continued large in territory, population, and wealth.

The character of Mr. Prentice was that of a man of peace. He was faithful to his convictions, forcible and plain as a preacher, dignified in manner, and direct and earnest in his appeals. His printed discourses do credit to the style of preaching of that day. He was gentle, but yet very firm, and exhibited the fruits of a good religious life in his daily conduct. He was no innovator upon ancient forms, and struck out into no new paths. Satisfied with the way of the churches, he asked for no new guides. At least, I think so. I do not know that his orthodoxy was questioned, or that he had any tendency towards Arminianism. But, however this may have been, his church, from year to year, was gradually departing from the doctrine of the earliest churches in Massachusetts. In the controversy that rent in twain sundry of the congregations in the province, in the latter part of his ministry, caused by the advent of Whitefield, the church of Mr. Prentice remained unscathed. Individually, he was opposed to the course of that most eccentric, most eloquent preacher, if I interpret aright the remark made by a brother clergyman, that they "who knew him esteemed him for his commendable steadiness in these uncertain times." *Commendable steadiness in these uncertain times.* We cannot mistake the meaning of this phrase, when we recollect that he was one of those ministers who decidedly opposed the course of Mr. Bliss, of Concord, a most earnest disciple of Whitefield; and that he joined with the Council in advising the disaffected parishioners of Mr. Bliss to secede, and support

public worship among themselves, unless certain concessions should be made.

Bitter, very bitter and unchristian as controversies have since been in the bosom of the Congregational Church, they were equally so — will not history bear me out in saying, more so? — at the time of which I speak.

The formation of a second parish led to the induction of a minister, — the Rev. John Mellen who, for many years and through various scenes, continued with his people until he was rather unceremoniously, and not according to Congregational usage, ejected from his cure. After preaching for some years to a portion of his old hearers, whose attachment to him still continued, he removed to Hanover in this State, where he remained in the ministry until the time of his death. No name connected with the churches in this neighborhood in the time of Mr. Mellen, is more fruitful of remark than his. For talents and learning I should say that he was decidedly at the head, though for martyr boldness he was not to be compared with his brother in the ministry and by marriage, — Rogers of Leominster. As the west parish became an independent town, but more particularly as Mr. Mellen's intellectual and theological character has been pretty fully delineated by the faithful and accurate historian of Sterling, the late Isaac Goodwin, I do not propose now to traverse the same ground, or give my own view. The discussion would occupy some time, and lead me away from the more appropriate consideration of that which has remained Lancaster.

The venerable figure and flowing white locks of the excellent Harrington, as they have been described by some of his

people, and are recollected doubtless by some within the hearing of my voice, now pass before me in vision. We behold the man uniting in his numerous years a long past age, with one but lately closed upon us, and partaking of the character of both. Born early in the last century, when his country was an integral part of the British empire, he lived on in connection with this people through the old French war, the war of the Revolution, the rebellion of 1786, — down almost within view of the present century, — witnessing the greatest changes in our whole civil history, and in our ecclesiastical history borne on vast surges of opinion, whose strife has not subsided to the present day. Trained at college under the administration of the catholic, mild, and judicious Wadsworth, Mr. Harrington seems to have partaken of the same traits of character. His early course in the profession, after he was installed in this town, exhibited that theological tendency which continued through life; that “steadiness in those uncertain times” for which his predecessor had been commended. The course of Mr. Bliss did not please him. He justified the seceders from his church, and manifested no sympathy with the measures of Whitefield. Not that he was without zeal, but rather that he possessed it differently tempered, — possessed it as fused into and modified by the constitution of his own mind and affections. The key to the ministerial course of Timothy Harrington may be found in the text to the discourse preached at his installation, — “And made myself servant to all, that I might gain the more;” servant to all in the good sense of the Apostle, consisting with entire faithfulness and self-respect. The

preacher concludes: "And now, Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, and make thyself as Paul did, a servant to all, that you may gain the more." He received from his people that hereditary respect which was then entertained for those of his order, and, what was higher and better, respect that he won for himself as a man and a Christian. The whole testimony borne by those of his flock who knew him well, and have lived to the present generation, is that he possessed mildness of disposition with that fervor of spirit which led him to rebuke iniquity. Loving peace for its own sake, and because his temperament inclined him to it, and of calm judgment, he was slow to adopt new theories, and take a bold stand in their favor. One who knew him well—who knew of what he affirmed—describes him as "a model of ministerial excellence;" as possessing "a good portion of scientific attainments; singular pertinency and fervor in the performance of devotional exercises; a pattern of Christian cheerfulness and affability, of sympathy with the sick and afflicted, and of compassion to the poor." A man thus constituted well deserves the appellation of the Christian gentleman.

It is true of Mr. Harrington, as of some others of the clergy after the middle of the last century, that a change of theological opinions took place. But I do not now and here propose to open the old controversy of 1757, which has excited some discussion of late, nor to inquire whether at that time, when Mr. Harrington was of the Council that censured Mr. Rogers, of Leominster, who had departed from the faith of the New England fathers, his own opinions had become modified, and if so how far. Perhaps he would not be able to

trace step by step the processes going on in his own mind, as it was swayed in one direction and another by metaphysical questions and doubts, bristling up at every point. It might well be, — and probably was, — that his opinions became modified by very gradual stages. Meanwhile the old theories, and the forms of words, consecrated by long and devotional association, would still hang about the doors of the mind. It would be difficult, perhaps not possible, to mark the precise time when the old opinions were beginning to drift from their fastenings towards the wide sea of speculation, and before the new-found safe and pleasant anchorage. And what anxious trouble in the interval! what fears, lest, after all, the old, time-honored, and revered were true; and the new but the result of a weak understanding, a presumptuous imagination, and carnal reasoning! The subject was momentous, — momentous both to the pastor and to the people of his charge; for error might run down through long lines of generations with soul-destroying influence. And a pastor might be entirely conscientious in deciding that a brother had departed from the faith, when certain operations were going on in his own mind, imperfect as yet, but shaking his traditions, and leading him in the end, by an intellectual necessity, to the same conclusions.

The long career of Mr. Harrington's colleague and successor\* closed in our own time, and within the fresh remembrance of many now present. He came to this place in the palmy days of its social refinement, when it had recovered from the depressing influences of the Revolution, and pros-

\* The Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D.D.

perity and plenty abounded and harmony prevailed within its borders. He came from the office of instruction in our venerable University, where he himself had been successfully trained in all the learning there to be acquired. He came with the reputation of sound scholarship, with a pleasing address and conciliating deportment. All circumstances were favorable, and justified that future, in labor and service extending over a long period, which already has become the past, consigned to the province of history,

Possessing highly respectable and well-disciplined intellectual powers, and distinct perceptions within their entire range, he soon took a prominent stand in this pulpit. Clearness of thought gave clearness of expression; and he felt no desire to stretch beyond the limit which God had assigned, and indulge in dreamy speculations, grasping at vague ideas that supplied no furniture to the mind, and faded away ere they could become subject to exact apprehension. He was, I believe, entirely conscientious in his views of truth in all matters of doctrinal theology, as well as in the science of morals. With distinctive differences of opinion, I have no concern on the present occasion; but I doubt not that he brought his best faculties to the examination of matters of faith, and that his convictions were strong as well as sincere. These he maintained honestly and openly, under all circumstances, through all contentions of opposing sects. His discourses were calm, plain, practical, solid, — not the issues of a fertile imagination, to which he laid no claim. If deficient in warmth, as interpreted by some minds, they were not deficient in earnestness, and in that zeal which is accord-

ing to knowledge. His temperament led him away from impassioned appeals and exhortations, and led him as directly to the inculcation of truth in the way best suited to that temperament. A clear and distinct enunciation, with great gravity and solemnity in the conduct of the service, gave power to the devotional spirit, and additional weight and authority to the spoken word.

Controversies of a sharp character were rife in the community during a large portion of his ministry. When one side was charged with exalting reason above revelation, it was met on the other side with the argument, that the highest reason was in every way consistent with revelation; and sermons, in consequence, took more generally the character of addresses to the understanding in the inculcation of religious truth. Ardent and quickening appeals to the affections and to the fears were rather avoided; and the whole of the great truth was not evolved, that man believeth with the heart as well as the understanding. This was the feature of that day; the necessary result, perhaps, of the state of the question then; and our pastor was formed upon that principle. A more evangelical style of discourse, as it is termed, belonged to a subsequent period, when the first great controversy had subsided.

Among the preachers of his own denominational views in this quarter, he was long regarded as a leading divine, and his services were highly acceptable. He was looked to for counsel by the young men of his faith, whose ready resort to him was received in great kindness of spirit; while the opinion of his sound judgment, prudence, and practical good

sense, caused him to be sought very frequently to participate in ecclesiastical councils.

He was not an easy recipient of new opinions; and this, not so much from dislike of change, or dread of the labor of examination, but because he had reached his conclusions, his conscientious convictions, after elaborate investigation. On the other hand, he had no bigoted attachment to the past as such, as if the wisdom of ages, so called, involved all truth, — no dead conservatism; but welcomed progress, if well assured, from a right point of departure. Devoted to the interests of his people, he sought no change of place, engaged in no pursuits that would draw him away from his appropriate calling, — sought only to live and die in the midst of his labors here. Hence his contentment was manifest. He did not ask wealth, or a large compensation for himself, and suitable to the character of the town, — no compensation is large for the clergyman who devotes all his time, talents, affections, and sympathies, to the good of his people, — but was satisfied in that respect with a very humble return for a life-long devotion to its interests. He had but little opportunity for exact study; for his parish was large in numbers and in territory, and much time was taken up in visits of affection and Christian consolation; much also in attention to the numerous schools of the town, in which he ever took a deep and active interest. Still I believe he kept up with the history of theology, and the more solid reading of his day. In his general intercourse with society, as well as in the more intimate relations of private and domestic life, where the *man* is revealed, he exhibited native dignity and self-respect.

a tender regard for the feelings of others, conciliating manners, and Christian courtesy. He was charitable to the extent of his means, eking out those means, beyond his salary, in ways to which country clergymen are so often obliged to have recourse.

He was eminently a prudent man; in temper mild, but firm and well-disciplined; so that, controlling himself, he could exert a large and healthful control over others; having his trials, too, amid a varied experience, verging upon a half-century, like that of others in his walk in former and later times.

As a result of this imperfect delineation of one possessing so many qualities of worth and excellence, it will of course be inferred that he was a cautious man. He was so. He was cautious in forming his judgments of others, and very charitable in those judgments. He would rather extenuate, would rather win back the erring by gentle appliances, than set down aught in harsh reproach and sharp denunciation. He ever counselled peace. He was a man of peace, a great lover of peace, willing to sacrifice much for it, — though never to the sacrifice of his self-respect, — and was ready to take a decided stand, when required by the cause of religion and good order.

His career was long, prosperous, and useful. Until near the close of his earthly labors, there was but one organized religious society throughout this large territory. He won the affectionate regard of a numerous people; he gained a wide influence with the generation upon the stage, when he first entered upon this field of his active work, — gained it also

with that generation which grew up with him, and gained it with their children after them.

I have thus very briefly sketched the history of Lancaster, but out of a large accumulation of material have been able to seize upon only a few of the most prominent points in its humble story. In its infancy, distant from other habitations, we have seen its repeated difficulties, its first struggles into life, and how long it was before the men who had ventured to plant their stakes here began to feel a comfortable assurance of strength in these pleasant places. Then, following down the line of time for some twenty years, we are startled when the long calm is broken by the dreadful war-cry of the savage; when the garments of parents and children are rolled in blood; and the town one general desolation, without an inhabitant. Slowly the old planters, surviving the 10th of February, — surviving captivity, surviving their residence in other towns, — are seen returning to these familiar seats, and new faces appear of those who had no part in the early labors of the plantation. We have seen the gradual growth of the town; its vein of prosperity sometimes at fault, broken in upon by the Indian enemy, but still with its course onward in the last century, when fragment after fragment of the territory had been broken off, each to revolve on its own centre, creating within itself its means of social order and improvement, and leaving the old sun of this little system to shine with diminished light; but without long lament, and with final joy that so many little republics had been wrenched from it by no unlinical hand. We have seen its subsequent prosperity, its care for education, and its

interest in the well-being of religious institutions. We have seen the peaceful temper and conduct of the people in all matters of theological doctrine and parochial concerns.

Not being to the manor born, as a disinterested observer I may claim for Lancaster a good name among her multitudinous sisters. I think it will be found in the character of her inhabitants, in their general observance of law, in their love of a well-regulated liberty, in the promotion of the interests of religion and education, in the exhibition of the amenities and charities of life, in the long period through which we have been looking back, that old Lancaster need not be ashamed of her history, — nay, that she may rejoice that she has been permitted by the blessing of God to bear a worthy part in helping, in her humble sphere, those great influences which have made historical Massachusetts what she is.

And here permit me to turn aside for a few moments, and dwell upon the history of Massachusetts. How large the theme! How much worthy of record it embraces in the civil and social condition of the State in all times! To what other Commonwealth, I would ask (in no boastful vein, but gratefully), does she stand second in historical importance, and in present comparative influence? Here the sacred fire of liberty kindled from the old Puritan stock in England, like the fire of Prometheus received from heaven, was cherished and preserved. Here, from the earliest spark that warmed and cheered our fathers, we can trace one long line of light down the pathway of her history to the present day; and, running back on the same line, we reach at once the elements whence her measure of success on this portion of the Western

Continent has been derived, — bravery in encountering peril, resolution bearing her up under every difficulty, perseverance carrying her through every adversity ; — in the stern struggle of the great Indian conflict, in which almost every male from sixteen to sixty took part, and fears were seriously entertained for the very existence of the colony ; — in the longer peril of the Revolution remaining steadfast, — saddened at times, but never desponding, — buckling on the harness with alacrity, taking courage and looking to God for assistance. In her history, too, may be found the inception and growth of that feeling and principle which may be truly called revolutionary in a high and worthy sense, because founded on self-reliance, self-respect, knowledge of individual right, the equality of all men before their God, and a determined spirit of resistance against aggression, limited only by the power to sustain it, or that could endure to wait patiently, biding its time. We gather from her history, in its very beginning, a true notion of the dignity of labor. The stubborn soil yields to diligent and long-continued effort ; forest after forest disappears ; the solitary places change to smiling towns and villages, the abodes of quiet and peace ; the rewards of industry appear on every side, and the refinements of life spread through the whole mass.

And then behold her intellectual life, traced to the great fountains of English learning, flowing through her learned and accomplished sons, our liberally-educated ancestors, each generation gaining upon the immediately preceding one, till it is illustrated and developed in the fulness of the stream that now gladdens all our borders. Consider her

religious institutions, free from papacy, hierarchy, and presbytery, — from all external power and domination; and remember that it was mainly for the enjoyment of these institutions untouched, without being called to account from any quarter, that your ancestors and mine came to these shores; while enlarged civil rights, the equal rights of all in presence of the law, were also in contemplation. We meet with earnest and long-continued controversies, involving manifold forms of metaphysical speculation, profound dogmas, and nice distinctions, which, however little practical in their bearing, sharpened the faculties, and led, by gradual stages, through many an encounter, to the establishment of entire religious freedom. For a long period, the historian will find that all the great discussions taxing the intellectual ability of the colony were confined to theological polemics, when they did not touch upon matters of civil polity; and, though the reader may marvel that men should grow so hot and fight so hard and so long upon vanishing points, he will be able to appreciate the scholastic vigor manifested in these discussions, and to discern the strength they gave to habits of thought, and the power they infused into the great mind of the colony. These men reasoned high indeed, with earnestness, with abiding belief in the vital importance of the subjects in controversy to the honor and stability of the church, and the good of mankind.

The history of Massachusetts, in its wide extent, is substantially the history of New England for a long series of years. She was early the governing and guiding power. Connecticut sprang immediately from her bosom, and at once

took her impress; New Hampshire and Maine, over whom she saw fit to extend her jurisdiction and government, had occasion ever to bless her name for the salutary power she exercised, — sharp, at times, no doubt, and stringent, but wholesome to the building up of commonwealths; while, from a reflex influence, our little sister Rhode Island, born out of opposition, and, as some would say, persecution, has been a sharer in the benefits bestowed by her elder sister.\* The influence of Massachusetts, thus leading and controlling, moulded the character of the New England people into one homogeneous whole, with the traits of energy, prudence, thrift, sagacity, vigilance against every encroachment on individual right in civil and religious matters, obedience to law, and with sympathy for the oppressed. She was conservative, and yet progressive; sometimes in the wrong; blinded at times, but soon becoming clear-sighted; of great heart, beating with high impulses; of noble purposes, carried out in noble deeds; of large enterprise, followed by individual and general success. All this was derived from that State, “inferior to many others in extent, wealth, and commerce,” says a distinguished man out of our confines, “but superior to them all in intellectual and social development.” And for all this, for all

\* Even good Roger Williams, whose exclusive spirit sensibly diminished on his banishment, and who finally became well-tempered and wise, found his little colony too turbulent for his comfort or control, and gladly would have come under the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts. In a letter which he addressed to the General Court, 15, 9 mo., 1655, as “President of Providence Plantations,” he says: “Honoured Sirs, I cordially professe it before the Most High, that I believe it, if not only they” (viz. four English families at Pawtuxet), “but ourselves, and all the whole country, by joint consent, were subject to your government, it might be a rich mercy.” — *Hutchinson Papers*.

that we possess and enjoy, under the good providence of Almighty God, we are more indebted to that first impress stamped by the sturdy old Puritans upon our institutions, upon Massachusetts' individual character at the start, than to all else at all time.

The history of Massachusetts is still a fresh subject, — in hackneyed phrase, is yet to be written. Hutchinson, whose name has come down to us with so much obloquy, that justice has not been done to his merits, was endowed with much more than common ability, — a correct, impartial, laborious writer, learned in all that pertained to his subject, careful in examination, cautious in expression, and in many ways entitled to great praise. He has preserved many facts that otherwise would have been lost; and many others he would have preserved, but for the drunken, infuriated mob that destroyed his mansion-house, with the accumulated historical treasures of thirty years' gathering. In his last volume, covering the whole period of the controversy before the Revolution, considering that he was act and part therein, that he was engaged in exceeding bitter political warfare, and had often measured swords with the great leaders of the revolutionary party, he has observed a measure of impartiality and dignity truly commendable. But Hutchinson's tendencies are more important to us in his preceding volumes, embracing the forming period of the New England character and institutions. He was a man of phlegmatic temperament — his portraits show it — his work shows it; — was of cold exterior like a very Puritan, but not, like the Puritan, of intense purpose. He was not of a nature to understand and delineate the

qualities of the progressive Commonwealth; and, if he had been, his false position and association growing naturally out of the constitution of his mind, even when liberally inclined, would have defeated all generous views, and prevented his success. He did not appreciate the magnitude of his subject, nor comprehend the great elements of the people, and the wonderful destiny to which they had been called. He is hedged in by prerogative, — hampered by station, — never committing himself to a full and free glow of feeling; and fails, therefore, in tracing the gradual development of civil and religious liberty, working itself out to perfect form through all intervening obstacles. He construed the old charter like a common lawyer touching the relations between the colony and the mother-country. He viewed the colonists early and late as mistaken in their theory of their rights, while he expresses himself ready to excuse them, because some of the nobility and principal commoners in England early entertained the same theory. Dependence he regarded as a duty under all circumstances, and could scarcely conceive of a state of affairs — a degree of oppression — that would justify resistance. Hence he wholly fails in estimating the constant sensitive feeling manifested in a long line of instances, running through more than a century, against interference from abroad. It became his greatest pride in every event to exhibit the most devout loyalty of a subject; and all his love of country was at last absorbed in allegiance to the crown. Mighty dreams of ambition laid fast hold of him, and he fell — fell below the depth of plummet, as politicians untrue to a great and holy cause have fallen in every

age. His enlightened and valuable service for a long series of years in the political affairs of the Province; his ability and impartiality in a high judicial station, once gratefully received and freely acknowledged, were all sunk in the popular estimation, and in the judgment of the wise, when, deserting the cause of liberty in his native land, he looked to the throne for promotion, wealth, and power.

But, in addition to all this, Governor Hutchinson's History ends with the year 1774. Judge Minot, in his faithful and excellent History, chiefly considers the course of events from 1748 to 1765. We are without any worthy commemoration of the old Commonwealth from the time of Hutchinson's departure for England, through the Revolutionary War down to the present generation. Meanwhile the materials have been constantly accumulating. Winthrop's Journal, the corner-stone of our history, existing in manuscript until near the close of the last century, and known only to Hutchinson through the dilution of Hubbard, but now in the hands of the public through the exact labors of its learned and accomplished editor, — the archives of the Commonwealth, — county and town records, — town histories, — pamphlets, — newspapers, — letters, — the collections of historical societies printed and manuscript, at home and abroad, — the treasures of the Plantation Office, and other foreign sources, — afford a mass of authentic facts in rich profusion, all ready to be combined, and to be moulded into form by a hand competent to furnish a standard history from the first germ, through every subsequent period of growth, to its full and final maturity.

We now want the man,—Heaven grant that he may be raised up to us!—who will buckle on the armour for this great work. Let no incompetent or imperfectly disciplined hand attempt it. It is a task not to be lightly undertaken. It is to be entered upon with no holyday or irreverent feeling. There must be an entire consecration to the office. The historian must be a ripe and good scholar, accomplished at all points by the most careful and exact training. He must live in the past, with all the lights of the present reflected upon it. He must be a son of Massachusetts, to the question born, identified in feeling with every portion of her great story; all of which must lie as a well-delineated chart in his mind. He must pierce through their garb and whatever is repulsive in their bearing, and gain a thorough insight into the character of the Puritans,—comprehend their great virtues, their lofty principles, their incontestable sacrifices. He must himself smack of the old stock,—have the sturdy root within him; while, in his port and bearing, he gives evidence that the milder qualities and the refinements of life have been superinduced. He must understand the nature of the government here founded; interpret its genius; and find in the actual situation of our fathers, outcasts as it were from the Old World, but with rights as a Corporation giving them exclusive privileges, a justification of much that is put down to the score of intolerance and persecution. He must be able to show how, if they had been less rigid, the colony would have been overrun with adventurers, loose and profane persons; deriding our ancestral peculiarities, exercising our elective franchise, with-

out a stake in the country; weakening public authority, and endangering the very existence of the colony. He must be able to trace, by the clearest deductions, the growth of free principles through peace and war, till the final and necessary result in the establishment of a well-balanced state; and to this work, to which he should be moved by mighty forces from within, he must devote many of his best years, — his entire and vigorous powers. Nothing less can be demanded. The Commonwealth, the common mother of our peace and joy, — with all her intellectual, moral, social, and industrial developments, — will be satisfied with no less.

Descendants of the early Pilgrims of this valley; citizens of Lancaster, a place eminently “fit for a plantation;” men and women, wholly “meet for such a work,” as part of the general weal, as well as individuals of the town, bearing a part in the institutions of the land! you are called to great privileges, and have corresponding duties. You can look back upon a local history, not, indeed, marked with any great events or portentous changes, but quiet, well-ordered, and unpretending. The humble men who first took up their abode here, seem not to have been contentious to any extent, but generally harmonious and loving, — like one entire family in mutual dependence; with no special range of thought or enlarged purpose, but seeking to establish themselves in those peaceful relations which they could not find at home. They were attached to the soil by their daily labors, and to the soil they looked for their support, and the “enlargement of their outward estate;” essaying what they could, in their circumscribed condition, to build up the church

and school; gradually increasing in numbers, and set down in larger sums in the rates, as their means widened out. They lived in comfort; for the earth yielded a liberal increase, and the woods and streams furnished them out of their abundance. Here they toiled, enjoyed, and suffered in their daily round of duty, at a distance from the bustling world; their territory seldom traversed save by some Groton, Concord, or Sudbury man, wending his way along the bridle path, piercing the forest and fording the stream, to visit some relative or friend, or ask some maiden in marriage,—or, ever and anon, a more hardy rider passing through, from the Bay to Connecticut, by the newly-discovered path, “which avoided much of the hilly way.” A silence reigned all around the borders of the plantation,—the solemn silence of nature,—broken only by the music of the bird, or the howl of the wild beast.

The blood of these men and women flows in the veins of many now present. May you emulate their industry; practise, if need be, their self-denial; remain content with the more agreeable lot that is yours, as they were content with theirs; not despising their day of small things, their scanty learning, their limited means; but endeavoring to build up, as they did, to venerate all the great purposes of social organization, and to have regard to your Master-Rowlandsons, as they had to theirs. From these men have proceeded other generations, out of which have issued those who have done good service in their day, in the learned professions, and in civil and military office; historians and poets; men skilled in the useful arts; women, with the attractions of

literature, of pleasant culture, of domestic refinement,—an intimate, ever-honored, distinguished portion of the social fabric.

Your responsibilities are scarcely to be measured. They are not here or there. They reach all time and place, centres of ever-widening circles. They belong to the relations of private life in your own households, where the holiest influences should abound, and be beautifully exemplified; and out of which, in larger extent, should be touched the various connections binding man to society; and through which should be inculcated, in the pregnant words of our State Constitution, “the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in dealings, sincerity, good humor, and all social affections and generous sentiments.” As citizens, be known as those who, by their efforts and example, are ever ready to do good service to town and commonwealth, in all their great departments and interests; remembering, that, however humble, every one has his own sphere of influence more or less extended, and that his obligation to unremitting, beneficial work is paramount while life lasts. As free, as men, be bold for the truth, never encouraging a false public sentiment, never yielding up your right of thought; but consider it “a base abandonment of reason” to resign it, whether for sneers or threats, the opposition of the few or the many, the pomp and circumstance of public station, or any other factitious condition. While you gracefully yield to others their rights, never allow the utmost freedom of opinion, and the expression thereof, to

be called in question by any man or body of men. If you permit individual opinion to be crushed, much more if you join in a blind crusade against it, remember your own danger. It may be convenient for you now to denounce ; but the time may come, — comes often, by universal experience, — when your position will be reversed, and you will need that support and protection which you have denied to others ; when the cold demeanor and the averted look will teach you your worse than folly in having failed to assert the right in your brother's emergent occasion. Bound together by one invisible but enduring chain of dependence, having one duty and one community, let general harmony abound, with individual differences and peculiarities.

As a people, we have had our misfortunes and adversities, suffering from poverty and straits, from oppression and violence, all which have passed away. Long since, we have come out of clouds and thick darkness ; and now, in our clear sunshine, in the possession of national and individual wealth, acquired with a rapidity almost unexampled in the history of the world, we are to be still more sorely tried.

In a common danger, when a common calamity is impending, men band together and struggle against it, and come out from it with the great elements of their character strengthened and purified. But, in a time of abounding prosperity, men are apt to become hard, unsympathizing, selfish. This is our danger ; this the peculiar trial and temptation we are called upon to meet. Luxury and barbaric splendor are creeping in upon us with fearful power ; intense love of the pleasures of sense, a diseased passion for excitement, homage

to money, low in its principle and degrading in its effects, are influencing us to an extent hitherto unknown; while there is fear that the highest civilization, so called, is producing the lowest forms of Christian belief and practice, and sacrificing the life of our spiritual nature to a deadly materialism. Literature and art will not save a people; for, while they may refine in some respects, they may become the handmaids of vice as well as of virtue, and be prostituted, as they have been prostituted, to the worst uses.

Believing in progress, — believing that the world has made great progress, and that vast good has come along side by side with bad tendencies, — esteeming it a great privilege to live in the present age, with our wide social relations and individual rights, — let us bring up stern principle and undying faith to every encounter; let them underlie the whole man; and then, however sharply we are tried by a prosperous, as our fathers were by an adverse condition, we shall, like them, gain the victory, and perpetuate what we now possess and enjoy; then, if the thick cloud shall rise above our horizon, and spread upward, threatening night, blessed hope will rise still higher, and “play upon its edges,” tinging them with its own brightness, and bringing the assurance of perfect day.

A P P E N D I X.



## A P P E N D I X.

At a town-meeting of the citizens of Lancaster, held Nov. 29, 1852, it was unanimously voted, "That the town will commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster, by holding a celebration of that event in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three."

At the same meeting, a general Committee of ten persons, including the three clergymen of the town, was appointed to carry out the purpose of the above vote.

It was also voted, "That all the towns which formerly composed a part of Lancaster be invited to unite with us in the proposed celebration."

The general Committee, after filling two vacancies made by resignation and adding several new members, consisted of the following persons: Rev. Charles Packard, Rev. Benjamin Whittemore, Rev. George M. Bartol, William Townsend, John G. Thurston, Jacob Fisher, John M. Washburn, George Cummings, Calvin Carter, Henry Wilder, Charles L. Wilder, Anthony Lane, Matthew F. Woods, and John Thurston.

John G. Thurston was appointed Chairman of the Committee; and John M. Washburn, Secretary.

In pursuance of the design, whose execution had been entrusted to them by the town, the Committee held numerous meetings, at

some of which delegates from neighboring towns were, by invitation, present to co-operate. Sub-committees were appointed, and the following persons were chosen as officers of the day :—

REV. CHARLES PACKARD, PRESIDENT.

*Vice-Presidents.*

REV. BENJAMIN WHITEMORE.	HENRY WILDER.
GEORGE CUMMINGS.	CALVIN CARTER.
JOHN G. THURSTON.	WILDER S. THURSTON.
JACOB FISHER.	CHARLES HUMPHREY.
JOHN M. WASHBURN.	SILAS THURSTON.
ANTHONY LANE.	CHARLES L. WILDER.
CHARLES WYMAN.	SAMUEL W. BURBANK.

*Committee of Reception.*

JOHN G. THURSTON.	CALVIN CARTER.
JACOB FISHER.	PETER T. HOMER.
GEORGE CUMMINGS.	GEORGE R. M. WITHINGTON.

Dr. JOHN L. S. THOMPSON . . . . . *Chief Marshal.*

*Assistant Marshals.*

G. F. CHANDLER.	G. W. HOWE.
STEVENS H. TURNER.	WARREN DAVIS.
JAMES CHILDS.	CHARLES J. WILDER.
JOEL W. PHELPS.	

H. C. KIMBALL . . . . . *Toast-Master.*

The morning of Wednesday, June 15, rose clear and serene, and was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. At an early hour, citizens from our own and neighboring towns, with those who had come from more remote distances, assembled at the Town House, to exchange greetings of welcome and congratulation.

At about 10, A.M., a procession was formed, under the direction of the Marshal, of those desirous of attending the exercises to be

held at the meeting-house of the First Parish. The order of services in the church was as follows :—

I. VOLUNTARY BY THE CHOIR.

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II. INVOCATION BY THE REV. GEORGE M. BARTOL.

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III. READING OF SCRIPTURES BY THE REV. GEORGE M. BARTOL.

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IV. PSALM LXXVIII.

LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old ;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known, —  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus they shall learn, in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

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V. PRAYER BY THE REV. CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER, OF BEVERLY.

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VI. ODE BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD, OF NEWBURYPORT.

THE dark forest frowned o'er the unopened sod ;  
The scene was a wilderness howling,  
With trails where the wolf and the man-savage trod,  
Unknowing alike of their Maker and God ;  
And each for his victim was prowling.  
Our anthems arise where the wild-wood air,  
Moaning, wailing,  
Hath shuddered the war-whoop to bear !

Our forefathers cried to the King they adored, —  
 “Jehovah our banner! Jehovah!”  
 They bowed at his throne in a holy accord;  
 Then here bore for safety the ark of the Lord,  
 The drear ocean-waste roaming over.  
 Their harps, that had hushed on the willows hung,  
     Sounded, joyful,  
 Till Nature’s grand temple-arch rung.

Around their rude altar in trust as they kneeled,  
     A guard of strong angels attending  
 Spread o’er them, unseen, their bright wings, as a shield,  
 Till darkness was chased by the Day-fount unsealed,  
     With streams of a light never-ending.  
 The desert was sweetened with Sharon’s rose,  
     Thornless, blooming,  
 All fair and immortal that grows.

Two Centuries now hath our LANCASTER seen,  
     And left not a cloud on her story:  
 With eye clear and beaming, her brow is serene,  
 Her footsteps direct, and majestic her mien,  
     While passing from glory to glory.  
 Her jewels unblemished will yet be shown,  
     Shining, priceless,  
 And numbered of God as his own!

But how for her day she hath acted her part,  
     With wisdom, and beauty, and fitness, —  
 For culture of earth, of the mind, of the heart,  
 For commerce and science, for letters and art, —  
     Let heaven, earth, and sea, bear her witness!  
 Her children arise, and proclaim her blest:  
     Onward, upward!  
 She points them for honor and rest.

May she, when her aloe shall blossom anew,  
     New beauties and powers be unfolding,  
 With ever-fresh blessings, like spring-showers and dew;  
 And we, to whom earth must be then but *revue*,  
     The lilies unearthly beholding;  
 For circling to-day our old Home hearth-stone,  
     Stronger, brighter  
 Our ties where no parting is known!

## VII. ADDRESS BY JOSEPH WILLARD, ESQ. OF BOSTON.

## VIII. PRAYER BY THE REV. BENJAMIN WHITTEMORE.

## IX. PSALM CVII.

WHERE nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
Or men as fierce and wild as they,  
God bids the opprest and poor repair,  
And builds them towns and cities there.

They sow the fields, and trees they plant,  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want :  
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks ;  
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

The righteous, with a joyful sense,  
Admire the works of Providence ;  
And wise observers still shall find  
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

## X. BENEDICTION.

The singing was performed with taste and spirit by a large choir of young ladies and gentlemen of Lancaster, under the lead of Mr. OSGOOD COLLISTER.

The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. The names of the deceased ministers of Lancaster — ROWLANDSON, WHITING, GARDNER, PRENTICE, HARRINGTON, THAYER — were fixed in evergreen upon the panels of the galleries, with the dates 1653 and 1853 on the east and west sides of the pulpit respectively, and the words "Christ and the Church" and "Welcome Home" on the gallery fronting the pulpit.

At the close of the exercises in the church, a procession, arranged in the following order, was formed of those wishing to partake of

the public dinner, which was spread under a spacious tent in Chandler's Grove.

#### ESCORT.

The Committee of Arrangements.

President of the day, and Vice-Presidents.

Orator and Chaplains.

Invited Guests.

Adjoining Towns, in the Order of Seniority.

Members of the New England Normal Institute.

Citizens of Lancaster.

With the sound of music, the waving of banners, and the echoing of cannon, the procession wound its way up Burial-ground Hill, and entered beneath the protecting shade of the venerable trees. An arched gateway, trimmed with evergreen, led into the grove; and the mottoes, "Welcome Home," "Though long absent not forgotten," were placed near the entrance.

About two thousand persons entered the tent to partake of the festivities of the dinner. The tables were bountifully spread with substantial comforts, and the hand of the ladies was apparent in the graceful trimmings that everywhere met the eye, bountifully furnished by the gardens and woods. Above the heads of the guests were suspended the words, "Here friends and brothers meet;" "Here we venerate our fathers."

On an elevated platform, in the midst of the large assembly, was seated the President of the day, with several of the Vice-Presidents and invited guests on his right and left. The blessing was invoked by the Rev. HUBBARD WINSLOW, of Boston.

The cloth having been removed, the following preliminary remarks were made by the Rev. CHARLES PACKARD, President of the day:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The duty has devolved upon me to offer you, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, a few words of congratulation and of WELCOME. You are aware that the precise date of the incorporation of this town was (according to New Style) on the 28th of May last. The Committee deemed

it suitable, however, to defer the celebration to the 15th of June, that we might enjoy the propitious skies of summer, and that old Lancaster might present herself to her children upon her natal day in her most beautiful robes of green. And when, ladies and gentlemen, during the century now just closed in the history of this town, has a brighter or a more auspicious morning dawned upon us than this? As we were awakened from our slumbers by the joyous song of the birds, the merry pealing of the bells, and the booming of the cannon, who of us could repress the tear of gratitude and the prayer of thanksgiving to that benignant Providence, whose gracious smiles have enabled the Lancaster of to-day to present such a brilliant contrast to the Lancaster of two hundred years ago?

It is an interesting feature in our celebration, that we have the hearty co-operation of the neighboring towns whose territory was once included within the limits of this. The invitation extended to them by the Committee has been cordially responded to. We welcome the large and respectable delegations now present from Harvard, Bolton, Leominster, Sterling, Boylston, and Clinton, whom we may appropriately call *children* of Lancaster, and also from our *grand-children* Berlin and West Boylston. Sentiments have been prepared, which, I trust, will call out the representatives of all these neighboring towns.

I am happy, gentlemen and ladies, to recognize in this great assembly a number of distinguished persons, who, although not natives of this town, have acquired a strong interest in its welfare and history, by a residence among us as teachers or pupils, or in some other capacity. I hope soon to have the honor of introducing to you some whose names have been identified in various departments of political and professional life, not only with the best interests of the old county of Worcester and the old Bay State, but of our National Union. Representatives are also present from some of our historical societies, who exhibit their devotion to the memories of the past, by improving the opportunity, that will not often occur to them in our newly settled country, of reviving the reminiscences of two hundred years.

Natives of Lancaster! allow me the privilege of welcoming you to the joyous scenes of this day. We rejoice to see such a noble company of the sons and daughters of this ancient town under this canopy to-day. You have looked forward to this occasion with joyous anticipations, and now we are permitted to greet you. You have come to us from various and widely distant portions of our extended republic. We welcome you to the scenes of your childhood,—to your native hills,—to the grand elm-trees under which you once sported,—to the sweetly flowing Nashua, upon whose banks you loved to wander in your boyish days; and those familiar objects, the memory of which will never be obliterated by the lapse of time or the distance that may separate you from them. Your presence to-day in such large numbers, not only honors your native town, but honors also yourselves. It is a pledge to us, that the bustle and business of life, its distracting cares and anxieties, and the various experience through which you have passed, have not alienated your affections from the scenes of your early days. You can adopt, in regard to your native town, the language of the poet:

“ Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart *untravell’d* fondly turns to thee.”

It is an interesting illustration of the enterprise of the old New-England towns, that, although Lancaster has never comprehended within its present limits a population of seventeen hundred persons, her sons and daughters may be found on the shores of the Pacific and in the extreme portions of the country. The pen of a daughter of Lancaster, now an adopted daughter of the State of Florida, has composed a worthy poetical tribute of affection, which we shall soon have the privilege of presenting to you as a part of these exercises.

The spot on which this pavilion stands has been the theatre of one of the interesting events that have been so appropriately alluded to by the orator of the day. As we passed along in the procession from the church, we could have discerned on the left hand (had not the railroad intervened) the site of the oldest

burying-ground, where not only "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," but most of those early ministers of the town whose venerable names we saw inscribed in wreaths of evergreen on the walls of the sanctuary. Still nearer the road, and on the brow of the hill on which the present burying-ground is located, was the site of the first meeting-house. Still farther west, on the right hand of the road, and where we saw a flag displayed, was the site of the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, and which was burnt by the Indians in King Philip's war. As we came still farther along, we passed the mansion occupied for nearly a century by the Rev. Dr. Thayer, and his predecessor the Rev. Mr. Harrington. The elm-trees beneath whose shade this tent has been erected are upwards of a hundred and fifty years of age. They were the ornament of the second parsonage built in Lancaster, which stood within a few feet of us until within the recollection of some here present. The water which has quenched our thirst to-day has been drawn from the same well from which the venerable Prentice drank. On this spot, the Rev. Messrs. Gardner and Whiting were both slain,—the one by his own countrymen, who mistook him for an Indian; the other in dreadful conflict with the savages themselves. The very ground upon which we now stand, therefore, is associated with the most interesting historical recollections, that it is the great design of these services to commemorate.

But I feel, ladies and gentlemen, after the protracted services in which we have already participated, and especially as my humble duty is simply to be the organ of the Committee of Arrangements in introducing others to your notice, that it ill becomes me to trespass any longer upon your attention. I, therefore, will conclude by offering to you, in behalf of the Committee, the following sentiment, which they have placed in my hands:—

"LANCASTER,—a happy mother surrounded by noble children. Her old heart rejoices in their prosperity, while the memories of two hundred years come over her of the struggles she endured and the perils she encountered in defending her own young life, in this day's greetings."

## T O A S T S.

1. THE FIRST SETTLERS OF LANCASTER; — Hallowed be their memories! Where they sowed in blood and tears, we reap in joy.

2. THE EARLY MINISTERS OF LANCASTER. They have toiled nobly, and entered into their rest. They were the Elijahs of the Past: may their mantles fall on the Elishas of the Present!

3. THE REV. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON. He appropriately noticed the close of Lancaster's *first* century: his descendants are now with us to honor the close of the *second*.

4. THE REV. NATHANIEL THAYER, — affectionately remembered and deeply lamented.

Remarks of the Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, of Wayland:—

Mr. President, — You have intimated to me that there is a propriety in my responding to these sentiments. I believe I am the only living ex-minister of Lancaster; and I think I might go further, and say that I am the only ex-minister that Lancaster ever had, so far, at least, as the ancient parish is concerned. The only apparent exception that I can recollect is that of Father Rowlandson; and he only left when his parish had ceased to exist, and desolation and solitude had overspread the town. But I shall not stand here to eulogize the old ministers of Lancaster. Their monuments are all around you, in the state of society, in the institutions, social, educational, and religious, which have come down to you shaped by their hands, and diffusing their blessed influences through this beautiful valley. I have studied the characters and the history of these good and venerable men, and have endeavored in some measure to imbibe their spirit and principles. Rowlandson, Whiting, Gardner, Prentice, Harrington, and Thayer, — it hardly becomes me to utter their praises after the full delineation of their characters which was given us by the orator this morning. Of this line of pastors, the only one, of course, whom I ever saw was Dr. Thayer; and I carry in my memory an impression of his venerable form and benignant countenance. Of the more ancient ones, though they wrote little which has come down to us, yet they were such men of mark that they appear to us through the haze of the past with enough of distinctness and individuality. I suppose

our reverence for their memory does not require of us to adopt all their views and notions, without exercising a little discrimination. Father Prentice was a genuine Puritan; and I seem to see him in all his severity of look, taste, and manners. But I think that none of us would care to be subjected to a church-discipline quite so stringent as his. Why, sir, he excommunicated a member of his church for criticizing one of his sermons. I am afraid, if ministers now should adopt such a rule of discipline as that, they would find, ere long, that they had not many church-members left to be excommunicated. Father Harrington, we are told, had softened a little the old theology and manners. I believe he was one of the best men that ever lived, and I cannot but admire his Christian suavity and benevolence. And yet it is somewhere stated in the records, that he claimed for himself to be equal to one half of his church. Yes, a little more than equal; for, when they had passed a vote, he claimed the right to veto it, and set it aside; and that would make him a majority of the whole! I suppose, sir, you would not consider that *very* good Congregationalism. Then, again, some of these good old ministers had a way of showing their reverence for the sabbath, which we should hardly consider in these days entirely practical. I do not find how it was with the ministers of Lancaster, but a contemporary of Father Harrington, who preached in a neighboring town, and was pastor of the society to which it is my privilege now to minister, had notions on this subject which I think would rather more than satisfy the law of the Old Testament. Children who were born on Sunday he refused to baptize, for he said they broke the sabbath at their very birth. But it shows how much personal feeling has to do in shaping our opinions, that afterwards, when he had twin-children himself that were born on Sunday, he found that it altered the case entirely; and these and all past delinquents then had the privilege of the ordinance. Well, sir, we amuse ourselves with the peculiar notions of these good men, just as our children, I suppose, will amuse themselves with ours. But, when we come to the real substance and metal of which these men were made; when I contemplate their devotion to the supreme and eternal law, before which they bowed in reverence, let kings

and cabinets go as they would; when I see the nearness of their approach to the dazzling throne of Jehovah, so that all outward distinctions vanished into nothing, that God might fill their whole vision, and become all in all; when I see their serene faith in the midst of dangers such as we never knew, and their majestic patience under trials such as we never felt, — I forget all their peculiarities, and bow before their lofty and magnanimous virtues.

I find it stated by the historian of Lancaster, that, among the regulations which the first settlers of the town adopted, there was one which excluded all heretics from settling among them. Heresy, you know, means schism, division; and I will not undertake to say how much that regulation has had to do with the harmonizing influences that have always prevailed here. But, coming up hither on such a sweet June morning as we did to-day, and standing here with such prospects lying around us, I could not help thinking there were other influences which had done something in forming the characters of the people here; something in producing that warm and genial sunshine of the heart for which they have always been known. I believe that the scenery with which our minds become familiar has not a little to do in our education; and here nature, in her loveliest moods and sweetest aspects, is ever passing into your souls. I confess for myself, though not a native of Lancaster, that its quiet scenery has become so wrought and pictured in my memory, that I carry it along with me in life's journey, and live it over and over in hours of soothing meditation; and it has the same influence with me as the reading of good books or the hearing of good sermons. Not to transgress the rule you have prescribed, I will close with giving you this sentiment: —

“THE PEOPLE OF LANCASTER, — May their minds and hearts ever reflect the genial beauty and glory of the scenery amid which they live!”

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The Rev. CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER, of Beverly, also responded as follows: —

Mr. President and Friends, — I say friends, because we are gathered now as a great family, all the members of which are — by

the impressive circumstances under which we are assembled ; by the very genius of the place ; by ancestral memories ; by early and tender associations ; by thoughts of present and of buried joys ; by cordial greetings of old companions, and revisiting the spot hallowed by the repose of kindred dust ; by common recollections, pleasures, griefs, hopes — brought into near and friendly relations. After the very interesting and felicitous response just made to the notices which have been taken of the former ministers, I feel that for me to attempt to add any thing to that would be as unnecessary as it would be delicate from my filial connection with one of them. This, however, I cannot forbear saying, from a full heart, that the honor which has this day been paid to a name which will ever be among the nearest and dearest to me has touched my deepest sensibility, and receives my most grateful acknowledgment.

In the religious history of this town, its inhabitants, and all who are connected with it, may take a pride as well as gratification. It has been marked by reverence for religion and her institutions, purity and elevation of character, an enlightened and liberal spirit, and uncommon harmony of sentiment and feeling. Among my pleasantest early impressions is that of nearly the entire town, which then contained but one religious society, worshipping under yonder central dome, in which seemed fitly embodied by the hand of man the spirit of natural and moral beauty hovering over this charming vale. And though, with the changes in opinion that have taken place, a change may have come over this scene, yet I trust that the true harmony which is founded on sacred respect for the rights of conscience and humanity, to a good extent prevails and will ever reign here.

The civil history of this ancient town has been alike creditable. It has been distinguished by regard for order, by respectable maintenance of its local institutions, and by enlarged patriotism. I remember well how my youthful fancy kindled at the narratives I heard from the lips of some who had served in the old French wars, and of others of its citizens who had been soldiers in the war of our Revolution. So freely did the people contribute to carry on that great conflict, that when, after repeated and heavy demands

had been made on their resources, a new requisition for men and money came from the government, and the Whig leaders began to falter, a shrewd Tory stepped in, and turned the tables upon them by moving and carrying triumphantly a vote of all the supplies required. In the last war (may it ever be the last!) with our mother-country, what a noble band was that, — familiarly called the Silver-greys, composed of such as had passed the legal term of service, — which was here enrolled and finely disciplined, and held itself in constant readiness to go forth to the patriot's final duty, to conflict and death! Many present will, with me, vividly remember it, — that venerable company of the silver-headed and grey-haired, of the ancient and honorable, — as it marched in our streets, and appeared on the field of review, — comprising, as it did, a large proportion of the leading citizens, and commanded by that true officer and Christian gentleman, Major Hiller, who had been associated with Washington in the Revolutionary contest, and shared extensively his confidence; as a mark of which he was appointed first Collector, under the Federal Constitution, of the port of Salem and Beverly.

Not only patriotism and religion, but the interests of good learning, have here, from the first, found friends and promoters. The learned professions have been worthily represented. A goodly number of the sons of Lancaster have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. Her daughters have not been without the mingled adornings of intelligence and refinement, while some of them have helped to enrich and advance our country's literature; and two of them, as poetesses, have contributed liberally of their laurel wreaths to the delights of this occasion. They have shown, that, if denied a collegiate diploma, they could, by their own talents and application, procure for themselves a good degree. The common schools, a chief estate in our republican realm, have been fostered with great care, and have sustained a high rank. Of those who have here been teachers of youth, I might mention the names of Joseph Warren, the illustrious martyr of Bunker Hill; William Ellery Channing; Jared Sparks; and a host of others, some of whom we gladly recognize in this assembly, who have been eminent in various

walks of life. And there were pupils not unworthy of such teachers. Just to allude to a few that readily occur to me, as having been my early associates and friends, — there were Rufus Dawes, whose poetic muse found a fitting theme in the valley of the Nashua, where it was nursed, and which it loved so well; Horatio Greenough, a pride of our land, and of world-wide fame, whose genius was scarcely less manifest when in boyhood he carved in snow and wood, than afterward, when he immortalized himself in marble; Henry R. Cleveland, who, though departing all too soon for the world if not for himself, has left a delightful moral image for us to cherish, and some of the most exquisite literary productions; Frederick Wilder, bearing in person and mind the stamp of nature's nobility, than whom Harvard University rarely if ever sent forth a more promising son, and whose early death learning, virtue, and friendship alike and deeply deplored.

If the train of my remarks should seem to have partaken too much of the personal and local, something must be pardoned to the spirit of the place and the time, especially to the sentiment which clings to the spot where we first drew our breath, and which is invested with the ever-fresh hues of life's bright and rosy morn; and under the magnetic power of which we are drawn irresistibly back to the spring-time of our being, and bathe anew in the dews of our youth. As Sheridan Knowles beautifully says:

“Howe’er it changes with us on life’s road,  
The sunny start all intervals breaks through,  
And warms us with the olden mood again.”

Or as Cowper, with more graphical description, has said:

“We love the play-place of our early days;  
The scene is touching; and the heart is stone  
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,  
The very name we carved subsisting still;  
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,  
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;  
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,  
Playing our games, and on the very spot,  
As happy as we once.”

There is indeed an attachment to early scenes, and the home which gave us birth, which, whatever may be the distance of space or time from which we come back to them, makes us feel ready, as I confess I do now, to fall down and embrace the very soil on which we tread. Not a few that I see before me will, I know, participate in this feeling. All present, will, I am sure, concur in the sentiment, the fulfilment of which, though we shall not be here at the end of another hundred years to witness, it does our hearts good to anticipate; and in which I include, with the parent, all her offspring towns, so happily gathered by their representatives at this hospitable and wide-spread board:—

“THE HISTORY OF LANCASTER’S PAST TWO CENTURIES affords bright omens for that on which she now enters.”

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5. OUR ELDEST DAUGHTER, HARVARD;—we feel in her a vital interest as she lies close to the stream that flows through our heart. But she set the example of clipping our wings, so that, if we are not a *shire*, we are a *sheared* town.

This toast was responded to by the Rev. Dr. ALONZO HILL, of Worcester, who is a native of that place.

Dr. Hill said that he had come from the small village of Quinsigamund, at the foot of the Bogachoa in the Nipmuc country, to greet his friends, the Nashaways. But, Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, since I have arrived here, I have found myself standing on my own soil, in the midst of my kindred and townsfolks, who desire me to say a word for old Harvard. This I most cheerfully do; for I never hear her named, or look upon her green hills, but my heart beats a little quicker, and my tongue is unloosed.

In the sentiment which has been read, you have been pleased to speak of her as your oldest daughter. It is indeed true; she is your oldest daughter,—the first of your family whom you set up; and we thank you for the rich and noble dower which you bestowed, when you sent her from her ancient home. For, I declare to you, sir, I know of no spot on this earth fairer, or that overlooks a more

charming landscape, than yonder eminence, which once was yours. I stand upon it on a beautiful summer's morning like this; and where can the eye enjoy a wider sweep or a more entrancing spectacle? Turning west, it looks down upon these rich intervals, waving in the summer's breeze, — studded with their ancient elms, clustering villages, and spires of churches, and traced with the winding waters of the Nashua. Then rising and passing over a succession of pleasant farmhouses, it is arrested by the woody summit of our own Wachusett; while, turning a little to the north, it rests upon the rocky peaks of the Grand Monadnock and the Green Mountains. We thank you for your ample dowry, when you sent us from the shelter of your wing.

Since we have left you, Mr. President, we have done but little to gain for us a name in the world. We are an agricultural people, and have pursued the even tenor of our ways; and yet we have not been without a share of the men whom we love to call to remembrance. There is a long line of clergymen who preached to the town, — a body of men at least as respectable as you will find anywhere, — some of them worthy of an everlasting memorial in the hearts of this people. There is Seccomb, the first minister, settled a hundred and twenty years ago, — a man of education and humor, — who wrote a witty poem famous in its day, — and who, being told by his father-in-law that he would furnish as large a house as he would build, reared that palace which still stands with its long avenues of elms overlooking our beautiful little lake, the ornament of the town. There is Wheeler, afterwards Register of Probate for the County, whose numerous and highly respectable descendants are spread over its central towns. There is Johnson, the youthful patriot, who, when the sounds of battle reached him from the plains of Lexington, seized his musket, and marched to Cambridge; and there on its Common, still fresh with the blood of the slain, he stood, as the old people remember, with his hat hung upon his bayonet, and offered a prayer in presence of the Continental Army which thrilled all hearts, and then laid down his young life, — the early victim of disease, — one of the earliest offerings on the altar of freedom. And there were Grosvenor, Emerson,

and Bemis, — names all familiar and some grown famous through their descendants.

Of civilians we cannot boast. We have had no man of mark, — of civil or political eminence. But we have had our citizens, who, in their day and place, did good service to the Commonwealth. We had our man at the fight of Lovel's Pond, so celebrated in early New-England ballads, and at the massacre of Fort William Henry, so disastrous to New-England's sons. We had our man in the train of Arnold, in his desperate march through the wilderness to Canada. We had our man with Wolfe on that night when he scaled the Heights of Abraham, — who stood by his side in the next day's battle, and remembered the serene countenance, and the long locks which hung upon his shoulders, of which tradition has so often spoken. We had our man to guard the prison of André and the tent of Washington. And we had our scores of men in each division of the army, and in almost every battle, of the Revolution.

But, sir, we must not indulge in these reminiscences. They are of the past; but we may be pardoned in dwelling upon them for a few moments, for the present time has not been favorable to us. We have but lightly shared in the prosperity which has enriched our neighbors around. We have but little to tempt the young people to remain on the old homestead. Beautiful as our village is, we have found it too narrow for our wishes; and we have gone out into every quarter of the globe, and have obtained a home in almost every city of the Union. But, wherever we have gone, we have retained pleasing recollections of our native village: its quiet fields and healthful breezes give a fresh impulse to our blood, whenever we think of them. We love its Green, where the church and the school-house have for a century stood. We venerate the graves where the fathers lie. We delight to honor, with her children, the common parent of us all. I give you, therefore, as a sentiment, —

“THE FAMILY ELM, — still green and fresh, and affording a hospitable shade, while its shoots have been transplanted into every soil.”

6. OUR SECOND DAUGHTER, ever *attached* to our eldest, quickly followed her example, and *bolted*. As success has attended her, we say *Bolt-on*.

The following remarks were made by the Rev. RICHARD S. EDES, in response to the toast complimentary to Bolton:—

It is not right or proper, Mr. Chairman, that the second daughter of this venerable mother of several children should be indifferent to the maternal joy. Having, with her sisters, older and younger, once more participated in the hospitalities and memories of the old home, and with them *bolted*, Yankee fashion, the excellent repast provided by the old lady's affection, and enjoyed, too, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," with which it has been accompanied, she feels that she should not repress the kindly and filial sentiments which she experiences, or put the *bolt on* their expression. While, with mingled emotions, she lingers, with her parent, on the sometimes tender, sometimes stirring memories and associations of the past, she would heartily congratulate her mother Lancaster on her vigorous and healthful condition; and that, notwithstanding the cares she has had with so large a family, and all the trials and hardships she has gone through, she is far from showing any sign of decrepitude and old age.

Though the daughters no longer find their home beneath the parental roof, but, like genuine, enterprising Yankee girls as they are, have gone forth, relying on themselves, but trusting, too, in a Higher Power, each one to seek, ay, and make her own fortune, they are still far from being coldly alienated from her whose fostering hand cherished their early years. By means of "the plough, the loom, and the anvil," they still minister, as dutiful children should, to her comfort, and, clustering around her, feel a common interest in all that conduces to her happiness and prosperity. Though Lancaster is, most assuredly, *looked down upon* by most of her children, it is, I am confident, with feelings very different from those of contempt or disregard. Of the living streams of health and plenty which circulate through their own hearts they pour largely into her bosom; and, reverentially rising up around her, and standing while she sits, each daughter pronounces the mother blessed.

Ever fresh from the renewing hand of God, preserving largely something of the beautiful simplicity of more primitive times, uncontaminated by evil customs which a false refinement and luxury are apt to bring in, ever alive with all genial sympathies, and forward in the career of improvement, may our dear mother live a thousand years, and a thousand years after that; having all along, in the future as in the past, a history on which she may dwell with honest pride! And never, while these graceful elms wave in the summer breeze, or toss their naked arms to the blasts of winter, while the Nashua flows, and Wattoquottoc and Wachusett stand sentinels around, may the family ties of interest and affection be sundered; never may the happy copartnership of mother and daughters cease, while the continent stands, or the world revolves!

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7. LEOMINSTER; — a favored branch of our family — ever right at heart; affording strong evidence in favor of Phrenology, as she has flourished abundantly by attending to *Combe's Philosophy*.

The Hon. DAVID WILDER, of Leominster, responded:—

Mr. President,— We have come down here to-day to unite with the other branches of a numerous and happy family, in offering to the kind “Mother of us all” our hearty congratulations, on account of the great age to which she has attained, and the good health, prosperity, and happiness which she continues to enjoy.

Those of us who live on what was the Northern half of the “New Grant,” now the town referred to in the complimentary toast which has just been read, beg leave to tender to her our sincere thanks for the many favors which she has conferred upon us from our youthful days to the present time. And we rejoice that, during the whole time, there has never been any “falling out by the way,”—never any unkind feelings between the parent and the third daughter. We feel truly grateful to her for that arrangement commenced in 1701, under which our lands were *honorably purchased* of the original occupants,—*honestly paid for*,—and as good a title thereto obtained as it was in the power of those

occupants to give. That whole arrangement was wise and judicious, and contributed very materially to the peace and success of the first settlers and their successors. But few of the original proprietors went themselves to reside there ; but they sent their children by the half dozen or more from some of their large families ; and for the most part they were men of strong minds, industrious habits, and well fitted to make a good cause prosper. They were, moreover, conscientious and religious men, and early adopted measures for the erection of a meeting-house, and the settlement of a "godly minister." In a little more than three years after the town was incorporated, Mr. John Rogers, a lineal descendant from the martyr of that name, was ordained as the pastor of the church. The solemn charge on that occasion was given by the Rev. Mr. Prentice, then the aged minister of Lancaster. And if the inhabitants of Leominster have been even *generally* "right at heart," it may have been owing to the fact that they have never been but few months, comparatively, without a regularly ordained minister to show them "the way."

For many years they were mostly agriculturists, and could not devote much of their time to reading. The works of Gall and Spurzheim were not to be found in their libraries. They took pretty good care of their own heads, but did not trouble themselves much with regard to any peculiar "bumps," or other things, that might be on the heads of their neighbors. Previously to 1770, they knew nothing of phrenology. But about that time *Obadiah* from among the *Hills* (whether he was a prophet or not, I cannot tell) introduced "*Combe's Philosophy*." In other words, he, and some others who had come from old Newbury, commenced the making of combs. There are now about four hundred hands employed in the business. It has been a source of wealth to the town, and of profit to many of those engaged in it. And among the successful is one of Lancaster's own native sons, a lineal descendant from the Rev. Mr. Carter, the first minister of the good old town of Woburn.

But the inhabitants of Leominster have not confined themselves wholly to "*Combe's* " work. Fourdrinier has attracted their attention. And, even while I have been speaking, there has probably

been turned off in Crehore's mill a sufficient quantity of paper for each individual in this vast assembly to write a letter on to his friend.

Music, too, has occupied their attention; and with so great facility are the different parts of certain musical instruments manufactured there, that in a very short time every lady in town might be supplied.

It does not, however, become me to occupy much of your time, otherwise I could refer to many acts of kindness that have existed between the parent and the child. But I forbear.

In return for the highly complimentary toast that has been given, I beg leave to offer the following:—

“THE ANCIENT TOWN OF LANCASTER. Her territory may be set off on the east and on the west, — on the north and on the south. But so long as the ‘Old Common, — the Neck and the North Village, — Quassaponiken and Walnut Swamp, — George Hill and New Boston’ remain, so long she will continue to be ‘*Old Lancaster, respected and beloved by all the descendants of her third daughter.*’”

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8. CHOCKSETT, — the homely maiden-name of one fair daughter. Her change of name was desirable, and every thing now within her limits bears evidence of Sterling worth.

The Rev. MOSES G. THOMAS, of New Bedford, Mass., replied as follows:—

Mr. President, — The very fact which you have named, that I am a *native* of Sterling, may lead you to repent of calling me out on this occasion; for *natives* and *savages* were, with our fathers, synonymous terms. Besides, I am not a hundred years old. I have no centennial experiences. If, sir, you will let me be a “looker-on in Venice” this time, and take the trouble to look me up on your next centennial anniversary, I may perhaps do as well as others.

Yet there are reasons which ought to give me a peculiar interest in your celebration. The blood of two of the ancient names

recorded on the walls of your church to-day, together with that of the first minister of Sterling, now flows in the veins of my family. A daughter of your venerable Prentice became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Mellen, the first minister of Sterling; and from that union, in the second generation, sprang my "better half," as we are taught to say; and the blood of your second minister, the honored Whiting, through my mother, now flows in my own veins.

But, Mr. President, you spoke of Sterling as a *daughter* of Lancaster. I am disposed to demur to the appellation. Sterling has ever seemed to me more like an overgrown and somewhat rebellious *son*; and was it not owing to this spirit that she became a separate town? The good people of Chocksett had long felt that they were too heavily taxed for the support of the many bridges over your beautiful rivers, and the paupers belonging to this more ancient part of the settlement, and that at the same time they had received but a small share in the honors and emoluments of office. In the neighborhood of 1776, you know, sir, that taxation without representation was not much in favor. Under these circumstances, on the recurrence of a town-meeting, the people of Chocksett summoned to the ballot-box all who could legally vote, and appropriated to themselves the lion's share. They took to themselves all the offices, emoluments, and honors of the town. They removed all the public offices and records far up under the shadow of Wachusett. They summoned future town-meetings there, and Lancaster began to find she wasn't anywhere. She accordingly concluded, like one of old, to "let the people go;" and Sterling was incorporated in April, 1781.

The *prime minister*, I mean, Mr. President, the first Christian teacher, in Sterling, seems to have shared the independent spirit of the people. He was one to whom the often-quoted line of Horace was peculiarly applicable,—

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

Nothing could turn him from his sense of justice or his purpose, and his spirit entered largely into the early ecclesiastical history of the town.

The good people of Bolton, one of the offshoots of Lancaster, had passed through a long controversy with their minister, which councils had failed to adjust. The parish had finally taken the case into their own hands, as beyond help from councils, and thrown their minister overboard, without "benefit of clergy." The neighboring clergy, regarding this as a high-handed offence on the part of the laity, assembled a large and respectable council, and laid the entire church of Bolton under a ban of excommunication, until confession and repentance. In this state of affairs, six of the excommunicated brethren, resolving to test their right to Christian ordinances, presented themselves at the communion-table in Sterling, under the ministration of Mr. Mellen. Observing their presence, he refused to administer the rite until they should withdraw. The question was now fairly open between laity and clergy, and Mr. Mellen's own church voted that the Bolton excommunicates should not withdraw. The contest grew high, even over the sacred memorials of Jesus. At length, the good minister, wishing to avoid actual violence, and perhaps remembering the lines of the poet, —

"He that fights, and runs away,  
May live to fight another day,"

left the church. Of course, the obnoxious brethren were defeated.

As is usual on such occasions, although the pastor gained his point, he lost his parish. A division in the parish followed. A large and respectable council was convened, and decided in Mr. Mellen's favor; but a bare majority of the church and society refused to submit, ignored the decision of the council, and turned away their minister. After continuing to preach eight or ten years to the faithful few who adhered to him, in his own house and in a school-house, he received a call at Hanover, Mass., and removed from Sterling. But though we see a good deal of independence, both on the part of clergy and laity, in the early history of Chocksett, yet, since these early strifes, the good people of Sterling have reposed as peaceably among their neighbors as have the quiet waters of the Washacum ponds among their hills.

But, Mr. President, dear to me as is my native Sterling, I also love old Lancaster. It is fondly associated with cherished memories of my boyhood. My father's farm lay on the southern declivity of Redstone Hill; and, when the freshets had swollen your streams and covered your intervalles, I used to lie upon the fresh green grass in the door-yard, and watch the shimmering of the sunlight upon what to me seemed your boundless waters.

Almost all my school-days were spent in dear old Lancaster. I have angled along your river, listening to the wild notes of the blackbird and the robin, the planting-bird and the merry bobolink. Indeed, I seldom look upon your beautiful river to this day, but it recalls to my mind those lines of Smollett, in his "Ode to Leven Water," —

"Pure stream! in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course."

In winter, too, on the skater's ringing steel, we coursed your stream, gathering drift-wood for the burning pile, around which we whooped and hallooed like the sons of red royalty of yore. Our early teachers too, — Sparks, Emerson, Miles, — oh! do I not remember them? I especially bear in mind the admirable Emerson, because it was my good fortune to be longer a pupil of his than of either of the others; and, among our school-mates, the Greenoughs (Horatio the sculptor, and Henry), the Tyngs, the Chandlers, the Thayers, the Clevelands, the Higginsons, and more than we can pause to mention now.

But for your ten minutes' rule, so necessary under the circumstances, I could scarce forbear to speak of the native female poets of Lancaster, whose contributions are among the gems of this occasion. But I cheerfully give place to others, with a sentiment of united regard for both Sterling and Lancaster: —

"STERLING, — full-grown and manly now, — yes, too manly to forget the good old mother."

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9. BOYLSTON took to herself Shrewsbury's leg, and ran away from her mother. But her industry and many virtues have done honor to herself and her parentage. She is here, and can speak for herself.

Remarks of JAMES DAVENPORT, Esq.

We, who constitute the family of the fifth daughter of our good mother Lancaster, in having her permission to "speak for ourselves" at this great family gathering, respond. Since 1653, Lancaster, then a *little one*, has become, not a *thousand* only, but more than *fifteen thousand*. So many reminiscences of olden time crowd themselves into my mind at this moment, that I can only touch upon one or two of them. Lancaster, as it was in 1779, was the place of my nativity, and there I have spent sixty years of my life. My ancestors came here in 1730; and some of them still occupy part of a tract of land granted to Richard Davenport, sometimes in history called the "Commander," who came to this country with Governor Endicott in 1628. This tract consisted of six hundred and fifty acres, granted by the "Great and General Court," and surveyed by John Prescott and Jonas Fairbank: part of the present occupants are the seventh generation.

Since I first heard of the intention of Lancaster to celebrate this two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, I have felt a deep interest in the subject. I am called upon to respond to a sentiment offered by the committee of the parent town, which is somewhat equivocal in its character, the latter clause being highly complimentary; but our virtues seemed to be cast somewhat into the shade, when the first clause charges us with having taken "*Shrewsbury's leg*," and ran away from our mother. We plead "not guilty" to the charge of *taking the leg*: true it is, we *ran away* from our mother, but ran upon our *own legs*, upon which we yet stand; but we send the charge of *taking Shrewsbury's leg* back upon our mother; for records show that she herself *took* it in 1768, which was *eighteen years* before we had a legal existence, which was not till 1786. In this instance, our good old mother, like some other mothers, seems inclined to charge her own mistakes upon her family; but we excuse her at this superannuated time of life, being this day two hundred years of age: we, being a hundred and thirty-

three years her junior, would not be guilty of disrespect to her, or of filial disobedience. The wonder is, that, after *setting out* so many daughters, and giving each of them a handsome slice of her territory, she should still have left to herself this beautiful plain, and, under these noble elms, should have a *home* in which to receive and entertain this large family of descendants. Here is truly a family meeting, upon *holy ground*, for it has been moistened with the blood of the pioneers; — a meeting, with which a stranger intermeddleth not. We are assembled with the descendants of the Prescotts, the Wilders, the Haughtons, the Fairbankses, the Sawyers, the Joslins, the Moores, and others, whose fathers and mothers converted a wilderness into a “fruitful field,” and caused the “desert to blossom as the rose.” We would not leave this ground till we feel our *fraternal* and *filial* graces strengthened and hallowed by the reminiscences of the occasion; and we, male descendants of the pioneers, would not forget, on this interesting and never-to-be-repeated anniversary, *woman*, the *help-meet* pioneer of our fathers, the “last, best gift of Heaven to man.” By her assistance was Lancaster made what we see it to-day; by her taste and her fingers was yonder church so beautifully ornamented; and without her, without woman, we have no right to say, that Lancaster would at this day be known; for without her, without *Isabella*, can we say that America would have been discovered, and Columbus have given a new world to the kingdoms of Castile and Leon? I have spoken of *woman* by her proper name, — the name her *Creator* gave to her at her creation. God made *woman* in the beginning. *He* did not make *ladies*: they are made by *milliners*. And, if she has not all her rights, I trust the present Constitutional Convention will employ their wisdom in the investigation of them, and adoption of them into the new Constitution.

The fifth daughter now closes what she has time to offer on this occasion, by a prayer, that, as the two branches of the Nashaway, which flowed separately all the way from Ashburnham on the north and Holden on the south, at different distances, till they arrived at Lancaster, did not leave the place till they had united into one, and flowed placidly together towards the Merrimack in an

unbroken union ; so may this meeting have the effect to cement the good feelings of this great family, till the Nashaway shall cease to flow.

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10. OUR YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, CLINTON. Like some other daughters, she was tired of being tied to her mother's apron-strings : she therefore bought her time, and set up for herself. Although she has the pride of youth, she is industrious, and, like the mothers of old, is not ashamed to spin and weave.

This sentiment was responded to by HORATIO N. BIGELOW, Esq.

Mr. President, — It is with peculiar embarrassment that I rise to respond to the sentiment just offered ; as you are aware, sir, I am more accustomed to spinning *yarns for cloths* than public speeches. Moreover, the extreme youth of Clinton should entitle her to a place at this board as a silent guest ; but it is an old saying that the youngest is the pet of the family, and in great danger of being spoiled by indulgence, and such, I fear, may be the fate of Clinton on the present occasion.

It is but right and honorable, sir, that Clinton, the youngest child of this numerous family of towns, should (by the largest delegation of them all) manifest a warmth of filial love and affection around this festive board, that no other members of the family may feel ; for it is now but a few days more than three years since we were of the same household ; and what child, when he has once for all time left the parental roof, remembers the little bickerings of childhood, or ever forgets the endearing associations of home, which have grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength ? It is therefore a peculiar interest that we feel in coming around this table to unite with our elder sisters in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of our parent town.

Clinton is that territory known for many years after the towns of Sterling, Boylston, West Boylston, and Berlin were incorporated, as the *South Village* of Lancaster. It was in this village, upon South Meadow Brook, that the old Prescott mill stood. It is there that the Prescott mills of 1853 stand, with kindred estab-

lishments around. It was there that the red man delighted to hunt and fish. It was there, amongst the red men, that John Prescott located himself, and ground corn for the region round about; followed in turn by the Sawyers, the Rices, the Burdetts, the Lows, and the Harrises.

The power of the little stream referred to has been used for the purposes of propelling mills for more than one hundred years; as (if no other evidence was at hand) a stone monument recently found indicates the fact, by its marks, that John Prescott there lived, and owned large tracts of land, as early as 1667.

In 1812, Poignand and Plant, early pioneers in the cotton-manufacture, commenced their works, and continued in a prosperous business until 1835; when these, having become old, were sold into other hands. The sale attracted to the time-honored spot the attention of other youthful adventurers in the manufacturing business, who obtained control of the place, and commenced their operations in the spring of 1838; the population of what is now Clinton being, at that time, not far from two hundred.

With the establishment of new works commenced the rapid increase of population of the South Village, and with the increase of population came new wants and requirements; new roads, bridges, and schools were called for; the rapid increase of population made the demands imperative, — so much so, that the old settlers began to have some fears as to what the result was to be; the wants of a concentrated manufacturing population being so different from those of an agricultural community, that the demands of the South Village were thought hard. The farmer did not wish to pay his highway tax in money, any more than the manufacturer wanted to work his out upon the highway. The political power of the South Village beginning to show itself, it became apparent to many that some change in the management of town affairs must take place. Consequently, the people of Clintonville (for that was the name adopted by the village) petitioned the mother-town to be set off as a separate town, and receive their inheritance; but the old town replied, "We cannot let you go; we have nursed you and brought you up at great expense; we cannot consent."

Many objections were raised; amongst others, were the expensive bridges, roads, and a town debt; but all could not satisfy the people of Clintonville. They perseveringly pressed their claims; and, although entertaining the highest regard for the old town, felt that something must be done, and, if possible, in a manner not to break friendship with the mother-town. They therefore resorted to the expedient, referred to in the sentiment, of offering to buy their time. This was considered generous. This touched the noble heart of the old settlers of the town. They said, "If they are thus in earnest, we must consent. We will meet them, and make an arrangement." And accordingly a meeting was held.

It was then agreed, that, in consideration of the large number of bridges and great length of road that would be left to Lancaster, she should retain all the town-property, and that Clinton should pay her ten thousand dollars. In consideration of which, it was also agreed that the old town of Lancaster should not appear before the Legislative Committee to oppose the granting of the prayer of the people of Clinton for an act incorporating them as a separate town within the limits agreed upon, which embraced about five thousand acres of the twenty-five thousand then remaining to the town of Lancaster. Thus you will see, Mr. President, that the good old mother did not bestow upon Clinton the fair inheritance in lands which she had done upon her elder children; and, when our elder sister Harvard boasts here to-day of her beautiful possessions of hills and valleys, we have nothing to show in comparison but sandy plains, a large debt, and tolerable water-power. But, sir, Clinton does not complain; for all this was a matter of mutual agreement, and Clinton has faithfully fulfilled her part of it.

Having thus, Mr. President, bought our time, and cut loose from the old lady's apron-strings, we have gone on our way rejoicing, increasing our manufactures, until we now produce gingham, quilts, coach-laces, carpets, machinery, machine castings, combs, hay-forks, carpet bags, and many other small wares; the aggregate amount of all our manufactures being annually more than two millions of dollars, — our population, in the mean time, having

attained to about 3,500. With these means of thrift, Mr. President, Clinton hopes to spin, weave, hammer, and pitch herself out of debt.

Clinton, sir, amid all her business cares, has not forgotten the good example of her good old mother, but has established her churches, built her school-houses, and provided good ministers and school-teachers, — so that all her people may assemble and listen to instruction from the word of God; and her children may early learn what is taught in our public schools, believing, with the mother-town, that in the morality and general intelligence of the people rests the security of our free institutions. She has established a large library, and maintains public lectures during the lecture season. She has provided a rural cemetery, ample for the final resting-place of all her citizens. She provides liberally for the poor within her borders. In short, Mr. President, the prosperity of the child has been all that the mother had a right to expect.

In conclusion, permit me to say to our good old mother Lancaster, we are happy to be with you at this family gathering to-day. We rejoice, that, while you have contributed largely of your territory on the north, south, east, and west, to form new towns, you still enjoy the enviable position of one of the most beautiful townships of land in the good old county of Worcester. You sit as a princess upon her throne, proudly looking out upon all her children; and, so long as there shall be a sun in the heavens, may old Lancaster be, what she is to-day, the pride of all her children!

Allow me, sir, in conclusion, to propose to you this sentiment:—

“LANCASTER,—the honored parent of many sons and daughters. May she ever be blessed in her children, and may none of them be left to disgrace her fair name!”

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A native resident, in behalf of the mother, made the following reply to her several daughters:—

Mr. President,—Our youngest daughter, Clinton, has stated, that, instead of giving her a dower, we gave her a debt; a remark

which seems to me to need an explanation, lest it may lead this audience to believe that she was not fairly treated. I think, sir, that, when the facts in the case are fairly represented, we shall be justified in the course we took when she made known her desire to leave. I therefore ask you to allow me time, not exceeding five minutes, to state the circumstances under which our several daughters have left us.

In the first place, sir, our five eldest, from time to time, as they arrived at proper age, asked us to allow them to leave, and set up for themselves. We knew them all to be judicious and discreet, and therefore not only cheerfully consented, but gave each of them a large and good farm outright; and we are happy to announce to this assembly, that they have each husbanded their favors well; made great improvements upon them, by which the value has been enhanced to an amount almost beyond calculation; and there is not, to my knowledge, a mortgage of a dollar upon any one of them.

Thus stands the condition of our five eldest.

Our youngest daughter, Clinton, left under very different circumstances. She was young, we thought quite *too* young and inexperienced to manage for herself; and we therefore objected, and told her at the outset that she should not have so large a farm as her sisters had had on *any* terms; and that we would grant even the small farm she asked for, only on condition that she should pay us a thousand dollars a year for ten years, and that a failure of prompt payment should annul the contract. We thought, sir, that such a condition would settle the matter, and stop her entreaties. But, sir, instead of that, she assented to our terms so promptly, that, feeling a deep interest in her welfare, we were almost frightened, and probably should have tried to hire her to recant, had we not supposed that the bargain would soon be annulled by her failing to make prompt payments. But, so far from being delinquent, she has already paid seven-tenths of the debt; and, having a much smaller farm than any of her sisters, has turned her attention to other pursuits, is in a thriving condition, and has already outgrown her mother and most of her sisters. This, sir, is a true history of the character and condition of our five daughters; and I will assure

you that we feel proud of them, and rejoice in their presence on this occasion.

And now, Mr. President, I take this occasion to give notice, that, in case we should ever be blessed with another daughter, we have lately made ample provision for her education, and will support her handsomely, and in good style, at home; but, if she leaves us, she must shirk for herself, for we are determined that the old homestead shall never be reduced another rod. We mean to keep it large enough to accommodate all our children and grandchildren who may favor us with a call at our next centennial.

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11. OLD GRANDMOTHER, LANCASTER. If she is proud of her *children*, she is no less so of her children's children; and, without Berlin and West Boylston, would have the family gathering incomplete.

The Rev. T. C. TINGLEY, of West Boylston, responded to this sentiment.

Mr. President,—The duty of responding to the call of our beloved grandmother devolves on myself, as the gentleman first appointed for that purpose, who is a native of West Boylston, is not present; and his substitute, who has long been favorably known as an adopted citizen, is necessarily absent.

Though I thought it very desirable that a response should be made by a native, or at least by one long resident in the town, yet, as I have been very cordially adopted into the family of the granddaughter, and received much kind treatment from the members of that family, I therefore yield to existing circumstances, and reply to the sentiment so kindly expressed.

But as grandparents are proverbially indulgent to their grandchildren, I hope to receive a share of that indulgence on the present occasion. Being comparatively a stranger among you, I have not the advantage of a familiar acquaintance with your history; for I have not the honor of being a native of West Boylston, or even of Massachusetts, but am a son of little Rhoda, the smallest of the thirty-one Sister States. I have felt, however, a deep interest

in the town of Lancaster, from the time that I read, in the days of my childhood, the affecting story of Mrs. Rowlandson; and I well remember how my spirit kindled with indignation at her recital of savage cruelty, and often did I task my young mind as to how I should manage to kill an Indian. But these feelings of vengeance have long since, I trust, been subdued by a holier influence. Little did I anticipate, when first perusing that narrative, that I should ever be called to address an assembly like this, on the very ground where occurred those scenes of terror and blood.

I feel a still deeper interest in your history, from the fact, that, in the destruction of this town, and the captivity and slaughter of your ancestors, the Indians of my native state bore a very prominent part. When, upon the morning of the 10th of February, 1676, on yonder now green and lovely spot, the garrisoned house of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, your first minister, was surrounded by infuriated savages, his family driven by the flames from their burning dwelling, his little Sarah mortally wounded in her mother's arms,—and when these fields were crimsoned with the blood and strewn with the mangled bodies of his flock, and the shriek of terror and the groan of death mingled with the appalling war-whoop, the red men of Rhode Island were some of the fiercest spirits in that scene of horrors.

It was a Narragansett Indian who seized Mary, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, at the door of the burning garrison, and who held her for a time as his property, and then sold her to another Indian for a gun. Rhode Island, too, was the land of King Philip, who led on that desolating host of barbarians. But all those dark sons of the forest have long since passed from the shores of time. I have sailed on the beautiful Narragansett Bay: Mount Hope, once the royal residence of the proud Sachem of the Wampanoags, still looks down upon those waters; but King Philip is gone, the crown is fallen from his head, his painted warriors sleep in death, and Lancaster mothers no longer tremble, and press their babes closer to their bosoms, at the shout of the savage and the alarm of war.

When, in the earlier French and Indian wars, Lancaster was

again made a battle-field, on which some of her noblest sons poured out their life-blood, and the Rev. John Whiting, then the minister of this town, sank in his fearful death-struggle against overwhelming numbers, there was then living a child, whose son, in the closing war with the French and Indians, when he was but fifteen years of age,—an age at which it may seem more suitable that he should have been in his mother's arms than in the field of battle,—enlisted in the army destined for the invasion of Canada; thus “carrying the war into Africa,” and attacking the enemy at the very seat of his power. And, with the combined forces under General Wolfe, he ascended the St. Lawrence; climbed, in the darkness of night, the rugged steeps which lie beneath the Plains of Abraham; and when, at daybreak, our troops were seen marshalled for battle before the walls of Quebec, that youth stood in those ranks, shoulder to shoulder with England's warriors; and, before the setting of the sun, he saw that victory won, which brought the Canadas under the sway of Britain, and made the fear of French and Indian massacre in Lancaster pass away for ever. That youth was my paternal grandfather. Oft have I listened, with lively interest, to his descriptions of those soul-stirring scenes. Thus, although from my native State have flowed many of the woes of Lancaster, yet my family have borne a part in arresting the tide of invasion and ruin.

But as children and grandchildren, when assembled at the old homestead after a long absence, are usually expected to give a report of their doings, it may be expected that West Boylston will give an account of herself to “Grandmother Lancaster” on the present occasion.

Though the history of your granddaughter contains few facts of general interest, it may be proper to state, that, when she attempted to commence a separate establishment, she found great difficulty in effecting her purpose, on account of the refusal of your daughter Boylston, her mother, to give her consent.

In consequence of this, much unpleasant feeling was excited, and many unkind words were uttered. But a better state of things soon succeeded; and the mother and daughter now dwell side by side

in harmony and love. When she commenced housekeeping, she had about six hundred people on her territory; now she has not far from two thousand. She owns between seven and eight thousand acres of land; has three meeting-houses, and four or five cotton factories; and carries on a large business in boot-making. She takes an interest in moral and political subjects. She remonstrated against the embargo under Jefferson's administration; but her remonstrance did not open a single port. She protested against the last war with Great Britain; but the war went on, and floating batteries met in fierce encounter, and hostile legions rushed to the field of death.

Your granddaughter has a number of children still under her care; one of whom, called Oakdale, is a boy of considerable spirit and enterprise. He has grown rapidly within a few years; and, it is thought by some, that he is desirous of quitting the old homestead, and setting up for himself. And though the time for such a step does not seem as yet to have arrived, it is hoped that his prosperity may be such, that it will be expedient, at no very distant day, for Oakdale, like your youngest daughter Clinton, to commence a separate establishment.

Reference has been made, by gentlemen who have preceded me, to some remarkable changes in manners and customs within the last two centuries. Times have, indeed, changed; and people change with the times. In the early days of Virginia, young ladies were imported from England, and furnished to the settlers for wives, at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco per head; and, in a contract for settling a minister in one of the towns of this State, it was stipulated that he should receive annually, in addition to other articles, so much wood and so much grain, and thirty gallons of good West-India rum. Truly may it be said, "Old things are passed away; and behold *some* things have become new!"

Permit me, in closing, to offer the following sentiment:—

"GRANDMOTHER LANCASTER. Though she is two hundred years old this day, yet her eyes are not dim, nor is her natural vigor abated."

The same sentiment was also responded to by JOSIAH BRIDE, Esq., of Berlin.

Mr. President, — I arise, not to make a speech, but to make an excuse. I had no expectation of being here to-day until last evening, and but little until this morning; not because I had no interest in this occasion, but because, on public days like this, I am seldom able to get beyond the limits of my school-room. And I stand before you to make this response, because it is a position which I cannot avoid. I stand here because I must.

I have, since I came into this tent, been very forcibly reminded of my own paternal grandmother. When I was a boy, my brothers and myself used to make her frequent visits. I remember them well. Especially do I remember how, upon the sabbath, during the interval of divine worship, we used to go over across the pastures to call on her, after she had passed the age of ninety years. We always found her with a cheerful countenance, under the plain but neat cap that characterized those days, and ready to give us a cordial welcome. The table was soon set, and the bread and cheese laid upon it for our repast. How natural that these reminiscences of my youth should be forced upon me on this occasion! Grandmother Lancaster has here spread her table; not like the little round table of my grandmother, to which I have referred, but the long and extended table that fills this spacious tent, loaded with the bounties of Providence.

We would not be egotistic; we do not wish to speak of self; but, when I have listened to the honored names and cherished virtues of those venerable men of olden time, especially those of Harrington and Thayer, the deep feelings of my soul have been stirred within me, not only by the history of the former and a personal and affectionate remembrance of the latter, but by the remembrance of another, better known to me, whose praise was in all the churches, and who was their cotemporary and friend. And I know that grandmother will not feel her clergy dishonored, if I register with them, in the view of her whole family, one no less honorable and no less honored than Dr. Reuben Puffer, of Berlin.

Dr. Puffer was prevailingly taciturn, serious, and dignified; yet few men could be more sociably interesting than he, whenever his thoughts could be drawn up from the deep study in which they appeared almost constantly merged. In youth, I was fond of social interviews; but most of the evenings spent socially with my companions have become more or less obscured by the lapse of time, and many of them have faded entirely from my memory. But the evenings spent in listening to the cheerful conversation and pleasant anecdotes of that venerable man will ever stand out distinctly upon the tablets of my recollection. If any one would know something of him as a preacher, let him read his valedictory discourse on leaving the old meeting-house, his sermon at the dedication of the new, or one of two or three other sermons reluctantly given for the press; or let him go to his time-worn and time-honored widow, who yet lingers upon the shores of time with us, and select one from the bushels of sermons which he left, and he will know something of the doctor as a sermonizer; but the half would not be known or felt, unless he could imagine the eloquence, the gravity, and the warmth with which they were delivered. Ordinary occasions seemed frequently to be converted into extraordinary ones by the pathos and appropriateness of his prayers; while, on occasions really extraordinary, his excursive mind was sure to bring every circumstance to the mercy-seat; and his petitions were offered with so much fervency of spirit, that I may say of him, as Wilson said of the bird he was describing, "His whole soul seemed to expire in the elevated strain."

An anecdote, which I will relate as I have heard it, will illustrate this point:—

Through the influence of Judge Brigham, of Westborough, then a member of the Legislature, and an admirer of Dr. Puffer, he was appointed to preach the Election Sermon. It was customary in those days for the clergyman who officiated on that occasion to write out his prayer and commit it to memory, not daring to trust the moment for recollecting so many topics necessary to be mentioned. The doctor in this particular followed in the steps of his predecessors, and committed his prayer to memory; but he had not proceeded far

when he found himself in an uncomfortable dilemma, and unable to tread the path he had marked out. At this moment, a friend of Judge Brigham, who sat by his side, with a significant jog of the elbow whispered, "And that is your minister?" The judge felt as uncomfortable as his minister, but kept silent. Soon the doctor threw off the trammels of his written form, and gave himself up to the current of his own present, gushing thoughts. The transition was great; nothing that should have been thought of was forgotten; and the moistened eyes and deep feeling of the audience, at its close, testified that it was no unsuccessful effort. The judge now felt free to return the elbowing, and to reply, "*That is my minister.*" By an accommodation of this language, we beg permission to say exultingly, if exultation be proper on such a subject, *Dr. Puffer was our minister.* But I must turn from the dead to the living.

I agree with the gentleman that has referred to the affection that exists between grandmothers and grandchildren, and we are very glad to visit grandmother Lancaster to-day. We are glad also to find so many of our relatives here. We come to take our mother Bolton by the hand, and to assure her that we ever hope to have mother "bolt on" in the right; and are glad to know, that, in these peaceful times, instead of elevating her generals and training her riflemen, she is disposed to educate her family, — that she is determined to educate every member of it, without exception or invidious distinction.

We have come to greet aunt *Harvard*. We rejoice that she is satisfied with her dower; and, when we have heard her speak of it in the form of geographical elevations, the spontaneous desire has arisen in our hearts, that her intellectual and moral elevation may not be inferior to her geographical.

We shake hands to-day with aunt *Leominster*. Aunts are sometimes pretty severe: it may be so with her. At any rate, she is constantly *combing* us; but we receive it with all due submission, and are much consoled by the reflection, that, however severely she may comb us, she combs all the world beside.

We are glad to make ourselves better acquainted with aunt *Sterling*; and take pleasure in expressing to her the hope, that the

worth of Sterling, and Sterling worth, may ever be synonymous terms.

Aunt Clinton, too, we are glad to see here, and are happy to cultivate her acquaintance. She is much younger than ourselves; but, Mr. President, you know it is nothing strange in human events for the aunt to be younger than the niece; and we beg leave to assure her that we have to-day been more fully convinced of the truth of the oft-reiterated remark, that the youngest members of a family are frequently the brightest. Towards Aunt Boylston and cousin West Boylston we also cherish sentiments of kindness and respect.

But, Mr. President, the principal object of our coming here to-day is to see our grandmother. We have not been so conversant with her of late years as formerly. We used to see her annually upon the muster-field, to which she was much attached. The field must be here, and she must be upon it. This was perfectly natural. Surrounded as she was in her youth by the savage Indians, and obliged to employ the means of self-defence, it was very natural for her to acquire a military spirit of no ordinary strength.

But a great change has come over the community; and the muster-field, and the spirit which it tended to foster, are in a great measure passed away. It gives us much pleasure to know that she is now turning her attention towards the education of her numerous family, and the community at large; and that she is employing for this purpose the best teachers that the country affords.

We congratulate her upon this effort, and anticipate great good as the necessary and happy result; feeling assured that this whole region will be both intellectually and morally elevated through her instrumentality.

We felt anxious to know whether grandmother wears spectacles. We never had any doubt of her intellectual ken, and we have never heard that her natural vision was impaired; but we believe she wears spectacles that are both useful and ornamental. We think we see them in her lofty trees and magnificent edifices, her flowing streams and verdant, wide-spread intervalles. But, what-

ever may be said of the spectacles that she wears on ordinary occasions, one thing we know, her countenance is to-day enlivened by one of the most beautiful spectacles we have ever beheld, more splendid than silver or gold.

Mr. President, the scenes of this day remind me of an incident that occurred under my observation two years ago, which, although trifling in itself, was to my mind so interesting, and so fully illustrates our feelings on this occasion, that I cannot forbear to relate it. As I was riding leisurely up a slight elevation near the village of Feltonville, I overtook two little girls, whose ages might vary from three to six years. They looked at me with much interest, and finally collected courage to speak. They seemed to be so full of their subject that they could not remain silent. The elder, after a conciliating courtesy, straightened herself up, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I have been to grandmother's." The younger, elevating herself upon her toes till she had attained nearly the height of her sister, repeated the exclamation, "I — I have been to grandmother's too;" when both repeated, with simultaneous voices, "We've both been to grandmother's." I think, sir, we shall go home to-night, feeling very much like these little girls. Again will be heard the enthusiastic exclamation, or at least the spontaneous effusions of the heart will be,—"I have been to grandmother's, and I have been to grandmother's too, and we have all been to grandmother's."

Mr. President, I have no sentiment to present. I have not had time to prepare a speech or write a sentiment; but the sentiments of affection and regard expressed in these remarks, we leave with you, assured that the scenes of this day will never be erased from our memories till our hearts cease to vibrate, and we are gathered to our fathers.

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12. THE SAVAGES, — the deadly foes of the fathers; the valued friends of the children.

The Hon. JAMES SAVAGE, of Boston, as representing the Massachusetts Historical Society and its President, responded to this sentiment as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, — I gratefully acknowledge the honor done me in this last toast ; but it was wholly unexpected, and must be inadequately repaid. At your invitation, the Massachusetts Historical Society, last Thursday, deputed five members to partake in your festive solemnity to-day ; and my friends, Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, the late President Sparks, of Cambridge, and the late Governor Everett, of Boston, were of that number, whose other engagements deprive them of the pleasure of appearing for the Society, with the orator of this occasion and myself. Might I not, sir, well claim to be exempt from contribution to your feast, when my brother of that Society, whose command brings me here, has this morning labored more than two hours for your amusement and instruction ? And if any lady or gentleman of this vast assembly is unsatisfied with that exhibition, it can be told me next week ; but greatly will it surprise me.

Yet, Mr. Chairman, the profound interest of this anniversary stirs every spring of pleasant emotion within me ; and, in honor of Lancaster, most heartily would I pour out

“ A merrier tune  
Than the lark warbles on the Ides of June.”

For though, before to-day, I never but once passed an hour in your beautiful town, and only half a day then, a strong sympathy with the early fortune of this Nashua valley is among the first of my youthful associations. More than sixty years since, the good Boston family that had the charge of my orphan state being compelled to exchange one dwelling for another three different times in one year, I well remember the doleful exclamation of the female head, that she feared to suffer as many removes as old Mother Rowlandson, — so widely had the proverbial expression been diffused. Who Mother Rowlandson was, in that my first year at the town school, I knew as little as of your geography, or other scenes of her distress. But one year more, and the instruction came. By the current events of our Indian war, the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair, the shocking massacres and wide conflagrations in the Ohio valley, all the sufferings of the prior century became matters

of frequent conversation, especially with those whose relations or friends had recently fallen. The war of King Philip, and the humble narrative of disasters by those who outlived the tortures of captivity, were rendered "familiar as household words." Details of the whole Iliad of your infant woes fastened with bewitching bonds on my imagination, and ever since have been fresh in my memory.

Still the virtues and the suffering of ancestors that have endeared this happy valley, though worthy of perpetual remembrance, need not, sir, confine our regards exclusively on this occasion to a contemplation of occurrences two hundred years back. You had solemn commemoration of the origin of your town, as from our orator we learn, one century ago; and for the second time are met to reverence that event, in far happier circumstances. May we not, therefore, decently reflect on the lapse of only the last half of your lifetime, and consider merely how the past century has made its mark for or against us? Glorious things are told in our glad ears, as they were this morning, of the earliest hundred in the sun's annual returns on your municipality, when the deep foundations of a people's character were laid in poverty and peril. Now let us ask ourselves, how came we to this wonderful state of national wealth, of federal power, of individual and universal security, such as no human experience, in so brief a period, ever equalled?

Mr. Chairman, it is only one hundred years, precisely that, last February, since George Washington came into active and responsible life by attaining his age of twenty-one; and from that time, through the vast extent of our country, in its almost infinitely diversified relations, what measure of good, I appeal to all who hear me, what measure of good can be seen in the whole that shall not be confessed to have intimate reference to him? A lieutenant of the Virginia militia, he was, the very next year, directing the operations on one side that began that splendid contest for empire between the two greatest nations of the other continent, the battle of life or death, for the mastery of this. In one year more, when the army of General Braddock, with all the supplies that the wealth

of Britain could furnish to her regular troops, was defeated with such tremendous slaughter as shot a thrill of trepidation through our long Atlantic border, from the Savannah to the Kennebeck, the hardihood and sagacity of this militia-major seemed alone to avert the terrible consequence. From that hour to his death, the story of his life is engraven on your memory; for it is the history of his country in every moment of her most complicated, her most dangerous, her most successful, her most honorable situations. Let it be, in any threatening aspect of our future, a perpetual encouragement in the tenfold more fearful temptations of national glory; a beacon warning, as more than once we feel it was, when our country was saved, on the perilous verge of ruin, at one time by the firmness, again by the wisdom, and best of all by the integrity of Washington. Of his virtues, you have no need to learn from the records of the past, that hardly an equal, never a superior, graces the annals of humanity; but to the proofs of his consummate sagacity, my friends, I recommend a more general recourse. To his civic wisdom, after the petty perils of war were dissipated, to his greatness of forecast in guiding us through the stormiest years of convulsion in opinion, extravagance in theory, and recklessness in action, — often overruling the majority, that, to gratify their cherished prejudices, would have run to destruction; whose headlong impulses derided his counsel, and obeyed the dictation of a foreign state, until the ever-present sense of his integrity calmed their passion enough to enable them to see their interest, and almost to fulfil their duty, — to the rare union of such virtue and such wisdom do we owe most of our present happiness, if not even our national existence. His greatness was of a kind that desires not the glittering array of publicity: he needed not to call on his fellow-citizens to see how wise was his plan, to behold how sagacious were his methods, to inquire into the infamy that threw aspersion on his motives. Now we can observe that his whole character is beyond all defence, for it is above all assault. From the enlightened conversation of all foreigners, as by my own remark on the feelings of the people universally in Great Britain, I have fixed in my mind this conclusion, that the richest inheritance we have received, the

surest bulwark we can erect, is, that Washington was ours. Whenever we desire to weigh public men, to discriminate between a statesman and a politician, how can we be at a loss, how err in the decision? Constantly have succeeded, thank Heaven! a few in the land, who truly revered the principles of our first President, and advised the republic of the safety of his example. But a wish is sometimes indulged by those who could not imitate, that the lustre of his virtue may not impede their course. In the days of prosperity, you may suppose that there is no call for such stern statesmen as will not bend right to expediency, and prefer to utter rather the true than the pleasant; you will have crowds to seek your favor, who will affect the name, without the service, of patriots; who regard not the honor that belongs to a ruler, so much as the profit of a politician; who would strain after office for its emolument, and most justly slight the vain hope "to read their history in a nation's eyes." In the deeds of that man, in the long years of his duties, who built up our renown and our happiness to their unexampled height, without selfish thought of his own happiness or glory, you can discern the true test of a public servant, and learn by contrast how deep should be your contempt for the ever-ready candidate, with no other qualification than the arts of a huckster demagogue. Think, my friends, when you have an honor to bestow, of him "first in war, first in peace," and you will not mistake in your judgment of the meanest reptile that crawls, nor be cheated by the most dishonest of all traders, — a trading politician.

But I must not, Mr. Chairman, further abuse the indulgence of this numerous meeting. Time is too precious for me to do any thing more than to express my confident anticipation, that when your children of the third and fourth generation, a hundred years hence, celebrate this birthday, Lancaster will be seen, in her agriculture, her manufactures, her edifices, public and private, her groves, her fruits, her flowers, — in every thing that now occupies the thoughts of her people, except the training of her children, which can hardly admit of improvement, — to be as far above the mark of her present felicity, as is the present superior to that of a hundred years back; and I will cease rambling longer by proposing a sentiment:

“May the next centennial celebration here be as happy in referring to its chief glory in the path of a hundred years, as we of this age have been in our possession of Washington!”

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13. LEVI LINCOLN. Fearless amid the stormy trials of political life, the kindness of his heart and the graces of his manners have encircled with a crown the hours of his retirement.

The honorable gentleman responded to this sentiment in a few eloquent remarks.

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14. THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

In reply to our request for the response to this sentiment, we have received a letter from the REV. EDWARD E. HALE, which will be found under the head of “Letters.”

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15. THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF BOSTON.

Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, a native of Leominster, though a resident now of Boston, replied to this toast, but has not furnished us with a copy of his remarks.

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16. THE ANCIENT TOWN OF SALEM. The pioneer town of Worcester County sends greeting to her pioneer sister of Essex.

The following remarks were made by the Hon. CHARLES W. UPHAM, of Salem:—

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—In obeying the call to respond to the sentiment in honor of the city of my abode, allow me to say that it gave me the liveliest satisfaction to hear that the people of Lancaster were preparing to observe with due ceremonials, and with the festivities and mutual congratulations it demands and deserves, this its second centennial anniversary.

It is well for the Massachusetts towns to observe commemorative occasions. We have a noble ancestry: we ought to keep them alive for ever in our memory. The incidents of our early annals were, in many respects, very remarkable: they were romantic and affecting to the highest degree, — often distressing and fearful at the time, but, in their remote influences and final effects, most benignant and auspicious. They suggest grateful and salutary reflections, and lead the meditative thought to the recognition of an overruling Providence, more than almost any other chapter of human history.

Local attachment, — a love for the homes of our childhood and youth, for the scenes that witnessed the experiences and contain the ashes of our fathers, — is instinctive in the human breast; and every wise and good man cherishes it. It is one of the most efficient and auspicious elements of national character; and nowhere ought it to be cherished more fervently than in these Massachusetts villages, — nowhere more than in Lancaster.

Where in the annals of the world, — where on the face of the earth, — has a spectacle been presented to the eye or the heart of man more delightful and animating, more soul-elevating and sublime, than this lovely village presents to-day? Surely nature never wore so deep or so rich a green, — never did she breathe a more benignant influence upon the heart of the beholder, than here at this hour. I call upon our travelled friends, upon Mr. Savage and Dr. Smith, to say whether, in all their wanderings in the father-land or the remote East, their eyes ever fell upon a scene surpassing in loveliness that which surrounds us. Where is there a sweeter field than yonder meadow, shining in beauty and teeming with fertile fragrance, on the sides of the Nashua, as it winds through the thick, overhanging foliage that almost veils from sight its placid and mirror surface? Where can any thing be found approaching the majestic, wide-branching, towering, and graceful elms, that adorn these fields, and line these broad roads? The sun, as he rose in the splendors of this summer morning, greeted by the booming cannon and the pealing bell, and by grateful throngs gathering to the scene of their fond recollections, and as he has circled the

heavens, has not shone upon a purer, deeper, more rational happiness than we are experiencing to-day.

The circumstances of my early life, like those of my friend Mr. Savage, to which he has referred, allowing no permanent place of residence, enabled me to regard Lancaster as entitled, as much perhaps as any other place, to be considered as my local habitation. My summer college vacations were spent here. Many of my early impressions of the beauties of nature and the pleasures of rural life were received here. The types and models, which memory has ever recalled in subsequent years, of loveliness of landscape, were originally derived from this "happy valley." I can see now, in the visions of the long past, the summer cloud, as it gathered around the base of Wachusett, and, thickening as it advanced, parted at the turbaned summit of George's Hill, and poured out its showers and spread its rainbows, as it sailed off on the north and south, and disappeared in the eastern horizon.

With these recollections and these associations, I felt myself as strongly and as warmly addressed by the "WELCOME HOME" inscribed on your walls to-day, as any native of the spot.

Further, Mr. Chairman, I felt that I had a right to accept the invitation with which I was honored, to be present at the great family gathering of old Lancaster; for I helped to educate one of her fairest daughters. I taught a district school in Bolton; and so I did in Leominster, in the district to which the Hon. David Wilder belongs. While he was making his admirable speech, I felt like crying out, "That is my thunder." I claim, indeed, to be at home in this whole region, am proud of its virtues, rejoice in its prosperity, and participate in the fond affection with which its inhabitants cling, and its children return, to it.

We are assembled beneath the trees, and on the land, of the late Captain SAMUEL WARD. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since his removal from the scene; but his memory, I am sure, is as fresh in the hearts of all the elder inhabitants of the town as it is in mine. He was the friend of my father, and the friend of my youth. Upon hearing of my being in college at Cambridge, he sent for me, and gave me a home under his roof. He

was a gentleman of the old school, in the best sense of that expression. His mansion was consecrated to a generous and simple hospitality, and was frequented by the best society of all parts of the Commonwealth. The circle of his friends embraced the principal persons of his day. For cordial and unaffected kindness, for keen but most benignant humor, for acute and never-erring discernment of character, he had a reputation that extended far and wide, and still lives in choicest traditions, and in anecdotes that will never cease to be cherished and repeated. His influence upon this town and parish was invaluable. At that time, sir, the town and parish of Lancaster were identical. Long after every other town had been divided and broken into fragments of contending sects, the people of Lancaster, up to the period of my recollection, adhered to the beautiful usages of the olden time; and, with one mind and one heart, worshipped, under one roof, the God of their fathers. To the preservation of this union and harmony, Captain Ward most eminently contributed. By his wisdom, his wit, his kindness, and his vigilance, alienation and disagreement were nipped in the bud. He was a conservator of the peace, a "man of Ross:"—

"Is there a variance? Open but his door,  
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more."

He was a benevolent man. In the use of his abundance, he contributed to the relief and the aid of many. I will only mention, in illustration of his wise and beneficent liberality, that he enabled a young relative, a son of Worcester county and Worcester city, to obtain an education at Harvard University, which, based upon superior natural endowments, and followed up by great subsequent culture and opportunities, has resulted in giving to the country and the world the "Historian of the United States."

There is one other person in the history of Lancaster, to whom my feelings compel me on this occasion to bear a grateful testimony. In my youth, I enjoyed the friendship, the hospitality, the counsel, and the patronage of the late reverend and venerable Nathaniel Thayer. He was indeed a good man, a devoted pastor, and a true Christian. His character has been traced to-day by a just and

discriminating pen. His virtues have been recalled to mind by various allusions and associations. My heart, with its deepest sensibility, unites in every tribute to his memory, in every testimonial of his worth, in every recollection of his honored name.

In the sentiment to which I am called to respond, you were kind enough to associate the county of Essex with the county of Worcester: allow me, in taking my seat, to give the following:—

“THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER. It is generally spoken of as the Heart of the Commonwealth. We, who live in other sections of the State, cheerfully and cordially acknowledge that the heart is in the right place.”

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17. A PARADOX.—The Master Printer, who has always been a 'Prentice (Prentiss), a Type of a Rev. Prototype. One was a faithful watchman in the Church of Lancaster; the other has been a Keene Sentinel among the hills of New Hampshire.

The Hon. JOHN PRENTISS, of Keene, having been called on, responded.

Mr. President,—I am not a native, neither have I ever resided in Lancaster. I am therefore indebted, for this courtesy, to the simple fact of being a descendant, “the type of a reverend prototype;” “one who was a faithful watchman in the church of Lancaster,”—a 'Prentice, yes, “a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.” You have referred to me, sir, as having been a “Sentinel among the hills of New Hampshire.” Your toast is full of *figures*.—I must get clear of them as fast as possible. It is true that, for forty-eight years, I had the oversight of a press. It does not become me to speak of the good I may have done in this long period; but I will take the liberty of authors and publishers, by appending the recommendation of an excellent friend who lately died in the *insane* hospital. He was earnest in commending the *Sentinel* as really one of the very best newspapers published. “In the domestic department,” he said, I was “judicious in my selections” [probably from industriously collecting all the *horrid murders*,

*shocking* railroad and other *accidents*, of the week]. In the *foreign* I was *capital*, keeping every reader well posted up; “but in the *moral* and *religious* department,” said he, “he’s a *whaler*.” So much for the *type* and the *prototype*.

During several years of the last century, I resided in the neighboring town of Leominster, and then well knew many of your excellent townsmen, — your Sprague, your Stedman, Rice, the Whitings, Fisher, your distinguished surgeon Dr. Carter, and your beloved, then sole minister, the late Dr. Thayer. Dr. Thayer was present at two ordaining councils in Keene; officiated in forming the Unitarian church there, in 1825; and baptized a beloved daughter, who lingered but a few hours after the ordination services. With General John Whiting I had pleasant business relations in after years. He was one of nature’s noblemen; but, although he could readily face the bullets or the bayonets of an enemy, he could never *march up* to the official and dignified outward bearing of his excellent brother, ‘Squire Timothy.

Many of our citizens in Keene, who have now departed, highly respected and worthy men, emigrated from Lancaster. Deacons Abijah Wilder and Elijah Carter were of the number; also the venerable Abel Wilder, still among the living. We count also many excellent mothers, living and dead, natives of Lancaster.

Mr. President, this is a day for pleasant reminiscences, and my allotted minutes are fast slipping away. My maternal grandfather was the Rev. John Mellen, of Chocksett, now Sterling, and one of the numerous children of *Mother* Lancaster. He married a daughter of the Rev. John Prentice. He was a strong man of his times, with sound learning; one of the “olden time,” — stern in his manner; orthodox, in the general acceptation of the term, as his numerous printed discourses show (as were all his contemporaries at that period, excepting Mr. Rogers of Leominster\*); and I well

\* An excellent History of Leominster, by the Hon. David Wilder, of Leominster, has just been published, containing the charges and results of Council in Mr. Rogers’s case. His views, not materially differing from those of a large body of Christians at the present day in this Commonwealth, were then deemed heretical, and he was deposed. He preached to his few adherents, however, for many years afterwards.

remember that no *wig* exceeded his in size. He took part in the memorable controversy, before the Revolution, about faith and works (in Worcester County), Arminianism and the *five points*; and had for a competitor the elder John Adams, then a student at law and schoolmaster in Worcester.\*

I shall cut nobody's *corners*, I trust, by relating a reminiscence of old Confederation times. At this period, it was common for one of the deacons to *line the hymn*, as it was called, in church. There were then but few books, and fewer imported singing-books. My grandfather had for some time been dissatisfied with the mode, and perhaps this was heightened by the bad reading of his deacon; for there were but very few good readers in that day, as in this. On a cloudy day, we will presume, he gave out Watts's psalm, commencing,

“ Along the Idumean road,  
Away from Bozrah's gate.”

The good deacon may not have rubbed his spectacles that morning, or his book may have been thumbed too long; but he read the two lines on this wise:

“ Along the *Idgemugeon* road,  
Away from *Boozy's* gate.”

This was too bad, — quite beyond endurance. The parson set about forming a choir, and the *lining of the hymn* was soon dispensed with. But many of the old people could not forgive him;

\* His son, the late Chief Justice Mellen, of Maine, once informed me that his father, as he advanced in age, did not adhere to all the theological opinions of his middle life. After he settled in Hanover, about the year 1795, his children, seven in number, all housekeepers, and residing within the limits of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, met together, with the parents (sixteen in the whole), adopted rules and regulations, chose a President and Secretary, and agreed to meet annually at the house of some one of the members in succession, and spend at least two days together. By one of the articles, vacancies by death were to be filled from the next generation. These happy meetings, where a record was kept of births, marriages, and deaths, and other important events, were continued more than thirty years. In our family, as the elder branch, are preserved excellent portraits of the father and mother. The canvas strikingly *speaks out* prominent traits of character.

and, with some other troubles, he took up his connection with the parish; as my good old aunt informed me thirty or forty years ago, "he gained his point, but *lost his parish*." He resided several years in Cambridge, and was afterwards settled in Hanover, where he continued until advanced age caused him to ask to be relieved. In his last years, he resided with my mother, then a widow in South Reading. The mind was doubtless somewhat impaired with the body. The family consisted principally of females; and the old gentleman, at times, was somewhat difficult to please. At any rate, things did not always go right. One day he was overheard talking to himself, — "Solomon, *Solomon!* they call him the *wisest* man that ever lived. He was the *greatest fool*, or he would never have had *so many women about him*." His monument, erected by his children, is in the old burying-ground at South Reading.

Mr. President, I give you as a sentiment:—

"TIME-HONORED LANCASTER." Her "lines have fallen to her in pleasant places."

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18. THE OLD SCHOOLMASTERS OF LANCASTER. We remember them with gratitude. To their labors and faithfulness we are indebted for much of our prosperity. We expect some of them to rise and answer like a *Proctor*.

The remarks of the Hon. JOHN W. PROCTOR, of Danvers.

Mr. Chairman, — I am under great obligations for that kindness which has for thirty-five years borne in mind my name in connection with the schools of Lancaster, though I had not anticipated being called on to answer in their behalf. But, sir, when our New-England schools are mentioned, I do not feel at liberty to be entirely silent; notwithstanding there may be others much better entitled to respond for *the Lancaster School(s)*.

It was my privilege, sir, to succeed Mr. Sparks in the care of the school established in this place by the Messrs. Cleveland, Thayer, Higginson, Ward, and others, which for a time had some reputa-

tion; and which, if judged by its fruits, is still worthy of remembrance. Its history affords a striking illustration of the remark, that

“Large streams from little fountains flow,”

when we bear in mind that the President of Harvard College, the biographer of Washington, and the most eminent historian of America, once occupied the humble tenement on yonder *old Common*, in which this school was begun. I remember, sir, when I first came into town, and sought the place in which I was to labor, I found it necessary to make my obeisance before I could enter; and when *in*, with the boys around me, to be careful how I turned about, lest I should tread upon their toes. No desk of mahogany, or cushioned chairs, were there; but the *pine-table* and the *three-legged stool* were the best accommodations afforded. Nevertheless, progress was made; and I am not quite sure it was any the less for the want of the greater conveniences of the present day. Where there is a will, there is a way; and those who are determined to learn will learn, whatever may be the obstacles interposed.

Of the schools of the town at this time, my own observation will not authorize me to speak. But, if they are to be judged by the reputation of those who have watched over them, they will at no time be found to have been wanting.

When I came into town to-day, sir, I inquired for my old school-room, and found that it had disappeared; and so with the building that next followed it. But, sir, I was gratified to learn that the stately structure on yonder eminence, almost rivalling the beautiful church that came into being while I resided here, is a seminary for the qualification of teachers. I know of no place better suited for such an institution than this beautiful vale of the Nashua, with its magnificent elms, and extended meads clothed with luxuriant verdure. Central as it is, in the midst of a population distinguished for industry and intelligence, I can see no reason why the sun of science shall not radiate its beams from this place through the land.

When first advised of this *bicentennial gathering*, my sympathies

were deeply enlisted, as I had just been engaged in reviewing the historical events of that part of old Salem from which I come; one of the very few towns in Massachusetts of older date than Lancaster. While Lancaster was smitten with the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the native sons of the forest, Salem was still more grievously smitten with the cruder vagaries of misguided fanaticism, to which my friend, the late Mayor, has so eloquently alluded. I was most happy, sir, to hear him award ample justice to that eminent citizen of your town, in whose beautiful grove we are now assembled. He was indeed a gentleman, whose urbanity and intelligence are worthy to be perpetuated on the brightest page of your history. But, sir, while we call to mind the sufferings endured by our fathers in their frontier settlements, by what was deemed the cruelties of the savage, are we to forget entirely the provocations the savages had for these cruelties? Look at them, sir, in the quiet possession of their own corn-fields, fishing-streams, and hunting-grounds, gradually crowded away from them all; and, what is worse, deprived of their reason by the use of the intoxicating liquors diffused among them by the *white men*, — and who will dare to say that the *red men* of Massachusetts, with the brave Philip at their head, ever inflicted unreasonable cruelties?

Bearing in mind your salutary admonition, “Be short,” I beg leave to congratulate you, and all concerned, on the splendid success of this day’s celebration; and to propose as a sentiment one that I had the honor to announce one year ago, at our celebration in Danvers.

“EDUCATION, a debt due from the present to future generations.”

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19. THE CITIZENS OF LANCASTER, — so excellent in character, that even their *Wilder* sons and daughters, both at home and abroad, are and have been highly esteemed. They are represented here to-day by their *Marshall*.

The Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, of Dorchester, made the following remarks: —

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen, — It gives me unfeigned pleasure to respond to your call, and gratefully to acknowledge the honor conferred on me by the sentiment just announced.

At no small personal sacrifice, I am here to-day to exchange mutual congratulations, and to participate in the festive and intellectual entertainment of this occasion. When I first received the cordial invitation of your Committee, I felt that it would be impossible for me to indulge myself with this privilege; but the more I thought of you, and my kindred still residing among you, — the more I thought of my venerable ancestry, and of the place which has given most of them both birth and burial, — the more I felt drawn towards you by an invisible power; and I am here for the plain reason that I could not resist the inducements to be present. To have remained at home, and have taken no part in the proceedings of this interesting occasion, would not only have done violence to my own feelings, but would have been an apparent disregard of the memory and worth of my fathers.

I am allied, Mr. President, to the good people of Lancaster and Sterling, not merely by a common humanity and citizenship, but by the closer ties of consanguinity and a cherished ancestry. My honored father, who has resided in Rindge, N. H., for more than sixty years, was born among you, and here passed the first sixteen years of his life. He was the youngest of a large and respectable family, some of whom still remain; and, God be praised, he is here to-day, with others of the Wilder family, some of whom have come up from a distant part of our country to participate with us in the pleasures of this meeting.

My grandfather, Captain Ephraim Wilder, inherited the place of his father, a gentleman of the same name and title, and resided in the first house in Sterling, on the main road, just after you pass the boundaries of this town. This estate was originally in the second precinct of Lancaster, and has been in the family for a century or more, and I hope will always remain in the hands of my kindred. Captain Wilder was a member of the Massachusetts Convention for the adoption of the Constitution of the United

States in 1787, and one of the only seven members from Worcester County who voted in favor of this memorable document. He was also for many years a representative from the town of Sterling in the Massachusetts Legislature, and died at the age of seventy-two, universally lamented ; and his memory is cherished to this day.

In the presence of so many matrons and maidens, it would be unpardonable did I not allude to my excellent grandmother. She was Miss Lucretia Locke, the sister of the Rev. Samuel Locke, President of Harvard College, also one of the citizens of Lancaster, of the stock of John Locke, the great metaphysician and philosopher, and who first, if you will permit the parody, *un-locked* the "Human Understanding."

The Wilders were among the earliest settlers of this town, as we have been informed by the orator of the day. They were also engaged in the Indian and Revolutionary Wars ; and some of them sacrificed their lives and their fortunes in defence of their rights, their homes, and their country. Time will not allow me to speak of other branches of this extensive family than those with which I am immediately connected ; and, besides, there are distinguished representatives present who need no man to speak for them. They are abundantly able to speak for themselves. I may, however, be permitted to quote, in relation to the Wilder family, what the editor of the "Worcester Magazine" (vol. ii. p. 45) is pleased to say, "that of all the ancient Lancaster families, there is no one that has sustained so many offices as this," — a fact which may be ascribed either to their abilities or to their laudable ambition ; and you will permit me, their lineal descendant, but unworthy representative, to appropriate, with some modification, the words of one of old, "Seeing that others glory in their ancestry, I more, the *Wildest* of the WILDERS."

So far as my knowledge extends, our worthy ancestors lived here in all good conscience and perfect peace among themselves. I never heard of but one quarrel among them, and that was in the church ; and whether it ought to be accounted an honor or a reproach, you shall judge when you have heard the story.

When recruits were called for to quell the Shays Rebellion, the

citizens of Lancaster assembled in their meeting-house. The preliminaries having been arranged, the drum was beat through the aisles of the church for volunteers. One of our family, afterwards a most worthy deacon of Rev. Dr. Thayer's church, and well known to many who now hear me, was the first to volunteer; and, although but eighteen years of age, filed in immediately after the drummer. As the music marched round and round, a distant relative reproached him for his youth and rashness, to whom my uncle gave the caution not to repeat the offence. But, when he marched round again, and heard the remark renewed, he stepped from the ranks into the pew, and gave the offender a few blows from the rod of retributive justice, not perhaps exactly in accordance with military discipline. This exhibition of buoyant spirit so awoke the courage of the company, that the complement of volunteers was soon mustered; and the next morning the young hero was on his way in pursuit of the rebel, and contributed his full share in suppressing the insurrection, and restoring public order and peace.

But, Mr. President, he, and the venerable men whose precious memory we have met to embalm, and whom we delight to honor, have ceased from their labors; but surely their works do follow them. The institutions which they founded are our richest inheritance.

As we turn from the fathers to the children, how wonderful the improvements which everywhere salute our eyes! The wilderness, once terrible by the howling of savage beasts and more savage men, has become a lovely landscape, with highly cultivated fields, fruitful orchards, and smiling gardens. Those rude huts and log-cabins have given place to these commodious and elegant houses; those bloody hostilities have yielded to public order and domestic peace; all around, extensive manufactories, the industrial arts, schools and churches, an enterprising and affluent population, greet our eyes.

Who can estimate the debt of gratitude we owe to the men who have laid the foundation of domestic peace and social order, and of the literary, civil, and religious institutions which bless the community in which we live?

True, they did not anticipate the abundant harvest we gather from the seed of their sowing. And, indeed, who of us can predict the progress of society in the next hundred years? Ere that day shall arrive, we shall have joined them in their silent repose. Others will then assemble, to celebrate a third centennial. Who can tell us what shall then be the population of this town; — what new or improved arts it shall then prosecute; — what shall be the amount of its resources, intelligence, virtue, and happiness; — much less what circle shall then bound our rapidly extending country; — what shall be the measure of her prowess and prosperity; — or whether, ere that morning shall dawn, the American Republic shall not be commensurate with the American Continent — with the entire globe — by her institutions made free, intelligent, and happy, and brought into the liberty and light of millennial day?

Mr. President, I have exhausted my full share of the time, and I will bring my remarks to a close.

Standing, sir, as we do, on the line which divides the past from the future, let us extend the hand of gratitude to the fathers who have gone before us, and that of right cordial welcome to the descendants who shall come after us; and, as none of us will be present at the next centennial of the town of Lancaster, I propose to submit, for the adoption of this assembly, the following sentiment, to be presented on that occasion. I give you, ladies and gentlemen: —

“BELOVED DESCENDANTS OF THE INHABITANTS OF LANCASTER, — Welcome to the rich inheritance which we have received from our fathers. Welcome to the liberty which they purchased, and which we have preserved. Welcome to the fields which we both have cultivated; to our orchards and gardens; to our comforts, homes, and hearts; to all our institutions, civil, literary, and religious; and, having acted well your part in the great drama of life, welcome to our sepulchres, and to a participation with us in an inheritance incorruptible and eternal.”

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The Hon. JOHN G. THURSTON, who, after the President had retired, occupied the chair, being called upon, said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,— We cannot but feel that we are greatly privileged in being upon the stage to behold this great and joyful family meeting, and in witnessing an occasion of such deep and thrilling interest. I have looked forward for years with the fondest anticipations to the time when the friends of our youthful days, now living, should be gathered under the old roof-tree, and join in this glorious revival of olden times; and, although I have anticipated much, I can truly say that my expectations have been more than realized.

The occasion has served to strengthen the ties that bind one generation to another, and to awaken in each heart more kindly feelings; and there is no one present, I hope, but can say that “it is good for us to be here.”

If there are any among this vast assembly who had any idea that Lancaster had no distinguished sons who could speak for her, I hope the remarks you have this day listened to may have dispelled the illusion.

Our friendly gathering reminds me of the reply of the Roman matron to a lady, her guest, who showed her jewels, inviting praise of their beauty. She called in her children on their return from school, and, presenting them, said, “*These* are my jewels.”

In the two cases there seems to be this difference,— The celebrated lady of ancient times, as her children were still young, placed *her* glory somewhat in embryo; while, our children being of age, and having this day spoken for themselves, the glory of Lancaster has been consummated.

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Remarks of the Hon. CHARLES HUDSON, of Boston.

Mr. President,— At this late hour, after the exhibition of stirring eloquence, noble sentiment, and sparkling wit, with which we have been regaled, I do not intend to make a speech. Your ten

minutes' rule, which has operated so severely in some instances, is just suited to my case. I will not violate the rule. While I cannot claim this town as my birthplace, I can trace my ancestors to Lancaster. Daniel Hudson, the father of most, if not all, who bear that name in this country, emigrated from England about 1640; and, some twenty or twenty-five years afterwards, came to Lancaster, and purchased a proprietor's right of Major Simon Willard. He had a number of sons, some of whom, with their descendants, remained here for a long period. I do not learn that they were particularly distinguished while they remained among you; though I believe that your records show that one of them received a bounty from the town, in 1687, of six acres of land, for killing wolves. My grandfather, the fourth in descent from the original emigrant, lived in the town of Northborough. He had seven sons, all of whom, together with their father, were in the service of their country during some part of the Revolutionary War. So, Mr. President, though I cannot claim any royal lineage, I think I may claim the glory of having descended from the town of Lancaster and the American Revolution. This is honor enough for me.

The occasion which has called us together naturally leads us to contemplate the past, and to compare it with the present. The wilderness to which our fathers emigrated, and which was at that time the home of the savages, has long since been converted into cultivated fields, the abodes of civilization and refinement; and, from the exhibition I have witnessed here to-day, I am convinced that the wolves with which my ancestor contended have given place to fawns and lambs. The changes which have taken place in this country since the first settlement of this town are calculated to fill us with astonishment. What have two hundred years accomplished? But we have no need, in this country, of reviewing events by centuries. With us a decade is as a century in other countries. Within my own recollection, a wonderful change has come over "the spirit of our dreams." I can remember when some of our bold and adventurous citizens actually emigrated to the New State, as Vermont was then called; and some of the reckless rovers even dared to start for the *Far West*, viz. for Whitesborough, or the German Flats.

Then came the Ohio fever, and many were disposed to try their fortune in that Western World. But though some were willing, in the language of the emigrant's song,

“To settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio,”

none were presumptuous enough to think of crossing the Mississippi. But in a short time came Michigan and Wisconsin and Iowa, as places of attraction; and these were followed by Oregon and California; so that now the Mississippi is the centre of the country, and the West is beyond the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Or if we turn our attention eastward, going to Europe is but crossing a ferry; so that for invalids, and seekers of pleasure, to visit the Eastern Continent is but going home to thanksgiving. And all these mighty changes have taken place within the memory of many who are here to-day.

But, while we rejoice in the extent of our country and the spread of our population, we should never forget our own blessed New England. Let our citizens, if they will, emigrate to the Far West; let our sons, if they must, leave the land of the Pilgrims to seek “a log-house beyond the mountains:” too many of them will find that they have gone from home. Give me a place beneath the shade of your majestic elms, and they may regale themselves in the oak-openings of the West. Let me look upon your intervalles, blooming under cultivation; and they may gaze upon their vast prairies, teeming with wild luxuriance. Give me a home on the banks of your beautiful Nashua; and they may settle upon the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Columbia, or the golden Sacramento. They may find more extensive prairies, denser forests, higher mountains, and larger streams, than exist among us; but they cannot find a purer moral atmosphere or better institutions. They must give up, in some degree at least, what makes New England what she is,—the district school and the village church. These are our jewels; these have made New England the pride of the country, the praise of the world. Let the Californian rely upon his golden sands, to sustain and support that infant

State, — that first-born on the Pacific; we, of New England, will rely upon our schools and our churches, as the ark of our safety. These are the monuments of our fathers' wisdom, and to these we look for temporal and spiritual prosperity.

“ New England, my country, I love thee for these.”

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20. THE CARTER FAMILY, — early connected with the history of Lancaster; numerous in its branches; respected at home, and honored abroad.

To this sentiment, JAMES COOLIDGE CARTER, Esq., of New York, responded; but the Committee have not received a copy of his remarks.

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A sentiment being offered complimentary to the name of *Fletcher*, the Hon. THOMAS FLETCHER, of Philadelphia, responded: —

Mr. Chairman, — After I had retired from the assembly, I was informed that you had called on me to respond to a toast complimentary of the Fletcher family. I therefore, in conformity with a fixed rule of the Fletchers, “never to flinch from duty,” have returned, not to make a speech, — for I had no expectation of being called on, — but to thank you for the honor you have done us, and to give you some reminiscences of the Fletcher family.

My great ancestor, Joshua Fletcher, came from Chelmsford about the year 1680, and settled on George Hill, directly north of the present brick meeting-house; and his house is still standing, and in possession of his descendants. His son John was born in the house; and his son Joshua, my grandfather, was born and died there, at the age of ninety, without ever having travelled forty miles from home. But he was, in truth, a Lancaster man; for, at the commencement of the troubles of the Revolution, he was one of the Committee of Safety; and, when the news reached him of the battle of Lexington, he left his plough in the furrow, mounted his

horse, and proceeded without delay to Concord, to join the "rebels." Several of his sons were called out by the stirring times; among them my uncle Peter, who volunteered at sixteen years of age. My father then lived at Grafton, and kept a store, which he left for awhile, and shouldered his musket. Afterwards, in that dreadful winter of 1778, when General Washington's army were lying at Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania, without shoes or clothing, my father, Timothy Fletcher, volunteered to proceed through the snows of the wilderness, leading his horse, afoot and alone, with such supplies as the town could raise; and was fortunate enough to reach home in safety. But the war did not leave the defenders of their country any immediate reward for their toils: they were impoverished, and their children scattered over the country. Only a small portion of the family now remain in old Lancaster. I will conclude with thanks for your kind remembrance of our family.

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The Rev. HUBBARD WINSLOW, of Boston, being present, was called upon to address the assembly, and made the following remarks:—

Mr. President, — I thank you very sincerely for inviting me to speak, although I rise not without some hesitation; since, not claiming the honor of nativity in this town, I fear standing in the way of those having a prior claim. As it has been my lot to pass a portion of my recent life among you, I am glad of the opportunity to express the deep interest which I shall ever cherish in this beloved town. Every hill and valley, every pond and stream, every grove, and every winding walk and drive through these beautiful and wide-spreading groves, every one of these glorious old elms, speaks to my heart of happy days passed here. More especially, these familiar faces remind me of the affectionate sympathies and the abounding kind hospitalities realized by myself and my family during my residence among you. This was to us a "green spot" in life, which nothing but duty could have induced us

to leave. We shall ever count it a privilege to remember and to be remembered as having a place among you.

But I must not dwell upon these personalities; in respect to which, however, I could not persuade myself to say less. We have to-day enjoyed a repast of precious remembrances of two hundred years. The respected gentleman who furnished the entertainment, while sitting by my side in the car on the way here last evening, remarked to one of his venerable college class-mates near him, that he was in Lancaster two hundred years ago, and delivered the first public address here. The particular mode of his presence on that occasion, I leave it for that gentleman's metempsychosis to explain. His ancient friend replied that he recollected hearing of the fact at the time, being also himself then on the stage; and that, if his memory served him right, the address was reported to have been a very indifferent performance. I confess to some anxiety then felt by myself in anticipation of this morning. But I had not sat long under his voice in the church before my anxieties were dispelled by a convincing demonstration that our truly venerable orator had not lived two hundred years in vain. His faults seem to have been of the kind mentioned by Pitt, — those which time cures. A diligent student and a careful observer for two centuries, he has laid the hoary ripeness of his intellect before us to-day, as a truly massive and rich bicentennial offering. Should he go on as he has begun, I should covet to be one of his favored auditors two hundred years hence.

But, sir, to be sober, if we are indebted to his diligence, he is not less indebted to the subjects which the last two centuries have furnished. It is not so much, after all, that he is two hundred years older, as that the last two hundred years have furnished facts of transcendent interest to enrich his pages, that we are chiefly to consider.

The history of our New-England fathers! What a theme! Never will it be exhausted; never can it cease to interest. As their portraits were passing in review before us this morning, all hearts instinctively rose in gratitude to Heaven that we are their children. To them we owe not only the debt of filial gratitude,

but the richest of blessings. Our ears have been entertained at this table with some pleasantries touching their traditional foibles. I do not object to a little humor, but I am disposed to be sparing of it on this occasion. When looking through a powerful magnifier, we see small spots in the sun; but, when we consider our indebtedness to that glorious orb for light and warmth, for all that makes creation bright and lovely, and even for our existence itself, we are little inclined to speak of its spots. They are buried and lost in the flooding brightness of its beams.

Our fathers! Their works praise them. Look at these unequalled civil, religious, and educational institutions, which they have planted and reared; look at these charming towns and villages, rising up under their hands from the dark bosom of the wilderness; survey the scene of surpassing beauty and loveliness spread before us to-day; and consider that all these are the gifts of the wisdom and piety, ay, and of the tears and blood of our fathers; and then say if it becomes their children to speak lightly of them, even for the commendable purpose of treating ourselves with a dish of wholesome humor. It is of little avail that we gravely admonish our children to honor their ancestors, after they have seen us making ourselves merry at their foibles. Our fathers are superior alike to our apologies and our praises. They are like the angel standing in the sun; and they challenge the homage, and defy the ridicule, of all men to the end of time.

Our thoughts have here been directed mainly to our fathers in the *pastoral* office. This is well, as evincing in our regards the predominance of the religious element. But there are others to whom we are scarcely less indebted. The rulers, counsellors, judges, legislators, mechanics, and the great generic class, including nearly all others, — the “planters,” — call for our boundless gratitude and everlasting remembrance. The wisdom and firmness, the patriotism and self-sacrifice, the industry and perseverance, which framed our government, established our schools, fought the battles with our enemies, red and white, and converted the howling wilderness into fruitful fields and gardens, shall never be recalled but with grateful admiration. We would do justice to all, remem-

bering that they are members of one body, mutually dependent. Of the several classes, there is one, including the "spinners and weavers," to whom my friend from Clinton has referred, which is rapidly rising in consideration. In New England, especially, manufacturers of all kinds seem destined to share, if not to hold, the most important rank. But the men to whom I would at this moment more particularly refer are the *farmers*, — the "planters," as they were formerly called.

These are the true original nobility of New England. They first laid the keen edge of the axe to the roots of its trees, and plunged the glittering spade into its virgin soil. Their hardy sinews smote down the forests, and their industry has made the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. By their patient toil and sweat, we all eat our bread, and enjoy our savory viands and delicious fruits. As I look out in every direction through the uplifted curtains of this spacious tabernacle, I behold on all sides the most brilliant exhibitions of their taste and industry. To them we owe these green, sloping pastures, covered over with flocks; these rich meadows; these waving corn-fields; these beautiful lawns and gardens; these orchards and nurseries; and even these majestic elms, vying in antiquity with our venerable orator himself.

More than all, to them we look for the sober thinking, the sound common sense, which, in these days of ultra notions and transcendental vagaries, must regulate our social and religious institutions. Farmers seldom err in judgment on these subjects, unless their credulity is imposed upon, and they are thus misled by designing demagogues and innovators. Give them the *facts* in their true light and bearing, and they usually make the right use of them. Hence, the honest politician, the true lawyer, the faithful pastor, finds his best friends among the farmers. This is the reason why the palmy days of the pastoral office, and of the other learned professions, were precisely those in which the farming interests of New England held the pre-eminence.

We have always been accustomed to look to Worcester County as the heart of Massachusetts; and to her farmers, especially, as models of republican wisdom and stability. If any have been

misled by dazzling speculations and distorted facts, we especially congratulate the farmers of this noble town, that they have, as a body, continued sound in the faith of their fathers. We are also confident in the belief, that the time of "sophisters and innovators," who would subvert our precious institutions, is approaching its end; and that all the farmers of this great and glorious old county will soon again see with the same eyes as the immortal men who framed our constitution, fought our battles, and established our liberties.

Were I to offer a sentiment in this place, it would be to this effect:—

"THE FARMERS OF WORCESTER COUNTY. Of noble birth and noble calling, may they ever do honor to both!"

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The following remarks, by Professor RUSSELL, were made in answer to a toast referring to the New-England Normal Institute:

On behalf of my coadjutors in the enterprise on which we have entered, and which has just been so warmly welcomed, I should be happy, were it in my power, adequately to express our warm acknowledgments of the kind and liberal reception which our proposals originally met from the people of Lancaster. Unsolicited we came among you, asking for house-room for a school of a peculiar order, such as has sprung into existence in our own day, and which, in other countries, as well as in this, is as yet but a species of experiment,—a school for the training of teachers. "What!" it was asked by my friends in New Hampshire, where I had had the pleasure of introducing and conducting, for several years, such a school, the only one in that State,—"What! propose to establish another Normal School in Massachusetts, where the State already supports some three or four?" Yes; because the very fact of the liberal procedure of the State towards its own public schools suggests the probable prosperity of a private normal seminary for the teachers of private schools, whose wants differ in their nature somewhat from those of the instructors of our common schools, and for whose

higher and more expensive preparatory professional training the State can hardly be expected to become responsible; and what harm would be done, if, in our elementary courses of instruction, we should happen to afford opportunity for enterprising young persons to defray the expense of their own professional training, and so relieve the State of that charge; although, in our more advanced departments, we should be, at the same time, engaged in our more immediate design of preparing teachers for the highest class of our various seminaries of learning?

The experiment was proposed to a community capable of appreciating and sustaining it. The ample success with which it is already crowned, has stamped its legible sanction on the undertaking; and we, whose daily duty is to uphold it by our personal labors, have nothing left to wish for, but the continuance of the generous countenance hitherto extended to us, and the lapse of all-trying time to ratify, with his indelible *imprimatur*, the work whose inception you have now so warmly hailed.

We are young as an institution; and modesty peculiarly becomes us. We could not afford to boast if we would. But may I not be permitted, as a resident of Lancaster, to congratulate my fellow-citizens on the introduction among them of an establishment for education, which, by a favoring Providence, has secured the instruction of some of the most eminent teachers of our day in science, in literature, and in art?

Let me conclude with a sentiment, which, though expressing but the wishes of an individual, has, I am sure, the sympathy of many hearts:—

“THE ELMS OF LANCASTER, which now shelter and adorn so many happy homes. May their shades henceforward be also the recognized resorts of the dispensers and the recipients of ‘the treasures of science, and the delights of learning’!”

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The Rev. CHARLES BROOKS, of Boston, offered the following remarks:—

Mr. President, — There is no time now to say much, and I have not much to say if there was time. I hope that this occasion will result in giving an extended history of Lancaster to the world. I am sorry to know that the records, made by our ancestors in many of our New-England villages, have been little valued, and therefore, in many cases, destroyed. Mr. President, I should as soon think of destroying the portraits of my deceased parents. These old records of the early times show us facts, which no one else can show us, and testify with the accuracy of a geological fragment, of a bird-track, or a fossil. When they are destroyed, where are the authentic data for a proper New-England history? That history is yet to be written; and the records of each town are necessary to its completion. Will you allow me to illustrate by a single fact? I was recently examining the records of an ancient town in Middlesex County, and I found its inhabitants assembled, by warrant, two hundred years ago, for the sole purpose of deliberating about the establishment of a *school*. Grave debate ensued; and, at last, with entire unanimity, they vote that “a school shall be established for three months.” But did this vote cover their whole purpose? Oh, no! In an emphatic parenthesis they add, — “AND THIS SCHOOL SHALL BE FREE.” Prophetic parenthesis! We of 1853 can see that an Anglo-Saxon race, on these shores, who began their political existence with free schools, must soon come to a declaration of their political independence. These old records show us the fountains from whose sweet waters we are daily drinking health and hope. They show us, that we are oftentimes only thinking our fathers’ thoughts after them. Let me ask you all to look after the early records of your several towns, and see that they are not only preserved and new-bound, but carefully copied, and a copy deposited in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. President, there are many here who feel a deep and growing interest in this subject; but no one feels a juster concern than the gentleman whose health I shall have the honor to propose to you. He loves every thing that belonged to our Pilgrim Fathers, and his pen has done noble justice to their names. A specimen of his good

judgment and historical accuracy you have witnessed in the model address to which you have listened this morning. Let me, then, give you —

“THE ORATOR OF THE DAY. We admire the historical accuracy and good scholarship of his head; but we, more than all, value that moral electricity of his heart, which he must have received from the LEYDEN jar.”\*

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21. THE CASTALIAN FOUNTAIN IN LANCASTER. Those who have drunk of its waters have not lost by absence the influence of its early inspirations.

Remarks of B. A. GOULD, Esq. of Boston.

Mr. President, — Though honored by the intimation that a word is expected from me in acknowledgment of the compliment intended for a lady nearly related, I cannot but regret that common usage confines the speaking to gentlemen. Yes, sir, for the first time in my life, I feel like advocating the Bloomer spirit, and requesting the lady to acknowledge the courtesy, and to do for herself what she can do much better than her brother can do for her.

On returning to the place of our birth and our childhood, after an absence of forty years, how changed was the scene! The trees had been felled which sustained the far-spreading vines, purple with cart-loads of grapes. The alders had been cut from beside the brook, where formerly sported the speckled trout; and the stream itself had been degraded to a straight and narrow ditch. The surrounding wood had disappeared. The fiery engine, with its iron hoof, had trodden down the grass and the grain; and even the hills and the hollows seemed to approach a common level. The old buildings were gone; and, where one house stood, a village had grown up. The face of nature seemed changed. But one thing remained the same; and that is “our father’s well.” It was a shaft sunk deeply into the earth, more than half a century ago, terminating in a living spring of ice-cold water, which heeds not the drouth,

\* This was given instead of the regular toast of “The Orator of the Day.”

nor the freshets above. This was stoned up with slate-stones, laid flatwise, having their edges smoothly cut in a circular form, presenting from above a beautiful hollow cylinder. The deep, cold spring still flows silently at the bottom, —

“*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*”

“Though all be changed around it,  
And though so changed are we,  
Just where our father found it,  
That pure well-spring will be.  
Just as he smoothly stoned it,  
A close, round, shadowy cell;  
Whoever since has owned it,  
It is ‘our father’s well.’  
And, since that moment, never  
Has that cool deep been dry:  
Its fount is living ever,  
While man and seasons die.”\*

I take it, Mr. President, that “our father’s well” is the “Castalian Fountain” alluded to in the toast; for, if any water can give inspiration, I think it may fairly be expected from that.

But, Mr. President, though I can claim no inspiration from the Castalian fountain, I do most gladly avail myself of this opportunity to state how deeply I sympathize in the emotions called forth this day. Who, after a long absence, could return to his native town unmoved by the kind, the touching “Welcome Home” that greeted his first entrance into the church? How beautifully and how tastefully was that church adorned! and how eloquent and how instructive was the recital there of the struggles, toils, and sufferings of the first settlers of the town, and of the blessings which have followed! I cannot adequately express my admiration of the planning and carrying out of this delightful festival. And I beg leave to thank the Committee for their considerate attention, and for the privilege of being present, and of uniting with you in this interesting celebration. For I feel, Mr. President, that it is good for us to be here. It is good for us to pause a moment, and to look around us; to look backward as well as forward; to consider the blessings we

\* Miss H. F. Gould’s Poems, vol. iii.: 1841.

enjoy, and the evils and the sufferings from which we are exempted. For who can contemplate the life of toil, of privation, and of danger to which the first settlers of this town were exposed, without emotions of gratitude and words of thanksgiving that we have been spared like sufferings?

The occasion on which we meet is an epoch in our life. It affords an eminence from which we can view the current of events which has borne us on, with accelerating motion, from infancy to the present time. And who of us all cannot profit by the retrospect? For who cannot recall many mistakes, many errors in his life, as well as many unimproved opportunities of doing good? And thus the occasion may be turned to good account. But, aside from the emotions which a visit to the scenes of one's childhood is calculated to inspire, after an absence of nearly half a century, there are other considerations which render this centennial celebration useful as well as pleasant. It is calculated to keep alive the spirit of patriotism; and it behoves us, as Americans, to look well to this. What is patriotism but a love of one's country? And where does the love of one's country burn brighter than upon the domestic altar? Is it not to the home of his childhood that the long-absent wanderer feels his fondest hopes, his most ardent yearnings, tend?

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?”

Sir, it was this love of country that encouraged our fathers to endure privation, exposure, and death, rather than abandon the rights of freemen.

It is this holy flame that from age to age has inspired the eloquence of the orator and the strains of the poet. Yes, the last lingerings of consciousness in the dying exile hang around his native city.

“Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.”  
“Dying, he remembers his dear native Argos.”

But, sir, we are living in an age of innovation; an age of revolution

in principles hitherto considered fixed and settled; an age when unhallowed hands are laid upon things most sacred.

The rapidity and ease with which all parts of the globe are visited, the interchange of thought for thousands of miles with the celerity of lightning, tend to weaken local attachments. Even now the wires are being placed, which are to unite China and the remotest Indies with London in one electric circle. And may we not expect to witness the fulfilment of the promises of fiction, —

“I ’ll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes” ?

In times like these, how does it become every reflecting mind to resist this spirit of innovation, and to hold fast that which is good ! Why, sir, this wild spirit of the times has already changed some of our patriotic citizens to cosmopolites. They have already merged their love of country in a theoretic love of mankind. They openly advise the abandonment of the wise and prudent counsel of our fathers, — to observe equal justice with foreign powers, and keep free from all entangling alliances, — by which we have so greatly prospered. Yes, sir, they recommend the intervention of the United States in the affairs of European powers ! They have become citizens of the world, and would regulate the world's affairs.

It is hoped the number of such is small. For, in attempting too much, they jeopardize all that has been gained. Should we not, therefore, strengthen the ties of home, cherish the associations of youth, and keep alive the spirit of patriotism ?

These centennial celebrations, I think, have this tendency ; and I hope every town and city, not only of this Commonwealth, but throughout the Union, even to the shores of the Pacific, may follow the example. Yes, good old Mother Lancaster, eldest daughter of the county ! long may your children gather round you and greet you on your birthdays, as circling centuries roll ! Long may you remain, as now, rich in the townships you have endowed, which encompass you around ; rich in your soil, your placid lakes, and silver streams ; rich in your industrial pursuits and exhaustless resources ; but, like Cornelia, richer far in your jewels, — your

bright progeny, dispersed throughout the land, and carrying with them industry, enterprise, literature, science, and the useful arts.

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22. THE MEMORY OF GENERAL HENRY WHITING,—the brave and humane soldier, the accomplished scholar, and, in every relation of life, the gentleman and the Christian.

The Committee feel especial gratification in being able to associate with this tribute to the memory of one of Lancaster's worthiest sons, the following note and the accompanying poem, sent to them by his sister, Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, of Quincy, Florida:—

J. M. WASHBURN, Sec.

Dear Sir,—Accompanying this, you will receive the poem, written to commemorate the Anniversary you are about to celebrate.

Will you say to the Committee, of which you are the voice, that I consider it an exalted privilege to be permitted to mingle my spirit with theirs on so interesting an occasion? I earnestly hope, that what I have written may prove an acceptable offering.

Perhaps I have allowed private feeling to have too great a sway in the tribute I send to the memory of my beloved brothers. If so, I pray to be forgiven.

I trust it may not be too late for the purpose designed.

Most sincerely and respectfully yours,

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

QUINCY, May 27, 1853.

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Two hundred times the summer flower  
Has bloomed and faded since the hour  
Our hardy ancestors subdued  
The wild, uncultured solitude,  
And stole from Nature's savage hand  
This emerald of our granite land.  
Yes! just two hundred years ago,  
Lancastria bent her virgin brow,  
While rites of consecration shed  
The dews of baptism on her head.  
What though Time's chariot-wheels have rolled  
Unpausing o'er her bosom's mould?  
Still, in eternal youth and bloom,  
She smiles as when from forest gloom,  
Like the shy Indian maid, she came,  
The glittering gems of art to claim.

Six generations, like the sheaves,  
Golden and ripe, that autumn leaves,  
Cut down by reaping death, have fed  
The soil that, living, gave them bread.  
Their dust is mingling with the clay  
That makes the grave-clod of to-day ;  
With new-born life it throbs and glows  
In the sweet foldings of the rose,  
And waves in majesty and power  
In every glorious elm-wood bower.  
Hark ! — 'mid the long grass gently stirred,  
The whispers of the past are heard.  
On winds, that clouds of fragrance waft,  
Are borne its accents low and soft,  
And where the rustling branches wave  
Comes the deep music of the grave.

Methinks, the tide of time rolls back  
With murmuring flow, baring the track  
Of centuries. At first 't is traced  
By Indian steps o'er forest waste.  
Lord of the wilderness, his throne  
The rock-ribbed hill, the moss-wreathed stone,  
His crown the bleeding scalp of foe,  
His sceptre the unslackened bow,  
The red man stormed the wild beast's lair,  
And reared his wigwam palace there.  
But soon, like drifting leaves, the race  
Flies withering from the white man's face,  
Before whose pallid gleam, each shade  
Of darker life is doomed to fade.

Of many a spot, in this sweet vale,  
Tradition tells a bloody tale.  
The captive wife, the murdered sire,  
The slaughtered babe, the burning pyre,  
The smoking roof, the rifled home,  
The plundered, desecrated dome,  
In characters of blood and flame,  
The red man's savage wrath proclaim.  
But o'er this path, by ruin traced,  
Science, religion, genius, taste,  
With gilding steps have roamed, and cast  
Fair blossoms o'er the blighted Past.  
Earth blooms afresh, with charms restored,  
It smiles, the garden of the Lord ;

And man, than angels only less,  
To a new Eden turns the howling wilderness.

Hail, day of jubilee ! in gathering bands  
They come to greet thee. Some from distant lands  
Stretch the soul's wings, o'er mountain, river, plain,  
To bear to thee a gratulating strain.  
Oh ! they are present in the spirit's power,  
And share the deep joy of this festal hour ;  
Conquerors of space, their native air they breathe,  
Though round them, still, fair southern garlands wreath.  
Hail, Lancaster ! dear, lovely, native vale !  
With glowing hearts thy children bid thee hail.  
From north and south, from east and west, they come,  
Faithful to thee, their first and earliest home.  
Steeped in thy purity, their souls disdain  
Each grovelling purpose, each allurement vain.  
Vice could not tempt where thy pure image beams,  
The guardian angel of life's darker dreams.

Beautiful valley ! whether robed in mist,  
By diamond stars or silver moonbeams kissed,  
Or wearing noonday glory on thy brow,  
While flowers and leaflets, trembling vassals, bow  
Low at thy footstool, — fairest of the fair,  
Thy brow must still the palm of beauty wear.  
The gentle river, winding through thy heart,  
In azure veins, that vernal life impart ;  
The *grand old trees*, that spread their hundred arms,  
In shade and shelter, o'er thy bashful charms ;  
Thy velvet greenness, the divine repose  
That golden sunset o'er thy bosom throws, —  
Where shall we find, though searching lands and seas,  
The elements of beauty such as these ?  
Ah ! while the young, the noble, and the gay  
Are thronging here, to grace this festal day,  
Are there no missing forms ? Why come they not,  
In sacred fellowship, around this spot ?  
Where is the Pastor, who was wont to bear  
The heavenward spirit on the wings of prayer ;  
Whose voice of solemn music, deep, sublime,  
Comes echoing down the sounding aisles of Time ;  
Whose eye serene and holy, like the star  
Of hazy skies, seems shining from afar ?  
Why comes he not, to bless his waiting flock ?  
— Silence and death the asking spirit mock. —

Turn to yon tomb, and on its granite face,  
Through weeping boughs, the mournful answer trace.  
Where are the *Soldier-Brothers*, born and bred  
Within this vale, — why waits their stately tread?  
They who, where'er their warrior-steps might roam,  
Still turned in spirit to their native home,  
And kept each household feeling green and fair,  
As if they were some fostering angel's care, —  
Oh! where are they, the noble and the brave,  
When, for their greeting, starry banners wave?  
Alas! the grave replies, — in whose dark cell  
Lancastria's gallant sons in silence dwell.  
Where are the lords and tillers of the soil,  
Who, with their souls of strength and hands of toil,  
Turned into gold the earth, and bid it rain,  
In showers of plenty, o'er the smiling plain?  
Where is the good, the holy, saintly band  
Of God's beloved, — the worthies of the land,  
Who for two hundred years have walked *in white*  
Through these green paths, and left their tracks of light?  
Are they not present? Does no thrilling spell,  
Breathed on the soul, of power unearthly tell?

Oh! by the ashes in thy bosom laid,  
We bless thee, Lancaster. Thy shrine is made  
A Mecca, where the pilgrim-spirit turns,  
To bring its offerings to thy sacred urns.  
And by the living, who this day surround  
Thine ancient altar, by one interest bound,  
We bless thee, Lancaster. When Time has shed  
Two centuries more on thy unfaded head,  
Mayst thou still shine in loveliness and power,  
And crown with blooming youth that far-seen hour!  
And may thy children then with pride retrace  
The worth and glory of the present race;  
And when their strains of jubilee arise,  
Like thine, to meet the blue and bending skies,  
May votive Memory to *that* shrine repair,  
And hang with reverent hand her garland there!

## L E T T E R S.

[Among the many letters which have been received, the Committee regret that they are able to publish only the following.]

Aug. 15, 1853.

THE Committee of the American Antiquarian Society, who were present at the celebration of the Lancaster Centennial, have heard with great pleasure that a permanent record of the proceedings of that day is to be prepared by the citizens of Lancaster. We can only wish, as your orator on that occasion did, that a hundred years since a like record had been left by those whose attention was then called by their own pastor to the first century of the history of their town.

Nothing occurs to us which we can ask you to add, in this record, to the learned address of Mr. Willard, or the reports of the addresses made at the dinner. We are convinced that every new investigation into the history of the first planters of Massachusetts will show that their influence was deeply felt in the world's history, on each side of the ocean, even in their own time. The essay which Mr. Haven has prefixed to the Colonial Records, lately published in our Transactions, has brought into clear light the efforts which the members of the Massachusetts Company made in the great English Rebellion. In this connection, we recollect 1653 as a year of interest to our fathers here, because it was of stirring interest to Englishmen still "at home." The General Court, which incorporated Lancaster, outlived the Rump Parliament; which, at that very time, Cromwell was driving from its seats, "to give place to honest men." And the first news from the old country which your

first Puritan settlers heard in their log-cabins, after their incorporation, was probably the eventful tidings of the great naval victories which made England, under Puritan governors, the first maritime power in the world.

Such reminiscences remind us of a connection between the two Puritan Commonwealths of that day, England and Massachusetts; which, when the history of Massachusetts is written,—as your orator hoped it might be,—will appear on every line. The men who were most active here were most active there. Here they had no enemies but the forest and the savage. There they had the prejudices of centuries to meet and to overthrow. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts lives therefore. The Commonwealth of England fell. But we here ought not to forget that the men who failed there in statesmanship were the men who succeeded here.

For the Committee,

EDW. E. HALE.

To the Gentlemen of the Publishing Committee, &c. &c.

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CAMBRIDGE, June 7, 1853.

Gentlemen,—I duly received your kind invitation to be present at the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster, for which I beg you will accept my thanks. I have many agreeable associations with Lancaster, and should be happy to revive them on so interesting an occasion; but my engagements at the time will not permit.

I am, Gentlemen, with much respect and regard,

Your obedient servant,

JARED SPARKS.

---

BOSTON, June 1, 1853.

Gentlemen,—I am greatly obliged by the invitation, which you have done me the honor to send me, to be present at the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Lancaster; and I regret that my engagements are such,

at the time appointed, as to prevent my having the pleasure of being one of your company on the occasion.

I believe I have always been fully sensible to what is worthy of admiration in your good town, as regards the charms of its scenery and the character of its people. It is connected by the most honorable associations, as well as romantic incidents, with the early history of our country. It was the chosen residence of our Pilgrim Fathers, and very soon took a prominent position among the settlements of New England. To me it has a personal interest, as the spot to which my own ancestors removed soon after coming to the country. I heartily sympathize with you in the objects of your meeting. In thus doing honor to the memory of your fathers, you take the best means of recommending their example to the imitation of their descendants. And we can have no better wish than that the piety, integrity, and courage, which they showed, in establishing our glorious institutions, may be showed by our own and by coming generations in maintaining them, — maintaining them no less against domestic assault than foreign violence; the latter, strong as we are, the less dangerous of the two.

With sentiments of great respect,

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

---

NASHVILLE, N. H., June 14, 1853.

Gentlemen, — Allow me to return you my thanks for your invitation to be present at the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Lancaster.

I had promised myself the pleasure of uniting with you on that occasion, but am unexpectedly prevented by professional engagements.

I recognize, in the respected and accomplished gentleman who is to address you, one of the instructors of my youth; and there are many associations, interesting at least to myself, which connect my regards with your ancient town.

James Atherton, an ancestor of mine, came to Lancaster two centuries ago. Dr. Israel Atherton, my father's uncle, I can remember, who was long a practising physician there. In my boyhood, I attended the academy, then kept on the old Common, under the charge of Holman and Proctor, and of that distinguished scholar, President Sparks, — boarding part of the time on the Common, but most of the time domesticated in the family of the Rev. Dr. Thayer, his wife being my mother's sister. The walks to school from Dr. Thayer's, across the fields and across the Dr. Atherton bridge; the fishing in the Nashua River, which, uniting its branches at the Centre Bridge, flows on until it reaches the Merrimac, near my present residence; the boating on its placid waters; the rambles over your verdant intervalles and gently-sloping hills; the pastime under the shade of your noble elms; the September gale which uprooted one of the large trees before Mr. Pollard's window, where I was then standing, and which gave us boys a holiday; the services on Sundays at the old meeting-house; the laying of the corner-stone of the present brick meeting-house; the trumpet-tones of Dr. Thayer; the rich and unctuous voice of chorister Newell, — all these recollections of my boyhood throng now freshly upon me! Happy days of boyhood! which carry with them no sorrow, except that they pass so quickly, and never return!

With all these incitements, you, gentlemen, will scarce need the assurance of the disappointment which I feel in being obliged to decline your invitation.

Wishing you all the enjoyment which such an occasion is so eminently calculated to call forth,

I am, very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

C. G. ATHERTON.

---

CHARLESTOWN, Feb. 15, 1853.

Gentlemen, — Your obliging favor, inviting me to attend a meeting at Lancaster, the 15th of June next, to commemorate the two-

hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of that town, has been received; for which attention please accept my thanks.

The proposed celebration excites my peculiar interest; and I shall be present if not prevented by events now unseen, and then out of my power to control. I shall come up to this filial gathering with the sentiments and affections of one returning, after a long absence, to the paternal hearth, to visit a venerated mother on her natal day.

Though one-third of a century has elapsed since I went forth from that home of my infancy and youth, for a new residence and untried scenes; and though, in the interim, I have been constantly surrounded by pressing occupations, — I can truly say, that no one day has intervened without a vivid reminiscence of my native town, and of many dear ones there, both the living and the dead.

I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your friend and obedient servant,

PAUL WILLARD.

---

BOSTON, June 14, 1853.

Gentlemen, — I have seldom received an invitation with more pleasure than I have yours, to attend the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the beautiful town of Lancaster. It seems to me a most appropriate addition to the very few holidays in which we working Northerners indulge ourselves; and no celebration can be more proper for free men, who value their institutions, and rejoice in the blessings which come from them.

A New-England town, such as Lancaster is, is the only perfect democracy in the world. A town-meeting is the best place in the world for the discussion of the great principles of liberty. There the whole body of citizens meet; and every one has a right to bring forward and advocate whatever he thinks for his own good, or for the good of his fellow-citizens; and every other individual has an equal right to oppose, modify, or disprove whatever has been advanced. The questions which come up are the most important

that can come up in the intercourse of men ; questions of merely private rights, such as arise on the subject of fences, cattle, and the like ; questions concerning social rights, such as those suggested by roads and bridges ; and questions involving the highest principles of human progress, — questions as to the location, management, and instruction of schools ; and questions relating to churches, and the worship of God.

A New-England town thus becomes itself a great school, the noblest conceivable, in which a young man may learn to understand, to value, and to defend all his rights and privileges, as an individual, as a citizen, as an intelligent being, and as a creature of God, born for immortality.

I believe it was this universal training in the knowledge of rights, this great town-influence, which made our ancestors capable of carrying through the Revolutionary War, and which now keeps them capable of understanding and maintaining their liberties.

For these reasons, and many others, which must all, like these, have occurred more vividly to yourselves, I regard this as one of the most suitable and reasonable celebrations possible. I hope it may be as pleasant as it promises to be. I am very sorry to be obliged to add my sincere regret and disappointment at not being able to attend it.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

GEO. B. EMERSON.

---

ANDOVER, May 7, 1853.

Gentlemen, — The extreme sickness of my brother, Professor Farrar, of Cambridge, and the probability of a fatal issue, must forbid my indulging the hope of participating in the festivities of the anniversary commemoration to which you kindly invite me. It would give me great pleasure to meet many who were my pupils sixty years ago, and of whom I have always entertained an interesting recollection ; and to revive the remembrance of many families, both in the George Hill and the Neck Districts, of whom I have

many happy reminiscences. I have always looked back upon those two winters that I spent in Lancaster, in the years 1792 and 1793, if I recollect right, as among the most pleasurable periods of my life; and it would now give me great pleasure to meet many who were my pupils in those schools. My advanced age (being now in my eightieth year), together with the peculiar situation of my brother, obliges me to deny myself the pleasure of accepting your very gratifying invitation.

With great respect, Gentlemen,

Your friend and obedient servant,

SAML. FARRAR.

---

SPRINGFIELD, July 4, 1853.

Gentlemen, — Your letter of July 4th was received in due time, and for several days I purposed to comply with your request, to furnish a copy of the remarks I intended to make at the late centennial celebration; but unavoidable engagements have prevented me so long that I presume it is now too late. My sentiment *would* have been —

“THE SCHOOLMASTER;”

and I should have expressed, in an entirely spontaneous manner, my high and profound sense of the obligation I shall feel, while life lasts, of the liberality with which the citizens of my native town have always provided men of high character and qualifications to discharge the duties of instructors of youth. I should also have expressed the fresh and lively recollection I retain of the venerable gentlemen to whom I am indebted for imparting to me and my associates, half a century ago, the necessary instruction to fit us for the ordinary duties of life. Several of those gentlemen are now living, and enjoying a “green old age;” two of whom — Samuel Farrar, Esq., of Andover, who was my *first* male teacher; and Ethan A. Greenwood, Esq., of Hubbardston, who was my last school

instructor — I have had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with recently. I have thought it proper to say thus much by way of apology for not answering your polite communication sooner.

With very great respect, I remain,

Your obliged servant,

CHARLES STEARNS.

---

WEST POINT, Feb. 7, 1853.

Dear Sir, — Great as is the desire I feel to visit the home of my forefathers, and to be present at the interesting anniversary, to the celebration of which you have kindly invited me, I fear that I shall be unable to gratify my wishes on that occasion, as I shall be unavoidably engaged at that time in the labors of our semi-annual examination.

While expressing my sincere regret that I cannot be present at this gathering, permit me to express briefly, but truly, my hearty sympathy with those who will then be drawn together by their affection for the good old town of Lancaster.

Yours very respectfully,

J. W. BAILEY.

---

Boston, June 12, 1853.

Gentlemen, — I regret my inability to comply with your kind invitation to be present on the 15th instant, in commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster. It would have given me much pleasure to have been present; for, though I am not a *descendant* of a Lancaster family, yet, being slightly tinctured with antiquarianism, I can most readily and heartily join in paying my respects to the memory of all of olden time, of whatever name or place. Those of the present day have a duty to perform to the pioneers who first explored New-England's

wilds, and who there planted the seed whose germination has produced the smiling fields that we now inhabit. But, aside from this *general* reverence I have for the past, I feel a more particular interest in your celebration, because it was the early home of one whose name I bear, and whose family was connected with many of Lancaster's most respectable families. In collecting materials for a genealogical and historical work which has just been published, I gathered up many things that were interesting about some of the Wilders, Harringtons, and others. They were men of note in olden time: they left their mark behind them, and descendants to do them honor.

But that other man, whose name I should have been pleased to represent, will have none to speak for him. The descendants of three granddaughters, now scattered, are all that remain of his family. Most gratifying would it be to me if I could be present at your meeting, and exhibit the evidence I have procured, that Samuel Locke, President of Harvard College, was a man of great learning, and of talents of the very highest order. He was "fitted" for college by Parson Harrington, and with him afterwards studied divinity. He was elected to the Presidency of the first college in the country at an earlier age than any who went before him, or who succeeded him; "a station for which," says the elder Adams, "*no man was better qualified*"; and "over which," says a contemporary, "he presided four years, with much reputation to himself, and advantage to the public."

But I am growing prolix, and will close by wishing all that may assemble, a happy meeting.

I am respectfully yours,

JOHN G. LOCKE.

P.S. I will offer as a sentiment the following: — "OUR FOREFATHERS. He who regards not the memory and character of his ancestors deserves to be forgotten by posterity."

The Committee have also received responses to their circular and note of invitation from the following persons, some of whom were present at the celebration:—

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN H. CLIFFORD; HIS HONOR ELISHA HUNTINGTON; the Hon. SAMUEL HOAR, Concord; the Hon. EBENEZER TORREY, Fitchburg; the Hon. IRA M. BARTON, Worcester; RICHARD J. CLEVELAND, Esq., and HORACE W. S. CLEVELAND, of Burlington, N. J.; WILLIAM H. BROOKS, Boston; SIDNEY WILLARD, Cambridge; HENRY FLETCHER, Louisville, Ky.; ALEXANDER H. WILDER, Worcester; ALEXANDER FISHER, Akron, O.; T. H. CARTER, Boston; Dr. J. H. LANE, Boston; S. V. S. WILDER, Elizabethtown, N. J.; J. WHITE, Lowell; NATHANIEL WILDER, Rockford, Ill.; NATH. PECK, Lynn; LUKE WILDER, Leominster; JAMES TOWER, Lowell; MERRICK WILDER, Fort Edward, N. Y.; ALDEN SPOONER, Athol; AUGUSTUS WILDER, Lawrence; Mrs. LUKE RUGG and Children, Ottawa, Ill.; ASA D. WHITTEMORE, Worcester; NANCY W. GARFIELD, Troy, N. Y.

THE END.

## N O T E.

The following corrections are to be made in the Appendix; the first error only being an error of the press:—

On page 150, line 4th from bottom, for "ome" read *some*.

On page 151, line 2d from bottom, after "life" insert the words "she feels richly repaid for all."

On page 205, line 9th from bottom, for "north" read *west*.

On page 224, line 15th from bottom, for "Newell" read *Norhall*









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